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The HYA YAKA

Vol XII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

Twenty Years Hence

M. Pivnic, B.A.Sc., D.D.S.

The prophet is perched upon the summit of a steep rock overlooking the surrounding country; a great valley stretches before him, and a thick mist hangs over it. Down this vale streams a tide called time. Vapors issue forth from clefts in the rock, and the oracle is overcome, as it were, by these, and begins to foretell what twenty years from now will bring to each individual composing this heterogeneous body of mankind—the class of 1913. Time is very cruel, having no respect for age or rank, and many of us will fare badly at her hands.

There lie the remains of Cunningham, who expired four years before the allotted time, due, of course, to fast life and worry, and fate so ordained that the last funeral rites should be performed by Topsy, whom evolution has transformed from a pyorrhoea specialist into an undertaker; incidentally we may add that he now wears a Vandyke and sideboards, and has lost his grin assenorum. A vision appears in the form of Brown the Baptist, who by now will have evangelized most of the pagan world from Hong Kong to Hindu-Kush. Comrade Fuller is bringing up the rear, being at present running manager of O'Keefe's brewery, and through the ravages of time has become weather-beaten and emaciated, and his hairs stand far and few between.

Turning aside, one sees the ghastly form of Crysler; long hours in his office over the barber shop made him flat-footed, bald-headed, big-bellied and goggle-eyed. In this case "likes" attract, and Harris follows. He is now interested the contracting business, erecting houses for the Galicians, Swedes and Macedonians, and drowning gophers as a pastime. At this juncture we may introduce Dixon, who is a Sunday school superintendent, and a model citizen as well, and to fulfil the word of the scriptures he betook unto himself a help-mate in the shape of a wife. Dean comes next. "Poor creature!" His large family made such great inroads upon his amassed fortune, that he was compelled to seek a more lucrative field of operations in order to make ends meet. Sir Aiken is strutting along, and on query we learn that he buried his hatchet, forgot old animosities, and married the nurse.

A new apparition presents itself—that of Armstrong or Abe Orbin, who, with green vest and red stripes, is a bookie on the race-track at Hillcrest. Further down the valley is stationed the sliver-like form of one Connolly. Due to insufficiency of fresh air in the

dental profession, he was compelled to join the police force, and can be seen on duty at "busy corners" directing pedestrians and otherwise.

The mist rises, and in the distance may be discerned the twin-like forms of Parkin and Purdon. The former of the two has been raised to the head of the girl scout movement, with headquarters at Brandon. He is also editor-in-chief of the Brandon Grouch. The second gent has become a disciple of Carry Nation, has turned anti-liquorist, and bar abolitionist. Another twin is Zinn, and Tindale. Zinn did a lot of wire-pulling, and as a consequence is now local postmaster, and can be seen on his daily rounds distributing the rural mail with his instrument-case on the wagon. Tindale took to a more exciting life, and has more exacting duties to perform. He is veterinary surgeon in Hoboken, also the official Town Marshall, riding a fiery steed on King William's day.

The next in turn to come is Lehman, who eloped with his assistant, and his friend Rutherford, who, with French heels an R. C. D. S. towel as a badge, and exalted airs as an appendage, can be pictured as walking up and down the aisle of the church passing the collection plate, also acting as usher, deacon, and so on. Strange it is to comprehend, nevertheless it is true, that Schweitzer and Staples are taking a stroll. Schweitzer is in the chicken-farming, and is endeavoring to bring out a crowless rooster for city use. Staples is now a predominating figure in the world of finance, and is just stepping into the boots of Sir Edmund Walker. The two nerves come floating along. McLaughlin is running a canning factory in Hamilton, while Dolson is supporting a wife, and an automobile, also having several race-horses on the turf.

Godwin and McEwen follow in their wake. The former is a coach for the Varsity soccer team, and McEwen is at ranch farming, roping prairie chickens in Saskatoon. McGregor appears to be in deep contemplation; he is sole proprietor of the athletic saloon in Victoria.

A great colossal figure is moving about the valley. On questioning, it was found to be McKay. Pringle at this stage is playing the title role of Chief Woofun in "The Runaway Girls in The Passing Show of 1933." Further over, a little knot of three is seen, and you may guess them. Allan, to fulfil the prophecy, has become a great scientist, Doc invented a new bible, and Trelford is a well-known figure in the social circles of London and Paris—Ontario.

A great surprise was sprung upon the civilized world to find McLean riding a sulky, leading the big fellow behind. A very interesting sketch is to find Morgan buying up scrap gold for fillings in Doyle's pawn-shop. Away in the distance the eye can distinguish another trio talking to each other with great vehemence. Minns is now the secretary of the Y. W. C. A., and a bright and shining star in the spiritual world. Lumsden is a suffragette. When Mrs. Pankhurst died he became leader of the movement, with headquarters at "Honolulu." Morton explains to them in his quiet way that he is tired of work, and therefore is running a grocery store in Timbuctoo, selling okum to the Indians.

Sad news is wafted across the valley. Bill Hughes is dead. A billiard ball killed him. By special request his body was cremated and his ashes bottled up in the back yard of the Leiderkranz.

Clutched arm in arm come along Leatherdale and Macpherson. The former, instigated by his quiet and reverent nature, married Rosy White, and, due to stringencies in the money market, is now running a blacksmith shop in Coldwater. Macpherson, as we expected is a travelling dentist in the Yukon; also a medicine man as a side line. Turning aside, my eye fell upon Joyce and Johnson. Joyce has become red-faced and corpulent, and John is now a clinician at the R. C. D. S. Circumstances so wished that Wilcox and Scottie Mackay should be steeped in a deep conversation. Wilcox tells him about his wife's pink teas and whist parties. Scottie simply replies, "I married a bonny lass."

One lonely spirit hovers over the land—that of Wiltze; he is now a perfect little angel, but not yet in heaven, and is as meek as a lamb. He met a widow at the race-track, and now while she plays the ponies, he rocks the cradle. Winn, McCarten and Davis have a great aversion to race suicide. Winn is now twenty years older, is married, and has a nice quiet little family. To gain a livelihood he acts as chauffeur for Miss Wilkes and Seagram. McCarten models his boys' education according to the latest ideas, while Davis, white locked, sits with his long pipe in front of the fire-place, saying, "To live is to be sublime," and recalls the days gone by of many, many years ago.

Pinard and Reynolds shook hands. Pinard is in the modelling business, also chief of the aerial fleet in France, and Reynolds is the inventor of a new method of filling teeth, that simply revolutionized the practice of dentistry. Haynes is world's champion wrestler, and is in a deadly combat with Hackenschmidt's conquerer. Vandervoort, contrary to expectations, has come back from his terrestrial travels, is now settled, and is the proud father of a little family of 3 and 4—we are seven.

The mist rose, the visions disappeared, and I woke up from my sweet dream.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Calisor bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this delightful Herb, whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon its lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen?
—Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

Our College Reopening

Once more the walls of the dear old R. C. D. S. resounds to the clattering footsteps of its noisy students. What a strange contrast the scene within the College presents on its opening days to what it would have done a month hence! Had an ex-graduate entered the building then, he would have been struck with its note of desolation. With bated breath he would have walked the marble hall, scarce venturing to speak lest the echo of his voice come back to him as a voice from the silent chambers of the past, recalling to him in mournful accents, "The days that are no more." If that same student had entered the College on its opening days he would have found it throbbing with life; those silent rooms no longer lay dormant, but resounded to the noise and chatter of its returning students. From yonder class-room comes in guttural accents the voice of the professor as he endeavors to impart to the shaky Freshmen the intricacy and delicacy of their anatomy and the importance of maintaining its integrity, which knowledge, combined with the alarming Sophomore cry of "Poor Freshie," and recollections of woeful tales of warship, produce in those Freshmen a feeling not akin to fear. From the various laboratories comes the sound of its busy workmen, indicating that already the students are bending themselves to their required work. Here and there are seen groups of Sophs, Junior and Seniors with happy smiles as they perform a pseudopodic movement of their upper extremities in congenial greeting to their fellow-students. Anon comes a poor Freshie with tilted hat and swaggering footstep, trying to look wise, and vainly endeavoring to draw about him an imaginary cloak of experience. Here and there may be seen a professor or a clinician dodging about from room to room, looking upon the Freshman with critical eye, but extending a cordial greeting and a word of welcome to the older students. Doors and wickets of the various offices are open, and the clerks of the College staff are there to extend a friendly greeting to all returning students. Not last nor least may be seen the venerable Dean, casting about him a radiance of welcome to one and all.

Such is the scene as it might present itself to an onlooker, an ex-graduate if you will. But what does all this mean to the students of the various years? How does it fit in with their experience, both in and out of College? In short, with what attitude of mind do the students of the various years enter the College? No doubt the Freshman's mind presents to us the best variation for psychological study. The Freshmen are garnered in from all parts of our Dominion, from various walks of life, and from various environments. They are brought under one college roof that they may be taught in common to follow one profession. Some come from farms, some from towns or villages; all have had a certain amount of high school or college training, and have come to a decision as to the profession he will follow in life.

Of the city and its attractions and its evils, of its boundless opportunity for learning and a wider and more varied experience,

they have heard and read much. Of College life, too, they have heard much—of the course of training it offers, and the broadening effect it has upon its students. But it is one thing to hear and read of these things, and a very different thing to realize them by actual experience. And so we find that in view of these facts the Freshmen enter the College with a more or less curious and restless state of mind. Everything is strange and new to him, new faces greet him on all sides, and his whole environment is changed. In the lecture-room long technical terms, which are “Full of sound and furry and signify nothing” are meted out to him.

In the laboratory he sees about him the various College equipment, with here and there an instrument of torture. Like all students, he must progress in knowledge from the simple to the complex, and relate the unknown to the known. No wonder, then, that as Dr. So-and-So mentions the various instruments which are on the dental list, such as hoes, hatchets, excavators, spoons, cups, etc., poor Freshie scratches his head and wonders where the plow, barrows and cultivators come in. As to the Freshman's attitude to avoid the students of other years, he looks upon the Soph as his immortal enemy, and rates him according to the dimensions of his anatomy. Upon the Junior and Senior he looks with a certain degree of indifference, or maybe with a certain amount of respect and confidence, according as the personality of the individual may appeal to him. He realizes that they have travelled the road that he must travel, that they have gained at least a part of the knowledge and experience that he is desirous of getting, and so he may look to them at times as a person would look to a guide who is able to pilot them over a few of the difficulties along the journey of their career.

The Soph and Junior come back to College in a more settled and confident state of mind. To be sure, visions of an imaginary scrap are constantly floating before the eyes of the poor Soph during the first few days, as he stood about in a restless mood, awaiting the fateful fever. Soph and Junior alike realize that they have broken through the preliminary difficulties of college life, and are ready with life and energy to run the successive laps of their journey; college has become more homelike to them, the surroundings more familiar, and the work more interesting. They realize that there is a goal to be reached, and that the daily routine of work and difficulty is helping them to attain that end. Meanwhile, strange faces have become familiar, and new and lasting friendships have arisen.

And last of all comes the senior, and we ask the question, “With what frame of mind does he return to college?”

Like a man who is running a race and has reached the last lap of the course, he realizes that the goal is now in sight, and that the training of past years will blossom forth in a growing capacity for actual practical work. In most cases it has been the student's privilege to do practical work during the summer months, and he has come face to face with the actual problems and difficulties of the

real dentist. Such experience has sharpened his power of observation and widened his vision in a manner that no theory could do, so that he enters college for the last term with a keener intellect and desire to grasp all the available knowledge that will in any way have a practical bearing upon the work and difficulties that he has already encountered.

Hence, in view of the limited knowledge and experience that he has had, he comes back with more or less confidence that he can perform the work required of him, and gain in his final year a more implicit and definite knowledge of his profession.

This briefly is a description of what may be assumed to be the ability of mind of the various students, as they enter the college at the opening of the term. Meanwhile, there has grown up and developed among all students a college spirit manifested in terms of mutual friendship among the various members of each class, and the members of different years, and a growing respect and honor for one profession, our college and our Alma Mater.

F. S. SPIERS, Snr.

AMBITION.

They brought the mighty chief to town;
 They showed him strange, unwonted sight;
 Yet as he wandered up and down,
 He seemed to scorn their vain delights,
 His face was grim, his eye lacked fire,
 As one who mourns a glory dead;
 And when they sought his heart's desire,
 "Me like-um tooth same gold," he said.

A dental place they quickly found.
 He neither moaned nor moved his head.
 They pulled his teeth, so white and sound;
 They put in teeth of gold instead.
 Oh, never saw I man so gay,
 His very being seemed to swell:
 "Ha, ha!" he cried, "Now Injun say
 Me heap big chief, me look hell!"

—Service.

LOST.

On the north side of College St., between the Campus and the Dental College, on Oct. 1, a pearl tie pin. Finder rewarded on returning same to R. G. McMillan.

Freshman Initiation

“The uniform 'e wore was nothing much before,
And rather less than 'alf of that, be 'ind.”

Those lines of Kipling may have come into the minds of some of the large number of people assembled at the corner of College and Huron streets on Tuesday, October 7th, at 11.45 a.m. The reason for this was the appearance of some hundred odd men arranged artistically before the main entrance of the Dental College, and clad in trousers, red paint, axle grease, and flour. The cause of this appearance was the annual scrap between the Freshmen and Sophomores.

For the benefit of any who may have been unfortunate enough not to have seen the fray, let us begin at the beginning. Shortly after eleven o'clock on the morning mentioned, yells were heard proceeding from the quadrangle; and, on investigation, it was found that the Sophs. had gathered there to demonstrate to the Freshmen how the class of '16 had been received into the College a year ago. Many and varied were the uniforms that they wore. The favorite attire appeared to be old trousers and shirts, but some wore rugby suits, sweaters, old suits, and overalls. The one point of similiarity was the choice of weapons. These consisted of handfuls of axle-grease, and bags of flour.

Meanwhile, the Freshmen were imbibing knowledge from the words of wisdom dispensed by Dr. W. T. Stewart. At 11.30, the lecture was brought to an abrupt ending, when a bag of flour, skilfully thrown through an open window, showed about half the freshman class. They arose and began preparing for the fray by removing coats and collars. Those who were wise took off their shirts; while others who had come prepared, donned old clothes. They painted their foreheads with red powder, and used on their hands the contents of about a hundred tins of shoeblacking. Then they sallied forth. Right here, they showed good headwork by keeping the Soph. guessing from which door they would come. Instead of coming out of the door that was guarded by the Sophs., a horde of Freshies of about the same number as the second year, came around the side entrance from that point. No sooner had they been greeted with flour and started a hand-to-hand (or rather hand-to-shirt), encounter, than another band of about the same number

came upon the scene from the other direction. For a quarter of an hour the air was full of yelling, shouting, grunting, panting, shirting, and vesting. Suddenly a bucket of water from the Junior laboratory signalled the end of the scrap, and the men of both years rushed with one accord to the front steps to have the results of the scrap of 1913 made famous by the photographer.

A. H. C.

NOTES OF THE SCRAP.

A very unfortunate accident occurred early in the scrap, when a sophomore and a freshman were pushed through a window of the chemistry laboratory. Both were cut; the freshman, the more severely; but they were able to be around in a few days. Another sophomore was temporarily laid out, but he was all right in the afternoon.

Wendell Holmes performed some valiant deeds, showing the advantage of his rugby training with Varsity fists.

The gigantic form of Ross Wing was always noticeable, as was also that of Liggett, who was garbed like the scare-crow in the "Wizard of Oz," until about twenty seconds after the scrap began; after that, he looked like Jack Johnston in action.

The quadrangle after the scrap was a veritable ragman's paradise. Tom sold the rags for 50 cents, but he would have given \$5 if the scrap had not taken place.

The freshmen have a great year in size, numbers and gameness. The Sophomores showed their pluck in tackling a large class in such a hearty manner.

A FRESHMAN'S TIME-TABLE.

- 7.00 a.m.—Arise.
- 7.30—Have breakfast by this time. (Victoria Cafe.)
- 7.30-8.00—Exercise in room.
- 8.00-10.00—Study (2 hours).
- 10.00-11.00—Walk some place (to be decided each day).
- 11.00-12.00—Study.
- 12.00-12.30 p.m.—Dinner. (Victoria Cafe.)
- 1.00-3.00—Study (2 hours).
- 3.00-4.00—Another constitutional.
- 4.00-6.00—Study (2 hours).
- 6.00-6.30—Supper (2 bananas).
- 7.00-10.00—Study.
- 10.00—Bedtime.

W. F. B., '15.

THE HYA YAKA

A JOURNAL PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO

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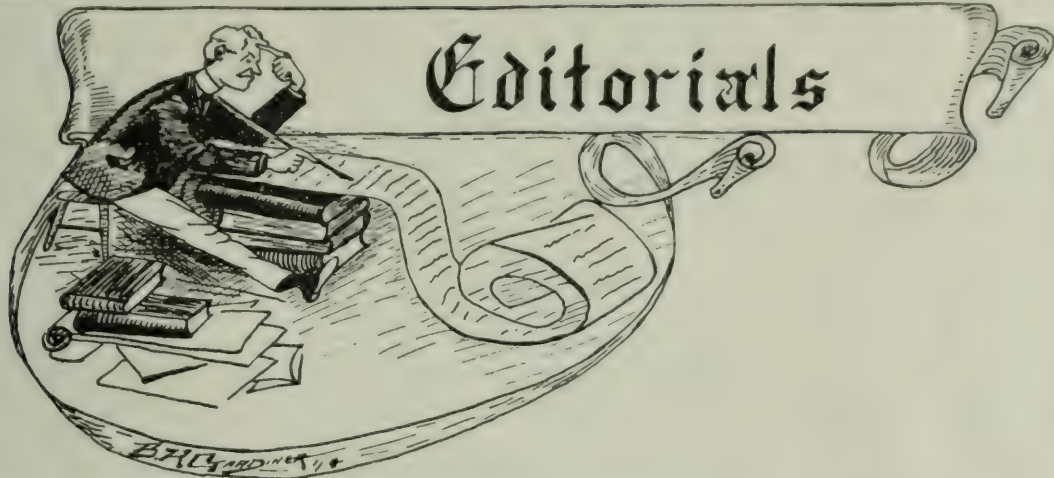
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Vol. XII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 1



For years, Dentistry has been waiting patiently for the time to come when her portion of the student body of ambitious Canadian manhood would be in keeping with the dignity and honor of the profession. Enshrined in her new and stately temple on the north-east corner of College and Huron streets, her call to the first youths of the land, had become more insistent, but the response had not been as great as the palatial surroundings justified. In the summer of 1913, the appeal became more urgent and penetrating. Their heart-strings vibrating in response, and fascinated by the call, more than a hundred young men of the Dominion set out upon a pilgrimage to the mecca of dental education, the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, to form the largest Freshmen class in the history of the institution.

Pilgrims there are from the land sheltered by the snow-capped Rockies, whose dazzling peaks stretch high into the clouds,—from the land beyond the pine-clad Laurentian Hills, and even the Blueberry Mountains of Pakenham,—from the rolling wheat-laden prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and the stone-fenced fields of

Ramsay and Beckwith, the land of the "auld stone kirk," more famous because of the boyhood associations of some of our country's greatest men—some of them prophets not honored in their own country—than from its wealth of agricultural produce. Even sleepy old Quebec, the home of the habitant, and the provinces by the sea, are represented.

Youths, noted throughout the country for their athletic prowess, are in the throng, and with them are others famous, perhaps, for a distance of five miles around their homes. To one and all, the heartiest of greetings is extended by years Fourteen, Fifteen and Sixteen.

Freshmen—when stumbling in the dark knowing not where to go, let you seek at once the Seniors, who will be as a lamp in the night. Put not your trust in the Juniors, and of course a blind understanding will tell you to shun the Sophs., who have not forgotten that dark morning a few weeks ago, made darker by a detailed application of two-in-one. Do not neglect that part of college life that has to do with interests not immediately concerned with your chosen profession; in other words, combine with your studies, the knowledge you receive outside the college, to form what is broader than either taken alone—a college education. Some men in this respect, neglect the outside life, remaining freshmen till graduation day; while others have gone into the matter rather fully.

Work honestly and thoroughly—attend the rugby games and meetings of Parliament—cultivate a hobby—Gayety-going is not the most beneficial one—try to get the best out of yourselves and not someone else, and you will be happy and prosper.

Y.M.C.A. NOTICE.

The Students' Welcome Club extends a welcome to everyone to attend its meetings Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the Patients' Waiting Room.

Thos. Gibson, a lawyer of this city, is the speaker. Students taking advantage of these meetings, will find the talks and discussions very profitable. A musical programme is also provided.

Freshmen especially welcome.

A. N. H.

The Rush

By R. M. Box, '17.

The hour had come at last,
At last the hour had come,
The soph'mores blew their blast,
But the freshies all sat mum.

Till from the soph'more throng,
A youth, who longed for fame
Stole out with a powerful bomb,
Which he hurled with deadly aim.

“To arms! To arms!” the freshies cried,
And rose as t'were one man.
Not a few of the mighty soph'mores sighed
As they thought—who'd lead the van?

The people passing on the street
Heard the yells above the rattle,
And stopped the steps of their aching feet
To see the awful battle.

Out rushed the Fresh with war paint smeared,
Orders were quickly passed along,
Then they tore for the foe and loudly cheered
As they hurled themselves on the soph'more throng.

For a long time the battle roared,
And foemen wallowed in the dirt
Until the perspiration poured,
And only two could boast a shirt.

O 'Xmas, a sad, black looking lot
Grouped up to have their picture “took,”
You'd never know that they had fought,
For goodwill was in every look.

The world goes on; what would' it be
If we didn't have our fun?
But just the same, let's try and see
If they won't say of us, “Well done! Well done!”

DENTAL!

Private Xmas Greeting Cards

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"Will's Reveries"

There was a young Freshman one day
Who fashioned a tooth out of clay.
The heat of his hand turned the clay into sand
And wore all the contour away.

There was an aesthetic young Soph.
Who invested a plate at a trough.
He said some time after when all smeared with plaster,
"I guess I mixed more than enough."

There was a young Junior, they say,
Who was soldering a bridge case one day.
The heat from the flame by his inaccurate aim,
Scorched all his fore top away.

There is a young Senior regrets
That he lent a professor six bits.
But the prof, soon forgot where he raked in his pot,
And now that poor Senior's in fits.

Save Your Time for Operating

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PRICE LIST ON REQUEST.

Fond Father: "I'm afraid from this letter that John is studying too hard at college."

Fond Mother: "Why, I understand he was rather behind in his studies."

Fond Father: "So he is, but it must be an awful strain on him to think out so many excuses for asking for money."

* * * * *

People who live in glass houses should never take a bath in the daytime.

* * * * *

Patient: "That man fairly tortures one in the extracting room, extracting teeth."

Fuller, '14: "I know he does; but you see, he's rich, and only follows the profession for the pleasure it gives him."

* * * * *

Sibber, '14, was out to luncheon with a young lady.

Young lady: "That is not the spoon you should eat your peas with."

Sebben: "I know, but they roll off my knife."

Personals

By G. F. Zimmerman.

Dr Annie Lawyer, who has recently been added to the faculty, comes to the R.C.D.S. with exceptional training. She is a graduate of Queens University, Kingston, and has carried on a successful practice of medicine for several years in the West Indies, Bahamas and Cuba, but more recently in Ottawa. She has put heart and soul in her work, and she is bound to be a success in her official capacity. The College is very fortunate in securing her valuable services.

Merkley, D.D.S., '12, paid the R.C.D.S. a visit on a recent trip through eastern Ontario. "Merk" is practicing in Winnipeg, and is making good in the Queen City of the West. He speaks very optimistically in respect to golden opportunities for graduating dentists in the West.

Miss Collins, who demonstrated such cultivated whistling ability at the Freshman reception, certainly displayed beautiful talent. She won the heart of every "freshie," and received quite an ovation after her first warble.

We are pleased to see that H. D. Crooker, D.D.S.; F. A. Evans, D.D.S.; L. F. Kruger, D.D.S., and L. U. Savage, have registered in the R.C.D.S. for post-graduate work.

Dr. B. O. Fife is to be congratulated upon his recent appointment as clinical professor of operative Dentistry; so also is Dr. A. A. Stewart, who has received the chair left vacant by Dr. A. W. Thornton, namely Professor of Crown and Bridge Work.

We are sorry to see that Harry Stewart, '14, has been injured in rugby. Harry was unfortunate enough to break a bone in his right hand at the close of a recent game with St. Mikes. We wish him a speedy recovery, and trust that his misfortune will not prevent him from further playing.

We are quite pleased to see the smiling countenance of C. R. Minns, D.D.S. of '13, still at the R.C.D.S. Dr. Minns is assisting Drs. Webster and Doherty in their respective departments. The Hya Yaka extend their congratulations and wish him every success in his recent appointment.

We are glad to welcome back soon H. A. Campbell, who is rapidly recovering after a week's illness.

The Freshmen are to be congratulated with regard to such an excellent group of young men as have congregated themselves within these institutional doors this year, to enter upon the study of the profession of Dentistry.

The Freshmen are seemingly very proud of this one freshette—Miss Nina Kortsman.

The Seniors appreciate very much the kindness of the board in placing such an excellent staff of demonstrators in the infirmary, but regret very much the absence of Miss Brandon from the appointment bureau.

Just before going to press, a cablegram has been received stating that "Cy Fletcher" will be unable to complete his course with us this year.

Annual At-Home

Friday Evening, January 30th, 1914.

On behalf of the At Home Committee, I desire to take this opportunity of placing before you the social end of college life.

The At Home Committee look after part of this by running several informal dances and one annual At Home during the college year. Below you will find listed the different dates for the dances, so that those who dance may avail themselves of this opportunity to keep open these nights, as we are this year trying to restrict the informal dances to dental students and graduates only.: From this standpoint, you will see that your attendance is essential.

We would suggest to those who do not dance to learn, and to come to some dances later on in the year, as it will be to your advantage by broadening your acquaintance. Teaching you how to meet and converse with people which you will see, is of the greatest importance in every-day dentistry. We assure you of the best music by a former dent, Mr. Russel Beare's Orchestra, which has been engaged for the year.

We would be obliged for any suggestions in bettering the dances, and invite inspection of our books at any time.

Hoping to have good turn-outs at the dances, in which case it means dances for dents only. We remain,

INFORMALS.

Friday evening, October 31st, 1913.

Friday evening, November 20th, 1913.

Friday evening, December 19th, 1913.

Friday evening, January 9th, 1914.

Friday evening, February 20th, 1914.

Tuesday evening, March 17th, 1914.

Friday evening, April 3rd, 1914.

Yours faithfully,

AT HOME COMMITTEE, L.D.L., '14.

The Sophomore-Freshmen Banquet

One of the most unique, as well as the most interesting events of college life, in the eyes of the freshmen, took place at the banquet held at the Walker House, on the evening of October 21st, when the freshmen were royally entertained to a sumptuous supper and well-rendered programme consisting of speeches, toasts and solos, both instrumental and vocal.

Among those who spoke are a few to be made mention of. Mr. Clark, the chairman, opened the programme by an address of welcome to the freshmen, and remarked he was always glad to speak to a full house, but to-night he was glad that the house was not any fuller. He also advanced the theory of success by co-operation of the two classes in the future.

Mr. Wing, of the sophomore class, proposed the health of the freshmen, showing a real college spirit throughout his speech, and needless to say, all were quite ready "to drink" the health of the freshmen. "The term drink here is to be understood, since the freshmen are two to one in number; it was necessary for the sophomores to have two drinks."

Mr. Larmour, president of freshmen class, replied to the toast proposed by Mr. Wing, in a few well-chosen words. He assured that all freshmen were anxious to attain success in the profession of dentistry, and that good fellowship and co-operation would exist with the freshmen during the rest of their college course.

The next number was a well-rendered violin solo by Mr. Fauman, accompanied by Mr. Ried. Mr. Fauman is an artist of rare ability, and we welcome him to our profession.

Further mention might be made of the speeches of the representatives of the Senior and Junior classes, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Frank Wright, respectively. These gentlemen outlined college life, the standing in the eyes of the business, professional, social and athletic world, of which the freshmen were now participants, and their duty of keeping up the record that the College has made for itself in athletics, viz.: Inter-faculty champions.

The next number was a vocal solo by Mr. Bier of the sophomore class. He sang a "Perfect Day" to the delight of everyone. Encores were in order, since everyone realized this to be a perfect college day. He sang as his encore "Come Back to Me." Other speeches followed, as well as another violin solo, and then Controller Church addressed the boys. His address was well received. The boys gave him a good hearing. He said the City of Toronto was proud of its students, and he pointed out the advantage of a college education. He spoke of the struggle, in many cases, it takes to attain a college education, but he was glad to look back and find

the calibre of men that the University of Toronto turns out—men whom all the world respect. He congratulated the students on the choice of their profession, and was proud of the standard that the Dental College held in the athletic world.

The students then cheered Controller Church, and many a warm hand he shook that evening. The programme was drawn to a close.

It was deemed a success by all present. Some fellows were even elaborate enough to suggest taxi's for some of the students, while others entertained the idea of a walk in the fresh morning air. There is no reason why.

Sinclair, '14: "You would be a good dancer but for two things."

Irwin, '14: "What are they?"

Sinclair, '14: "Your feet!"

* * * * *

Freshie (waiting to register): "Can you tell me where to get enlisted?"

Senior: "You had better go to the Armories."

* * * * *

Baird, '15, having disposed of three helpings of sausage, and doughnuts, sat mournfully regarding his empty plate. Observing his pensive expression, McDonald, '15, kindly asked: "Won't you have some more doughnuts?"

"No," Baird replied with feeling emphasis. "I don't want them I got now."

* * * * *

There are some fellows in the College, who think that the installation of a pool table in the reading room would be a case of applied dental economics.

* * * * *

Box, '14 (prepared for slumber on the subsection of the Davenport): "Your feet have got it all over a camel, Pat."

Pattison, '14: "I do not see any humps on them."

Box, '14: "No! but I had reference to the time they can go without water."

* * * * *

Hunters report deer are plentiful up North, and chicken out West. Spafford, '16, maintains it is not necessary to go so far north or west to find such, but take his advice, and go to the North-West corner of Euclid and College, and the hunters' desires will be ratified manifold.

A One-sided Conversation

The Dentist: "Just one little pull—."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. You won't feel it, and—."

"My dear madam, there is not the slightest danger—no risk of any kind, I assure you."

"But you lose consciousness in the same way you fall asleep at night."

"And so is gas natural—in a sense."

"Oh, that dentist must have been a bungler. I couldn't drop the forceps down your throat if I tried to."

"Now then, if you will—."

"No, nor the tooth, either. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, yes. I know which one."

"Yes, yes; the cuspidor with the two fillings."

"Yes."

"Oh yes."

"Oh of course. Now then, if you will—."

"Yes."

"Oh dear me, yes. Now then, if you will—."

"Yes; you shall see the tooth directly you come around."

"Now then, if you will—."

"Pardon?"

"Three minutes at most. Now then, if you will open your mouth—."

"Yes—so. Bite hard, please."

"Excellent. Now don't be in the least frightened."

"Now take several deep breaths."

"Splendid! Go on like that."

"Excellent!"

"Korrr—korrr—korrr—korrr—korrr."

"How's her pulse, Fred?"

"Good. She takes it splendidly."

"Pull up her lip a bit."

"We are going to have some trouble with this tooth, I can see that."

"Now I've got a clinch on it."

Scrunch. Snap.

"Hang!"

"Quick. Hand me that—."

"Steady on a moment."

"Yes; but only just in time."

"I am not surprised at that. Didn't I tell you you wouldn't feel it?"

"Why, I have never known a tooth more easily extracted—never. One little pull and it seemed to jump out."

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Say, I can see him for ten minutes at a quarter-past six this day five weeks."

"Oh. Lord de Gumboil. Show him in."

Athletic World



DENTAL TRACK MEET.

On Thursday, October 10th, the first Dental Track Meet was held at Varsity Stadium. The weather man could not have favored us with a better day for the occasion, and a good number of the boys were out to see our athletes perform. Each event brought out a goodly bunch of contestants, and one could not help feeling proud of the "class" displayed. So many entries were received for the 100 yards, that it was necessary to run it in three heats. The shot-put also was very keenly contested. Deserving of special notice, was the splendid work of Zimmerman, '14. Zim. proved himself an all-round athlete of exceptional ability, and bids fair to equal the mighty Thorpe, as he took premier honors in four events, besides going strong in the relay.

Taken all through, the Dental Field Day was a most decided success. It affords a splendid opportunity for picking out the best material for the inter-faculty field day, and encourages the boys who compete, to get into even better condition. Since the first field day has proved so successful, we should have no hesitancy in establishing it as an annual feature, and so long as good material is present in our college, we shall have no reason to fear for the "Garnet and Blue" in inter-faculty sports.

Following is a list of the results:—

100 yards—1, Holmes; 2, McQueen; 3, Lyndsey. Time 10 4-5 sec.

220 yards—1, Zimmerman; 2, Holmes. Time, 23 4-5 sec.

440 yards—1, Sutherland; 2, Holmes. Time, 55 sec.

One mile—1, Tucker; 2, Sutherland; 3, Cooper. Time, 2.13 1-5 sec.

One mile—1, Cooper; 2, Holmes. Time, 5.17 2-5 sec.

Pole vault—1, Gardiner; 2, Morgan; 3, Berry. Height, 9 ft. 6 in.

High jump—1, Holmes; 2, Gardiner; 3, Turner. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

Broad jump—1, Zimmerman; 2, Morgan; 3 Sutherland. Height, 18 ft. 5½ in.

16 lb. shot—1, Zimmerman; 2, Knight; 3, Holmes. 31 ft. 10 in.

Discus—1, Zimmerman; 2, Knight; 3, Scholm. 85 ft. 5 in.

Relay—1, Seniors (Campbell, Sutherland, Knight and Zimmerman); 2, Freshmen; 3, Soph. Junior. Time 3.49.

MULOCK CUP SERIES.

On Friday, October 17th, Dents and St. Mikes met in the first scheduled game of the Mulock cup series. In spite of a drizzling rain during the greater part of the time, quite a few fans turned out to watch the game, and felt amply repaid when the game resulted in a 17—6 victory for Dents. Our fellows had the game well in hand all the way, and handled the light St. Mike team very handily. For our boys, Billie Chartrand starred, his drop kicks being very neat and well placed, and they helped materially in running up the score. St. Mikes' only touch was secured when one of our halves, in kicking the ball from behind the line, had the misfortune to strike one of the goal posts. The ball rebounded into the arms of a St. Michael man, and he fell on it for a touch-down. The unfortunate incident of the game was Harry Stewart's finger being broken. Harry will be missed very much, as his tackling was of the highest order.

On Tuesday, October 21st, St. Mikes played Victoria, at the latter's grounds, but on this occasion were less fortunate. Undoubtedly, Victoria is a stronger team than St. Mikes, but at that, our fellows have the ability to trim them. Our back division simply had a bad day, and we look forward to putting it over Vics in the next encounter. The score on Tuesday was 7—3 in favor of Victoria.

J. A. S.

FIELD DAY SPORTS.

Once more the annual Inter-faculty track meet has passed into history, and once more have the "chesty tooth-pullers" emerged victorious. Weather and track conditions were ideal, and it needed only the satisfactory result to put the climax on a great day's sport for the Dents.

The meet this year was marked by keen competition in each event, the entry list being exceptionally long, though quite a number of men failed to show up when the various events were called. Dents had men in every event, and as the score of 36½ points indicates, they were not in the "also-ran" class. Three university records were shattered, and Bricker and Campbell were responsible for two of them, while the honor of breaking the high jump record went to McKeough of Meds. Bricker beat his own record of 11 feet 2 inches, by six inches, and Campbell lowered the time in the mile by four and two-fifths seconds. Bricker was individual champion with fifteen points, winning pole vault, broad jump and the hurdles.

O.A.C. came second with 25 points, and Meds. third. Our team included Bricker, Campbell, Scott, Sutherland, Cooper, Tucker, Holmes, Morgan and Gardiner.

J. A. S.

NOTES OF THE VARSITY GAMES.

Two inter-faculty track championships in two years is some record for the Dental College.

Of the $36\frac{1}{2}$ points scored by the College, the Senior year scored $35\frac{3}{4}$.

Bricker's splendid all-round work was the outstanding feature of the meet.

Tucker has improved greatly this year, and he should score points for Dents next year. There are also several men in the Freshmen class, who should do well next year, if they train. Morgan, Turner and Lipsey look good.

Holmes ran with a sore knee and bruised shoulder. He also should do better next year.

It was unfortunate that Grant was unable to run, owing to an injury. He is the making of a splendid distance runner.

The following Dents were picked for the Varsity Intercollegiate track team: Bricker, Sutherland, Scott and Campbell. The latter was captain of the team, but was unable to make the trip to Kingston, being confined to his bed with a bad attack of muscular rheumatism and grippe. Bricker made a new record in the pole vault, and also got first in the broad jump, and third in the hurdles, in which he was accidentally spiked by a McGill man. Sutherland ran the best race of his college career, in the relay, and won the race for Varsity.

SPORTING NOTES.

We extend congratulations to Schwalm, Holmes, Sheehy and Beeton. Schwalm is now a regular on the Varsity I. rugby team, and Holmes and Sheehy are spares. Beeton is a full-back on the Varsity senior soccer team. Knight is holding down his old place on the rugby team.

That makes nine Dents on senior Varsity teams, so far this season.

Last year and the year before, Dents had five men on the Varsity track team, all from year '14. This year there were four Dents on the team, all from the same year. The senior year is certainly strong in the athletic line.

At the time of writing, the Dental College rugby team looks just about strong enough to win the Mulock cup. We have made a good start with the track championship. Let us keep it up, and add to it the Mulock cup, Sifton cup, and Jennings cup. These trophies would look mighty well in the reading room, and now is the time to go after them! The teams want the support of every student in the College. Go to the games and root for the team, fellows (and ladies also). Make this a banner year in athletics for the Dental College!



Contributors to this column are requested to write in ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed that the Hya Yaka may know whom to interrogate in case the point of the article is not clear, but the name shall not be published. All Plugger Points may be handed to Local Editor.

Visitor (being shown through College building): "I understand that you have a fine track team here! What individual holds the greatest number of the medals?"

* * * * *

Janitor: "I guess it is the pawnbroker down town."

"No," said the mistress of the boarding house, "we cannot accommodate you, I am sorry to say; we only take in single men."

Robb, '17: "Goodness!! What makes you think I'm twins?"

* * * * *

"If a man is square, it is easy to put up with his sharp corners: Poor McPhee!"

* * * * *

"Oh! My goodness! Hill, '14, is keeping company with a wicket girl."

* * * * *

Sophs. Quiz in anatomy.—Dr. Shenstone: "What movement has the arm?"

Bier, '16: "Extension and flexion, sir!"

Dr. S.: "Anything else?"

Bier, '16: "Encircling."

* * * * *

The Dean: "Are you not going to attend lectures in Dental Economy this year, Sipes?"

Sipes, '14: "No, doctor! As I have a private tutor at home, I find it unnecessary."

On meeting a Yankee acquaintance, I marked that his right cheek was swelled, and that he wore a rag tied under his chin. On endeavoring to ascertain the trouble, he retorted, "Why have I got my dial in a sling?" Listen, kid; I've got a date on with a fang-hustler. He says he's got to jerk two pearls out of my winning smile, and then half-sole a bicuspid a la Yukon. My word!

* * * * *

Scott, '14, became the recipient of a sweet Pomeranian dog, which solved the mystery of the disappearance of some small chairs around the College. Get wise, Tom!

* * * * *

Salesman (having sold Girvin, '14, a couple of collars): "Now, is there anything else? How about a shirt?"

* * * * *

Dr. W. wrote the following notice on the board in the Junior Lab.: "Dr. W. will not see the classes to-day."

Miss J., '15, rubbed out the c, leaving the word lasses.

The Doctor, seeing this rubbed out the l, making the sentence read "Dr. W. will not see his asses to-day."

Poor Juniors! Your heels may be hard, but never kick a stone wall.

* * * * *

A Senior knows that he knows not,

A Junior knows not:

A Sophomore knows not that he knows not,

A Freshman —————?

* * * * *

Roos, '14: "I have a friend down South, who has five hundred chickens, and gets 499 eggs a day."

Fuller, '14: "Why doesn't he get five hundred eggs?"

Roos, '14: He has a stenographer."

* * * * *

Miss Nicholson, '16 (looking in Jim MacDonald's direction, just after he has hit his thumb with the mallet hammer): "I understand he swears a great deal."

Miss Johnson: "I wouldn't say that exactly, but I would say, that in the heat of passion, he finds it impossible to confine himself to Tut! Tut!"

“Andy” Fuller thinks that a hypodermic of cocaine and old razor blades is much cheaper than new blades.

* * * * *

After Harold Campbell’s sensational finish in the mile race at the Inter-faculty games, a freshman was heard to loudly exclaim: “What’s the time?”

Bill Elliott (sitting in front row): “Quarter to four.”

* * * * *

At the Banquet.—McDonald, ’16: “Brown, what’s the matter? Why don’t you eat your soup?”

Bier, ’16: “Yes, Brown, why don’t you? Aren’t you hungry?”

Brown, ’16: “Yes; perhaps I’m hungry, but I’m not thirsty.”

* * * * *

James, ’16: “Chase the cow down this way—more milk wanted.”

Head Waitress at the Walker House: “Here—take the cow down to where the calf is bawling.”

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The HYA YAKA

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No. 2

Through Southern and Central Saskatchewan by Gasoline

By Cyril La Verne Pattison, '14.

Saskatchewan, although one of the youngest members of the family of provinces, which with adjoining districts go to form this great and vast Dominion of ours, has clearly shown by late statistics what her natural resources are by the rapid advancement accomplished in the last two decades.

One bright morning in late June (before the days of the electric self-starter) we cranked up and chugged away, with our machine pointed due north.

On leaving the town of Indian Head, we rolled out onto a smooth and well-beaten trail, that seemed to the eye like a thin white ribbon stretched over a vast sea of waving green, "The Western Farmer's Pride." As we chugged along, occasional stretches of summer fallow broke the monotony of the vision of never-changing green.

For twelve miles we rode through what is considered one of the most productive regions in the Canadian West, known as Wide-Awake, or North Indian Head. This district slopes towards the south-east, and is drained by the Qu'Appelle River, a branch of the Assiniboine.

We were beginning to wonder if we were travelling on a planet of continuous emerald hues, when on topping a slight grade we were astonished at the view that met our eyes. Stretching to the north-east and southwest, following the winding path of the river, as far as our vision would permit, could be seen the majestic splendor of the valley of the Qu'Appelle, made famous both in song and story.

Winding down the side of one of the ravines leading into the valley, we cautiously made our way, somewhat dazed at the sudden and complete change of our environment. On all sides, hills and steep slopes clothed by prairie grass, dotted with the anemone, and groves of poplar, which looked at distance like huge green serpents winding their way down into the base of the valley.

Across the basin for two miles we sped, noticing particularly the marked advancement of plant life toward maturity over their unprotected neighbors on the plains.

Leaving the valley and hills behind, we again found ourselves speeding along surrounded by vast green expanses, but broken here and there by bluffs of stunted poplar. The fine condition of the soil and the up-to-date farm buildings bespoke the prosperity of the northern slope of the Qu'Appelle.

Travelling for fifteen miles through a country of the same existing conditions, we arrived at Balcarres, a small town on the Pheasant Hills branch of the C. P. R. Having a little trouble with our engine alteratne woody and open stretches of country. We found the

and only an hour remaining before noon, we discontinued our journey until after lunch.

Running north from Balcarres, we encountered rough roads, which forced us to lower our speed somewhat. The landscape took on a wilder aspect, the country being more rolling, the wild grass of the prairie taking the place of the products of cultivation which we had left behind. Here one was wont to recall the stories told by the pioneers, of the days before the railroads and influx of civilization. But even here civilization was forcing her way, for here and there one could see the handiwork of man. Occasional dark patches of freshly turned sod, set off by the squat mud huts and outbuildings of the German settler, their whitewashed walls gleaming in the sun, added interest to the scene.

Lured to this country by the enticing grants of land offered by our Government to the new-comer, and the freedom from obligations forced on them from the overcrowding of their home land, contentment seemed to radiate from the big smiling faces of the German as he patiently followed his oxen day after day, turning the rich black soil, and his frau as she bustled about her tidy little home, ever ready to help in the field as well as the kitchen.

Eighteen miles farther north we emerged from the wooded country on to wide stretches of open prairie, which we found mostly under cultivation, and inhabited by Canadian and American settlers; their buildings, mostly frame, following the type of Western architecture, showing a marked contrast with those of the German settlement we had just passed through. Over this plain we travelled for about an hour, when we arrived at Melville just as the sun was sinking amidst all the glories of a Western sunset.

Melville, which is a divisional point on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, we found in our short sojourn over night, consisted mainly of railway yards and roundhouses, surrounded by hotels, with a bank thrown in as a connecting link.

Leaving this busy little city of the plains early next morning, we found ourselves driving over an open and level plain, the texture of the soil being a gravelly loam, and somewhat lighter than that which we had previously passed over.

Ten miles farther north we again entered a woody tract, the trail becoming rougher and more winding, with innumerable bluffs of poplar, and sloughs hemming us in on all sides. As we sped along we found an occasional homesteader's shack nestled amongst the trees, with the usual small area of broken ground surrounding it, to act as a guardian against the ravages of prairie fires.

After driving about half an hour through this forlorn-looking region, we rolled out on to a well-inhabited and fertile plain, with the buildings of Yorkton looming up some five or six miles to the north. Arriving in Yorkton at 11 a.m., we halted for the remainder of the day.

We found Yorkton all bustle and confusion. It is considered one of the busiest towns in North Central Saskatchewan, being an important distributing point on the Winnipeg-Saskatoon section of the C. P. R., a large percentage of its tributary population consisting of Galicians and Doukhobors.

Leaving Yorkton immediately after breakfast the next morning, we followed the railway in a westerly direction, passing through

country very thinly settled, mostly inhabited by Galicians and Doukhobors, very little improvement having been accomplished. The Galician dwellings, although they resembled the German huts somewhat in appearance; the walls being built of poplar poles and mud, heavily coated with whitewash, and covered by a thatched roof; yet they did not display the same thrift and cleanliness as those of their Dutch neighbors, showing a marked difference between the two nationalities.

The Doukhobor differs from his Galician neighbor in practically every respect. We noticed on passing, that they lived in colonies, living in long, narrow thatched huts, congregating like one huge family, working their land (and working it well) under the direction and leadership of one man. Their well-cultivated and trim homesteads formed a marked contrast with the careless, indolent appearance of those of their Galician neighbors.

Arriving at Sheho after forty-three miles of bad roads, we halted for lunch and a rest. Leaving Sheho at 1 p.m., after a halt of two hours, we struggled on, arriving at Wynyard about 4 p.m. with a flat tire. After a delay of three-quarters of an hour to change tires, we pushed on to Lanigan.

We struggled on over rough roads for another twenty miles, when, to our joy, we struck a well-graded road. Increasing our speed, we noticed as we sped along through the dim twilight, that we were passing through a well-settled district, with the marks of prosperity evident on all sides, and it felt good to be back to what seemed a little more like civilization, after a day of bad roads, breakdowns and foreigners. We arrived in Lanigan at 8.30 p.m., a tired but happy quartette, and after a hearty dinner, the universal verdict was a sub-journey to the "Land of Nod."

Early next morning we continued our journey westward toward Guernsey. The area of cultivation decreased somewhat, the land becoming rougher, with sloughs and poplar bluffs very much in evidence. The scattered population we found to consist principally of Germans and Galicians, while here and there the more spacious buildings of the Canadian and American settler could be seen.

Continuing our journey on a very good trail, we sped on, passing Colonsay, forty miles to the westward. Bluffs and sloughs, with intermittent black patches of rich dark soil, the result of plow and cultivator, and peopled by the same cosmopolitan population, flashed by us as we sped on.

About mid-day we broke through the wooded tract, and stretching to the north, south, and west as far as the eye would permit could be seen wide, rolling expanses of rich farm lands sloping to the south, and west toward the Saskatchewan River. Here the energy and ambition of the wheat farmer was predominant on all sides. After an hour and a half of such a pleasing environment, we crossed the river, and found ourselves in Saskatoon. During our short sojourn in Saskatoon, that afternoon and evening; we found that the city deserved the reputation it held as the busiest centre of the north. Its network of railways and thriving business section displayed ample proof of its position as a distributing point.

Leaving Saskatoon and "mine host," Mr. Flannigan, early the next morning, we made our way in a southwesterly direction towards Delisle. We encountered very heavy sandy roads, sandy

loam, extending for fifteen miles west of the river. After two hours of sand, black flies and homesteads, we arrived at Delisle, "The Door of the Goose Lake Country."

Leaving Delisle, determined to reach Outlook in time for lunch, which meant a run of thirty-five miles, we used all the power the law would allow. Running south from Delisle, we encountered the finest roads we had experienced so far on our journey. We noticed the advance the grain had made toward maturity over that of the districts we had passed through on the eastern slopes of the Saskatchewan, owing, no doubt, to the lighter texture of the soil, and its inability to hold moisture as well as the heavier land. We found that the inhabitants from Delisle to Outlook were principally Americans, a great many of them being settlers of North Dakota in the early days. Speeding along, we found a continuous open rolling expanse rising up before us, while four or five miles to the east the sand hills and wooded tracts (the home of the antelope) bordering the Saskatchewan River seemed to keep pace with us.

Crossing the river on the ferry, we arrived in Outlook about 1 p.m., badly in need of oil, gasoline, and lunch. After a sojourn of an hour in this busy little terminal of the Outlook-Moose Jaw branch of the C. P. R., we continued our journey in a southeasterly direction, with the town of Elbow as our destination. As we chugged along we noticed a few lingering signs of the old horse and cattle ranches that dominated over this section before the days of the agriculturist. Passing occasional small ranches brought to our minds the old stories we used to read back East, about the days of Buffalo Bill.

Arriving in Elbow, so named on account of its location on a bend of the Saskatchewan River, we spent the night, "all in," after a strenuous day on the road. Making an early start the next morning with a seventy-five-mile run to Moose Jaw and a good trail ahead of us, we cast fears of Mounted Police to the winds, forgot speed laws, and let loose. In our haste a passing glance explained that we were passing through a sparsely settled section, the settlements being confined to small areas tributary to the towns, while the vast intervening tracts presented an appearance of long waving prairie grass, infested with gophers.

Arriving in the Railway City about 1.30 p.m., we immediately garaged our machine for repairs, spending the afternoon and evening doing the city and listening to the never-ceasing din of railroad, baseball and real estate gossip. Moose Jaw is decidedly a railroad man's town, not having the same tributary population as the cities previously mentioned, very little farming being done in the immediate vicinity.

Leaving "The Jaw" about 9 o'clock the next morning, we followed the Portal section of the C. P. R., commonly known as the Soo Line, in a southeasterly direction, passing through Drinkwater and Rouleau. We enjoyed the comfort of an excellent road all the way, and although we passed through some rough woody tracts, yet the thriving condition of the rural districts, and the bustle of the towns that we passed through heralded the prosperity of this section.

We stopped in Milestone for lunch, after a morning run of fifty-four miles. Here we noticed the appearance of the soil much blacker and heavier than that we had passed over farther North.

As we drove on that afternoon farther to the south-east, down through the towns of Lang and Yellowgrass, we were delighted at the magnificent waving expanses (the products of the farmer) that extended to the horizon on all sides, reminding us of the scene formerly witnessed on the slopes of the Qu'Appelle. The substance of the soil, being a heavy clay loam, has caused this section to be considered one of the most productive regions on the Canadian prairies.

As we neared McTaggart, a storm that had been following for some time, caught us in all its fury, and we were forced to seek the side of the road and put on the traction chains.

Arriving in Weyburn, after spending one hour and a half accomplishing nine miles, we extracted ourselves from nine miles of Saskatchewan terra firma minus two pairs of rubbers, soaking wet, but happy.

The storm did not last long, and a bright warm sun made it possible for us to resume our journey next day, after lunch.

We found Weyburn full of business and Americans, and, although not being as far advanced as Saskatoon, yet it was making rapid strides forward in becoming the main distributing point for Southern Saskatchewan.

Leaving Weyburn early the next afternoon, we turned our faces to the north, making slow progress for the first fifteen miles, as the roads, in spite of the sun, were still a little heavy.

Driving twenty miles north of Weyburn, we sped over vast stretches of alkali, and ridges of stone and gravel. We passed occasional German settlements, taking note that very little cultivation had been attempted; long windrows of the abundant prairie grass explaining their methods of livelihood; the women doing most of the work. Arriving in Frances, a town on the Arcola branch of the C.P.R., late in the afternoon, we stopped for dinner and a short rest, having a very pleasant visit with friends.

In the twilight of a perfect western evening, we left Frances on the last lap of our journey. A familiar trail ahead and home just forty miles away, caused us, needless to say, to be in the best of spirits. Although holding recollections of a very pleasant and instructive experience of ten days in a motor car, yet, as familiar objects reared their ghostly forms in the dim light of the new moon, we could not refrain from thoughts of that sweet old melody, "Home, Sweet Home."

There is a young man in this college,
And his front name is Bill;
He is filled to the neck with knowledge,
And he dresses fit to kill.
Up and down the school he walks,
All the while he's smiling.
To all the pretty Jane's he talks,
His manner's most beguiling.
His tongue forever keeps going,
He tells most thrilling stories;
His head will never finish growing,
But yet he never worries.

Mexico, The Land of Manana

I have been asked to give an idea of how I found conditions in Mexico during my practice there.

First, I will give you a brief outline of the country and its people.

It is a very rich and fertile country, having vast resources in minerals and oil, but undeveloped.

The people are of two classes—the rich and the poor, or peon, who are almost slaves, and in some of the southern states are virtually so, being held for debt, and compelled to work to pay it. Their wages runs from thirty to fifty cents per day.

About seventy-five per cent. of the people are illiterate, this being due to their government, religion, and superstition.

I practised in Matamoros, a city of some 16,000 in the State of Tamulepis. There isn't any state board to pass—simply registering your diploma, but don't forget the fee and necessary "tips." They naturally look for it. It's bred in the country.

Prices are good, as, for example: Extractions, \$1.50 : gold and abscessed teeth, \$5.00.

The poor class, as a rule, have good teeth. This may be due to their coarse, partially cooked food, which usually consists of "frigoles" (black beans) and "tortas," a sort of bannock cake, made of corn meal and water. The teeth of the better classes are not as good, but better than their northern neighbors.

- They do not come to you on the strength of advertising, no matter how you do it, but mainly through friends. This has been partially brought about by poor dentists, who stay a short time, bleed the people, and get out.

When a patient first comes, he asks all manner of questions, as to where you graduated, your qualifications, skill and workmanship, quality of gold used, etc., etc. He makes no appointment, but goes away and thinks it over. If he comes again, he puts himself, wholly, in your hands, trusts you implicitly, and expects a good result. If he is satisfied, he becomes a friend of yours. That means a good deal more than the term implies here. He sends all his friends, and here is where the friend part comes in. If I am his friend (in the making), I am, therefore, his friend's friend, and will be expected to give him the same deal as the original patient. Also, this second patient asks no questions whatever, but states that he wishes all his work done—leaving it for me to decide which is best for his case—as it's not a consideration of money, and, when finished, to send in the bill. Being recommended by his friend, he trusts me fully, and so asks no questions, as to work or price. I can do his work and be sure of my pay, because the first patient, being my friend, would not send me one who would do me a wrong. When the first patient sees me, he will tell me what he has done, and to do the work and my pay will be coming for it. This is a good system, but one thing you must do, viz.: "Good work." If you don't, you make an enemy, which, in Mexico, means all the word implies, and then some.

This being a friend, though, does not mean that you are taken into their home life, and there meet the rest of the family, especially

the daughters. Oh, no; far from it. Their social life is vastly different from ours, in this respect: You might be a very close friend of a man for years, and yet he would not think of taking you to his home to meet his daughters, or, in case of a young man, his sisters.

That's another problem you must study out. In conclusion, I wish to state that if any of the boys of R. C. D. S. wish to go to Mexico, to practise their profession, take a little advice (i.e., the fellows who have been used to having a new girl each week, and staying as late as 11.23 p.m.), don't try it there; it won't work.

But that's another question I may write about later.

Geo. C. McKinley.

AT THE SCRAP.

Now Freshie was a fighter,
 And a husky little cuss,
 Who said that of a sophomore
 He'd make an awful muss.
 The Sophie, when he saw him,
 Said "I'll lick that kid or bust,"
 But Freshie picked some plaster up,
 And soaked him on the crust.

NOVEMBER.

The yellow year is hasting to its close,
 The little birds have almost sung their last,
 Their little notes twitter in the dreary blast—
 That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows:
 The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
 Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
 Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
 And makes a little summer where it grows;—
 In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
 The dusky waters shudder, as they shine;
 The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
 Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
 And the gaunt wards in ragged scant array,
 Wrapped their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

—COLERIDGE.

BEFORE LAST DANCE.

McKee, '17—"Hagey, are you going to give me a dance with your girl?"

Hagey, '17—"I can't get a girl."

McKee—"I'll get you one."

AFTERWARDS.

Hagey—"That was some girl you got me. I called for her and she wasn't in. Stung!"

Good Citizenship

All men talk about their country. While much is being said about the future of our country, there is one important phase which has been often overlooked. As Emerson says, "The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops. No; but the kind of man the country turns out."

Thus a study of our country means a study of our people.

What a vision these words bring to our minds, as, in imagination, we sweep it from shore to shore. From the restless storm-tossed Atlantic, over thousands of miles of stately forests, over thousands of miles of teeming prairies, over rugged, towering mountains, to the more peaceful Pacific. We see stately ships, we hear the clang of the great iron industry, we skirt panoramas of hill and dale, of forest and of cultivation. The home of a happy people. The smoke and din of the cities rise before us, and suggest the sound of miner's pick, then the glories of our western inheritance bursts upon us, with its fields of sun-kissed grain. As we pass on, the grandeur of those crags, of those lowering, twisted rocks, and then again, the hum of industry and ships.

Truly, we possess a land of boundless resources. But is this wealth, all? Or, indeed, the most important part of our country? Shall its developments be our sole aim? One which is apt to create millionaires, as well as paupers. No. Our country, in the truest sense, is our people—those who proud boast it, "I am a Canadian."

To be sure, we are all Anglo-Saxon in our origin, but it is our duty to take the best from the various institutions and the characters of the different races, who have found a home in this land, and with these, to build a good Canadian citizenship.

The prospects of the country do not depend only on the extent of our territory, or the abundance of its natural resources.

The country has been settled by an intelligent, industrious, sober and law-abiding people. No crowds of half-civilized immigrants have interfered with the growth of our institutions. The duty of assimilating a variety of races has not taxed the Canadian people.

Anarchism, commercialism and Socialism have found no home in this fair land of ours. The democracy which controls is one which has been the growth of centuries, under constitutional government. Freedom is cherished. There are no privileged classes. Education is valued and widely supported. Self-government is the main feature of our political institutions.

There is no State church, but the dominant forces are Christian. The moral atmosphere of the country is good. Creditable systems of education are built up. The people are not content to develop the country, they are developing themselves. Surely, with all these opportunities, we will build up a noble citizenship; one infinitely greater than that enjoyed by the Romans, in the proudest days of that empire.

All the inhabitants of our country, whether citizens or foreigners, whether old enough to vote or not, have what may be called civil rights, and these rights are the foundation of human society.

It is evident, if people decide to live in the same community, they must not maim or defraud one another. We must be good citizens, we must reflect and study other nations, and try to improve ours.

And now, if we were transported to some lofty pinnacle, and there review the world and the nations of the world, what could we see? Away over on the western side of the Aegean Sea, in that time-honoured city of Athens, we could see some lonely bard weep, as he reads the golden age of Augustus, or the triumphs of Cicero, or the patriotism of Gabaïld; then, if we trace our steps to those sunny climes of France, we could see, forsooth, some hoary-headed professor in his studio slashing down, line after line, in honour of his favourite Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then, as we cross our brows to think, we see those precarious conditions in Tripoli. Furthermore, we see the danger in the Chinese Empire. China's expansion ended before Britain's began. It ended when the Gobi Desert and the highland of the Tibet were reached, but, happily, the wilderness and the mountains are still there to safeguard the immemorable democratic liberalities of the yellow man and his ancient Republic. As we listen, we think we can hear travellers talk about the midnight view, of looking down into the burning and boiling crater of Catapaxi, as the most tremendous spectacle presented in any planet in the physical world; but I am inclined to think the spectacle of China, the oldest empire of the world, as now melting, in that crucible of time, presenting an analogous, if not a superior, grandeur. Again, if we look to the south of us, we think we can see the artist carve into the pure white marble, Geo. Washington, father of his empire. Then, even further south, we see blood and warfare. And then the question arises, why should we not have arbitration or war, instead of all this bloodshed. But it seems that war is inevitable, and that arbitration will not prevent it. All over the world, nations are preparing battalions of war, even England is menaced by Germany's aggressive policy. Even now, in spite of all this, as we trace our steps up that misty Thames, we see and feel the Angel Spirit near. It is the immortal soul of Queen Victoria. Now the daughter of Canadianism rises to the occasion, robed in spotless purity, she dips her fingers in the clear blue sunlight of above, and writes into the clear blue sky, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never shall be slaves."

The spell is broken. We are awake. Arise now; what shall we do? Oh, think, think. There is one necessity, to equip man for an honourable life, namely, patriotism. By that, I do not mean merely that theatrical patriotism, which finds expression in the waving of the Union Jack, or the singing of "Rule Britannia," but a national love and pride for his country, founded on some knowledge of the privileges we enjoy, as Canadians, and the debt we owe those who won them for us. There is even a higher form of patriotism, which is nurtured in the minds of our people in a growing sense. That is, the responsibilities of each one to contribute something to the greatness of the school, the church, the home, repetition, and the nation, in fidelity to duty, in helpfulness to others, and in national pride for his work in life and his country, and so ordering his life, that the country will be proud of him.

This is the true ideal of Christian democracy, manhood, and patriotism.

This is the ideal which should allure the young men of our country to a nobler manhood and to a more universal brotherhood.

Political rights are such as are enjoyed by the adult citizen of every country. Political freedom as enjoyed by the Canadian citizen is based on the broadest principles of self-government. Freedom is given the people in selecting the representatives who are to make the laws. The business of our country demands more and more the services of a vast number of people. The duties entrusted to these officials are of vital importance, and it should be the object of each citizen to select the best persons for our parliamentary halls, municipal councils and trustee boards.

There should be an awakening of public conscience, to our duties in regard to public life. It is of national importance that each citizen realize his own individuality, and make the best use of his political rights.

Good citizenship demands intelligence. People who are unable to form intelligent ideas of public questions should not be entrusted with the franchise. The democratic system of government demands a general diffusion of knowledge. The more educated men we have in the country the stronger and better the nation will become.

The true wealth of a nation, which consists of thoughts, ideas, inventions and discoveries, and to which learning is the key, are worth far more to a nation than buildings, railroads and mines. The treasures of the mind are the most precious resources of the nation, and in this country are within the reach of all, because the system of education as found in this country is based upon the systems of several countries.

With the rights and privileges we enjoy, as Canadians, come certain duties and responsibilities.

Just at the dawn of the twentieth century, which will undoubtedly decide the destiny of the nation, it is our duty as good citizens to make a study of the social, economic and political problems. Times have changed since the first schoolmaster went abroad. Things are not as they were when Adam Smith wrote his "Wealth of Nations." Integrity in public life is needed. Clean, unbiased minds are needed, and these are what Canada must have to solve her important problems, such as trade unionism, government ownership of public utilities, a probable redistribution bill, the liquor problem, and the great naval question.

Truly we are on the threshold of some very vast and important problems, and hence we must be good citizens. Anon gives us the following lines, each of us as a good citizen will do well to hear:—

God, give us men. A time like this demands
Strong hearts, great faith and ready hands.

Men whom the best of office cannot buy,

Men who have honor, men who have opinion and a will, men who will
not lie,

Men who can stand before a demigod and scorn his flatteries without
winking.

Tall men seem crowned, who live above the fog, in public duty and
in private thinking.

Sophomores Severely Reprimanded

After Dr. Clarkson's lecture in physiology on Tuesday morning, Class '16 was met by the head of the faculty in the personage of the Dean, and acting as his colleagues at court were Doctors Webster and Fife.

The Dean stated his unpleasant duties to meet the class as Dean, but said the Faculty of the R. C. D. S. looked upon the act of the Sophomores on the previous morning as a disgraceful act, which could in no way be tolerated, and that the participants must be punished. He stated that the class took the matter in hand and violated such rules of discipline as were laid down in Clause 4 in the student's application of registration.

The Dean does strongly oppose class organizations, and states that all concerted actions in the history of the College have been an injury to the class, and class trouble dates back to class organization. He also stated that the height of culmination had been reached, and all such procedures as hazing were henceforth to be discontinued and all class hoodlumism was to be stopped. He pointed out that all members of the class were responsible, since it was entirely a class matter, and showed that in signing the application of registration the rules were set forth, and no one was to be excused on account of ignorance.

The Dean then demanded that each individual of Class '16 be fined for the sum of three dollars, and that each and every member sign an apology in the hands of the chief clerk, at the office, and declared all lectures closed, as well as all laboratories until they had complied with the wishes of the Faculty.

The Dean then asked Dr. Webster if there was anything else to be said.

Dr. Webster voiced all the Dean's sentiments of indecency, and laid emphasis by saying that he, at the meeting of the Faculty, urged that the name of each individual who participated in the affair of tapping a fellow-student should be handed to the local police so that these men would be arrested, in order that they could then expel them. He further said that personal attack on a man's body, in any form, was a disgraceful thing, and that this was a reflection upon the Faculty.

The Sophomores have drawn up the following apology:—
To the Faculty of the R. C. D. S., Toronto University:

Gentlemen,—We hereby beg to submit this apology on behalf of the actions of Class '16, on Nov. 10th.

We, the individual members of the Sophomore Class, deeply regret having insulted the Faculty with our actions, which were entirely based upon one individual, and not prejudiced toward the Faculty. We now hereby apologize for our misdemeanor contrary to your wishes.

We do not feel that in any way we can afford to pay any moneys, but we beg that you accept our most humble apologies.

Signed on behalf of the Class,

E. H. CLARK, Pres.

McCARTNEY, Sec.

Class '16 regrets Dr. Webster's attitude of bringing in the outside police into a trivial affair, where no one has laid any charge. We cannot see where our local police could interfere. Men are not arrested in the twentieth century without cause, and the pioneer days when despotic government was in force have long ceased. There are no privileged rulers.

The expulsion of all members of Class '16 would mean that the required twenty-nine graduates in 1916 would have to be gathered from the fold of probably the Chicago or Philadelphia Dental Colleges.

Class '16 is going to stick together. It fails to see how the Faculty has been dragged into the mire of disgrace by this class, when such procedure was an annual occurrence, and, furthermore, how the three dollars fine, which each member should pay, should eliminate the black mark placed upon the history of the college, and again, as it were, raise the Faculty heavenward into the pure air of honor and respect ? ? ? ?

A SOPHOMORE.

Garvin, '16 (very excited)—“What a graceful dancer your daughter is, Mrs. ?.

Mrs. ?—“Sir, I want you to understand that my daughter dances only the latest dances. She learned several years after gracefulness went out of style.”

The less a man knows about a woman, the more confiding he is.

The man with a beautiful wife never lacks friends.

God made man. Then He made woman. Then He felt so sorry for man that He made wine.

Respectability is the mother of convention.

You can lead a young lady to the altar, but you cannot make her cook.

“May I print a kiss on your lips?” I asked.

And she nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess,
I printed a large edition.

A Slight Warning

(Trial by Jury, Nov. 10th.)

His Honor Judge Brown called the court to order on the morning of the 10th inst., to ask the prisoner, Harry Davidovitch, his choice of sentence dealt out, viz: To buy each member of Class '16 a ten-cent cigar, or take a tapping and the extra that go along with it.

The prisoner spoke, his counsel not appearing: "I'll take the tapping." This was his death song, sung by his own lips, and his eyes looked misty as he realized the passion he had aroused in the hearts of his classmates.

Never was a class more dumfounded than Class '16. Each member thought that Davy would buy the cigars and become a good fellow amongst the boys. However, boys, the unexpected always does happen, as we believe the prisoner himself afterwards realized.

The prisoner was re-arrested by the constable, "having been bailed out by his sweetheart," and was sent outside to await what decision the class would arrive at in dealing with such a case. Everybody at this moment had cast aside all work, and were weeping bitterly at the thought of poor Davy. Perhaps, dear readers, this was not the case. No; but every member of the class decided to blacken him, in order that he might look **on** a par with those who participated in the rush; furthermore, to invest him with some soft plaster, "since all of the family circle are good investors," and to put those contents, which formerly looked like Davy, "who might be seen on Sunday afternoon swinging a cane among those regions south of College Street," under the shower.

This was duly executed, with the most pitiful hearts of the Sophomores, who all loved Davy so much. In addition, they rushed him upstairs first, for inspection, into the infirmary, to be admired by all those present; next, to the Junior Lab., and lastly, to the Freshmen Lab. Here a little speech was made, telling what a painful duty it was to tap a member of our own class. By now the prisoner was indeed in a passive mood. Everybody said, "Look at 'im, boys; he's the guy that missed the scrap." This was indeed an object lesson for the Freshmen, and we trust each and every member of Class '17 will put this event down in memory, and do as Class '17 desires them to do in the future.

But let us not shun the prisoner with our gratitude. He consented to every little movement, just like a boy would, while at first his fiery temper told him to poke a member of Class '16 in the jaw. Now the Hya Yaka staff advises Davy to apologize for this rash action, because he didn't show a class spirit by doing it, but he learnt a lesson afterwards, when everybody in the building looked at him with shame, realizing that within that temple or synagogue dwelt a yellow streak, which was being washed away by the plaster of the Sophomore Lab., which would, indeed, make him whiter than snow. However, some members think the penalty was much too light, since he looked so dark at that time. The Hya Yaka believes that the Sophomore class was very lenient in dealing with this individual, and hope that in the future no other similar case shall have to be dealt with.



SCHWALM, HARVEY VALENCY

"Thy labours may one day make thee great".

"Tiny" was born at Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 24th, 1888. He received his early education in Glenboro and Winnipeg, Manitoba.

He "weilded the birch" for three years previous to entering R. C. D. S. with Class '14. He was President of his class in its senior year. He was a member of Varsity First Rugby Team and joined the XI Psi Phi Fraternity in his first year.



KNIGHT, FRANK

"Eyes and ears open. but mouth shut."

Frank was born on Sept. 8th, 1890, at Bruce Mines, Ont., and received his Public and High School education at that place. He played on the Dental Hockey Team, Jennings Cup Champions 1910, and member of Varsity I Hockey Team, Intercollegiate Champions 1913. He has been on the Varsity Rugby squad for three years, and played on the Dominion Championship Team 1911. He joined the XI Psi Phi Fraternity in 1911.

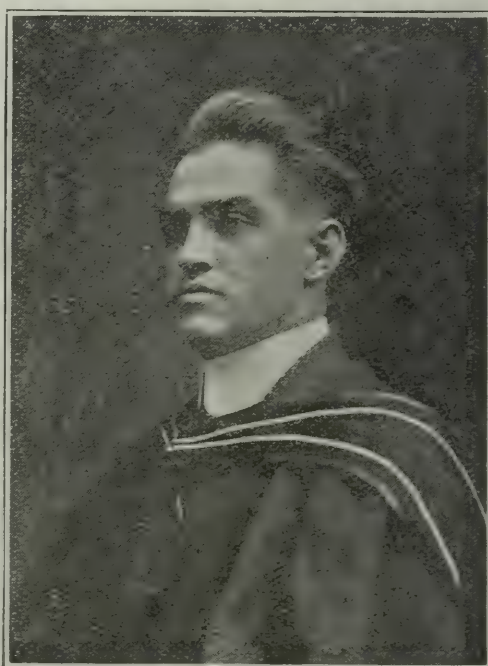


ELLIOTT, WILLIAM STODDARD

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

"Bill" first smiled on April 29th, 1890. With the aid of Varna Public School and Seaforth High, he matriculated 1907, graduating from Clinton Model 1908, a confirmed pedagogue and poet, he acted as local sage and school-master in Moulinette for two years.

The Garnet and Blue claimed him in 1910 as Hya Yaka's bard, his free and genial disposition has obliterated many a sorrow from Class '14.



CHARTRAND, HARVEY ARISTIDES

"Am I not—a smoker and a brother."

Born in Chapleau some twenty odd years ago. Attended Chapleau Public School and Nicolet College, Nicolet, P.Q. Matriculated in Ottawa University. Harvey being an ambitious type of man filled the office of Vice-Presidency of his final year, given charge of the College Orchestra and being also a member of the Hya Yaka Staff where he displayed his artistic views.

Students' Parliament

To all members of the R. C. D. S., and especially to the Freshmen, the Cabinet of the Students' Parliament extends a hearty invitation to attend all the meetings of this organization.

In order to make these meetings a success, both from a financial and social standpoint, we must have the co-operation of the student body of the College. The general tendency of the students at large is to forget all about these meetings after their first visit; probably this is due to the fact that there are no budgets to be presented. However, Parliamentary duties are analogous to professional ones, in that there are small matters, as well as great ones, to be attended to, if ultimate success is to be the reward; therefore, we urgently beseech you to come out and discuss small affairs, as well as great ones.

At our next regular meeting of Parliament, Monday evening, December 1st, we propose, in conjunction with the Debating Club, holding a debate, after the regular business has been dispensed with. Along with the debate, some excellent music will be furnished at intervals by the Dental Orchestra.

D. J. Sutherland,
President.

There was a young man, named Baird,
Who of his father was scared,
But this little fool boy his pa did annoy,
I'd hate to relate how Baird fared.

McCuaig, '15, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage up north the other day. After spending the entire day down at the telegraph office, he was finally rewarded by an affirmative answer, late in the evening.

"If I were you," suggested the operator, when delivering the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"No, no," retorted Mac, "the lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."

Washburn, '15 (to G. S. Atkinson, who was taking the protrusive bite)—"Say, Duke, have you taken 'the Awkward Bite' yet?"

"Eyebrow" Atkinson, '15—"Well, that's the same as the Protrusive Bite, isn't it?"

DENTAL!

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Your own name and address
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Last day 30th Nov.

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**ENQUIRE INTO OUR
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FOR STUDENTS**

A Moral.

Grant Fraser, '14, is requested to be more considerate, for during a history lecture, on the announcement of Lemaire's—the pioneer dentist of America—death, Fraser awoke from a peaceful slumber with a grunt "good."

The moral: Sleep at home and grow fat.

It is with regret we have to announce that Dr. O'Brien, '14, is ill. Being unable to keep up his wonderful work in his branch—amalgam specialist—Chester has the honor of being the whirlwind plugger of teeth by his special means. Having inserted more amalgams during five months than any other senior—bar one—the "Hya Yaka" staff extends a hearty congratulation, and wishes him a speedy recovery.

The Doctor, on being cross-examined, after his examination of Dr. O'Brien, found him in a very serious condition. The trouble being "Heise Luf" of the pleura cavity, causing a serious expansion of the thorax.

The Senior Judge has been, and will be, very busy gathering evidence in the evenings at private homes during his last lapse of college life.

A detective is wanted at once to prevent the Judge from studying so many branches of learning.

Save Your Time for Operating

Send Your Laboratory Work to

C. L. DALY

and avoid Worry

11 Grenville St. - TORONTO

PRICE LIST ON REQUEST.

Through the medium of the "Hya Yaka," Mr. Jim McDonald wishes to announce to his class-mates that he will have no receiving nights until after Christmas, as his time is taken up with dances, receptions and balls.

SOME AD.

HAVE you a toothache?
HAVE you a receding chin?
HAVE you pyorrhoea?
HAVE you any money?
Come to me; I will take it away from you.

The ancients thought the world was flat,
And right they were.
There's not a bit of doubt of that,
I must aver.
They had no bridge, benighted dubs,
Nor brainstorms then.
They had no cigarettes, nor clubs,
Like modern men.
They had no chorus girls, no graft;
No car ahead.
They had no Foraker or Taft,
No valiant Ted.
They had no high-balls in their day,
No rye or gin.
They thought the world was flat, and say,
It must have been.—Ex.

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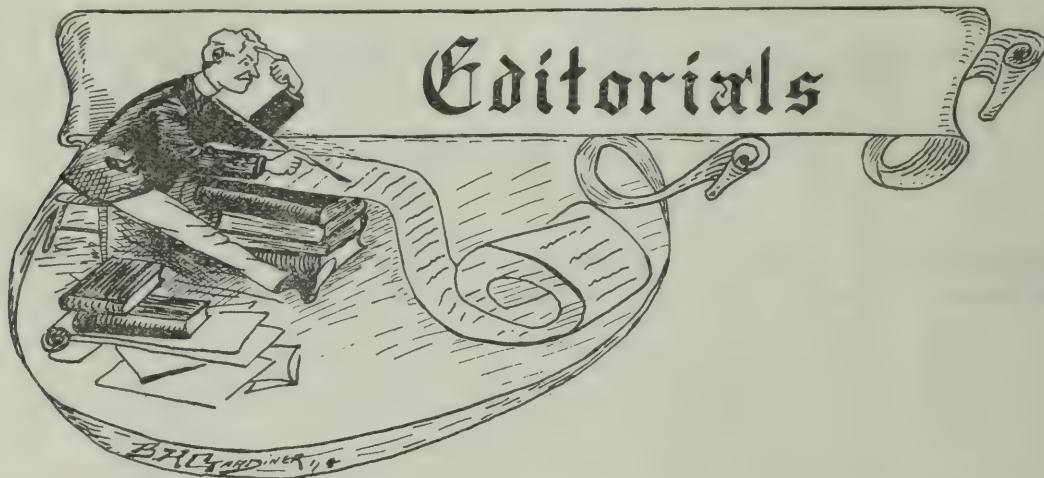
Business Manager—R. G. WARD, '14.

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Vol. XII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 2



There took place recently in the school building an affair which, though small in itself, threatens to assume a serious aspect. The facts of the case are briefly the following: A certain member of the Sophomore class, in company with another Sophomore, absented himself from the annual rush or hustle. The Sophomores, deeming themselves aggrieved by this, took it upon themselves, after the students' court had wisely declined to take any action in the matter, to discipline these members of their class. After due trial by his peers, one man was acquitted, and the other pronounced guilty of having absented himself from the rush without any good and sufficient reason. As a punishment he was given his choice between buying cigars for the class and taking a "tapping."

The culprit having elected for the tapping, the Sophomores proceeded to administer the punishment in the time-honored way. After tapping him and decorating his person in the approved method, they proceeded to parade him through the school, showing him in the doors of the Junior Laboratory and of the Infirmary.

The Professor of Operative Dentistry, who had charge of the Junior Laboratory at the time, complained to the Faculty Council of the "disorderly conduct" of the Sophomores. The Faculty Council, we presume, after due and careful consideration, decided to fine each and every member of the Sophomore class the sum of

three dollars and offer an apology for their conduct. This latter they did, but absolutely refused to pay any fine.

There are several things to be said in favor of the Sophomores. In the first place, "tapping" is a custom as old as the school, as a punishment for offences against the students. Men have been tapped from time immemorial, and no notice been taken of the affair.

The Professor of Operative Dentistry complains of the unseemly noise which characterized the affair. Did he ever see a class move from one lecture room to another without a great deal of noise? Yet, no attention is paid to it. Other classes have offended, and do offend, to as great an extent as the Sophomores, and yet nothing has been done before now. It looks to the innocent bystander as if the Sophomore class was being made the scapegoat for the sins of all the students. Again, why was not an apology sufficient to appease the dignity of the Faculty? Some members of the Faculty say that such conduct is a gross insult to them. We believe that this was certainly not intended, but at the worst was only thoughtlessness. Entering the Junior Laboratory was no worse than for a member of any other class to interrupt a laboratory session. It may be rude or thoughtless, but it could certainly not be construed as an insult to the professor in charge.

With regard to the fine, there are two phases from which the matter may be considered. Did the Faculty Council have any right to impose any fine? Beyond a doubt its members acted in good faith in the matter, as the Board passed a resolution last May, granting them such powers, but was not the Board *ultra vires* in making such a resolution? There is a very grave doubt in the mind of the writer as to whether the Act gives the Board any such authority. Money may be collected to make good any damage that may be done to the property of the College, but in this case our good friend, the janitor, says himself that there has not been one iota of damage done to the school. If the Board then has power to inflict fines for breaches of discipline, wherein does it differ from a police magistrate? Again, even if the Board has such powers, can they delegate these powers to any other person or persons.

Supposing, however, that the Faculty Council has the right to inflict a fine, was there any necessity for it? We think not. At the most, all that the affair demands is an apology or a reprimand or both. To ask the Sophomores to pay two hundred dollars for a little bit of, at the worst, schoolboy nonsense, is nothing more or less than an attempt at extortion. It is a gross injustice to ask the Sophomores to pay two hundred dollars when there has been absolutely no damage done to anything. Had any injury been done the College property, then the Faculty Council would be perfectly justified in mulcting the students an amount sufficient to cover the damages, but, as it is, the writer can see absolutely no justification for their action.

At the same time, it is to be hoped that the Sophomores see the hopelessness of their position. Their presence is not necessary in the school, and the Faculty Council and Board could get along without them. There is a mistaken impression that the school has to graduate a specified number of men each year or lose their charter. There is

absolutely nothing to this effect in the Act. The Board is given authority to conduct a School of Dentistry, but it is not compulsory to even run the school. It could be closed up to-morrow without the least infraction of the law. If the members of the Sophomore class will read the Act, they will see that their presence makes little or no difference to the Board or Faculty. Our advice, as an innocent bystander, to the Sophomores would be to pay their fine and lose as little time as possible from the lectures and laboratories.

Personals

Matters Musical.—We are pleased to see that the Dental College Orchestra has re-organized again this year, and are now practising faithfully. This orchestra has become quite an important factor in the College life, and its success heretofore has been very gratifying. There seems to be a considerable amount of latent musical talent lying dormant in the R. C. D. S. Ample opportunity for development is afforded by joining this organized group of musical geniuses. The enthusiasm shown, so far, by the fellows is encouraging, indeed, but the orchestra requires more assistance before it can take any prominent part in our social or literary entertainments. Those possessing musical talent should turn out to these practices, and make this musical department a perfect success.

“Freshies” are warned against playing tag in the halls or marbles on the front lawn, as such proceedings are derogatory to the dignity of this institution, and will be treated with utmost

At last! The appointment bureau, left vacant by the absence of Miss Brandon, is now occupied. Miss Edwards has received the appointment, and we like the general manner in which she goes about her duties. The seniors appreciate very much her unexampled willingness to assist them in every way possible. Year '14 owes to Misses Clarkson, Vance and Harrison a deep sense of perpetual gratitude for the kind accommodation they receive from them in their various departments.

The R. C. D. S. was greatly honored, on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, with an informal visit from Miss Whitney, eldest daughter of Premier Whitney. In an interview with one of the members of the Hya Yaka staff, she spoke very highly of our institution, and of its wonderfully systematized educational advantages.

The Hya Yaka extend their sincere sympathy to Mrs. J. W. Coram, and trust that she is rapidly recovering from a severe attack of illness.

R. H. Sloan, a graduate of '09, who is carrying on a very successful practice in Leamington, paid the R. C. D. S. a visit recently on his way north, duck-shooting. During his college career, he was always prominent in athletic circles and literary societies.

W. G. Trelford ('13), J. C. Allen ('13) and G. Connolly ('13), each made a short visit to the College recently. All three are now actively engaged in our city, and are proving themselves efficient practitioners.

"Buttons" the III. has been dismissed. It appears that he received his extradition passport for making very generous collections of miscellaneous articles from different rooms in the College. Another has been appointed in his place. Students beware!

We are sorry to report that Earl Fuller, '14, has been confined to his bed on account of illness. We sincerely trust that his sickness will not develop into anything serious, and wish him a speedy recovery.



THE

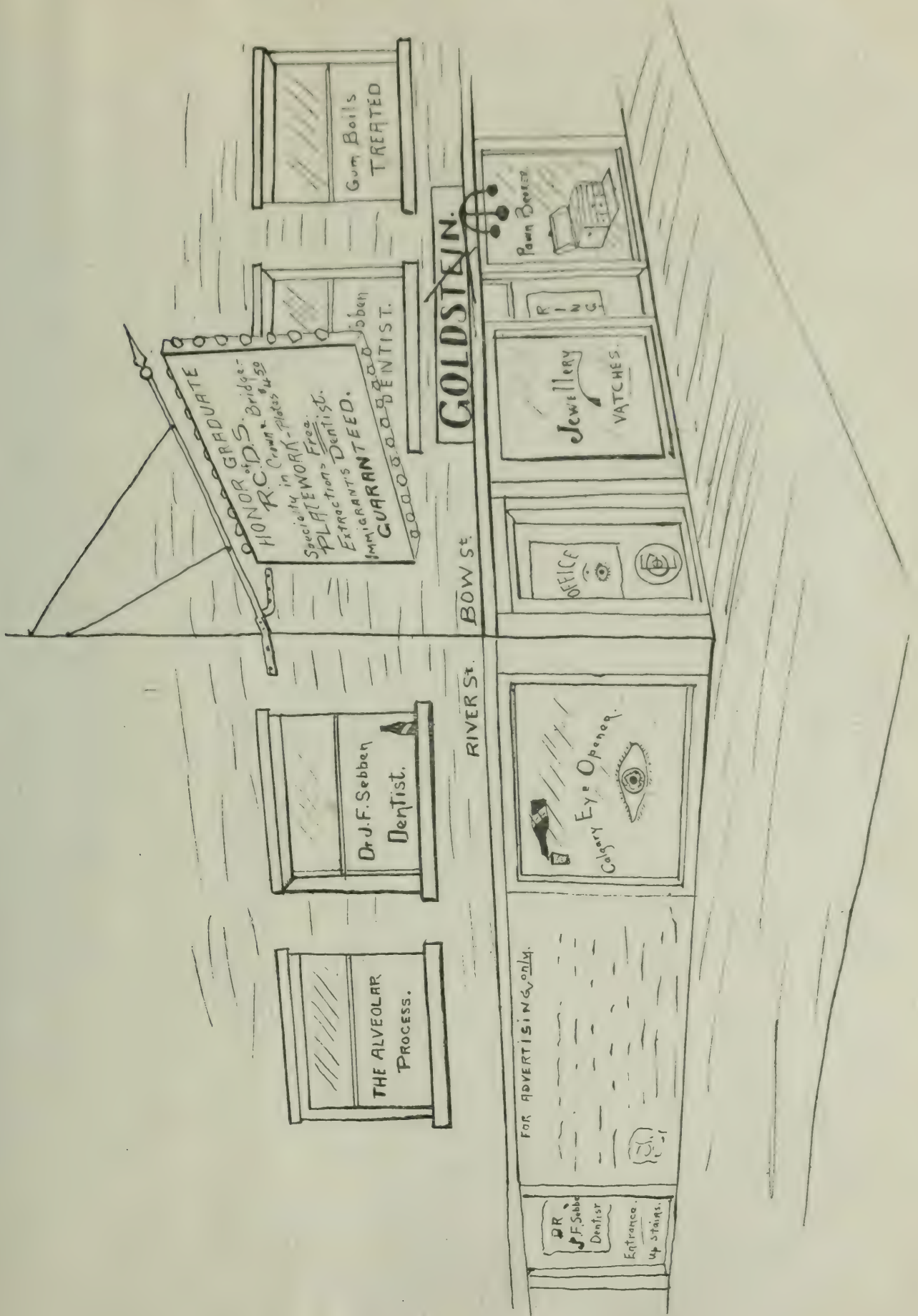
HYA YAKA'S

Congratulations to
Dr. W. Seecombe.



Evolution

John Sebben was a peasant boy
 From beside the classic town,
 And just had left by childish toys,
 When to Toronto he came down
 To study dentistry, you see,
 Which was always John's anxiety.
 Now John came down with guardian tall,
 Who hailed from old McGill;
 He signed John's name in the College roll,
 According to paternal will,
 And got him a room, so warm and neat,
 Not far from Yonge, on Grenville Street.



So he came back the second time,
 This time he came to study,
 And throughout all these months sublime
 Was known to nobody;
 Exams. all o'er again, did travel
 Back to the land of pick and gravel,
 Now John swore through his sophomore year,
 And a junior he became;
 He bunked this time, it may seem queer,
 With a man in year the same,
 And Scott said, "Bill, now you'll regret,"
 But Bill replied, "He'll make good yet."
 And John went west, in the month of May,
 To the wild-cattin' city of Calgary,
 And, after five months by had rolled,
 He returned with a signet ring of gold,
 And said, "Pa! 'way out west, you see,
 Is a country pregnant with prosperity."
 But he came back a senior dent.,
 On song, and wine, and women bent,
 And this time said, "I think, by Cripes,
 I'll room a term with Allan Sipes;"
 And Allan said, "Would you think it best
 If in our room we'd have a dest."
 When the leaf's again upon the tree,
 He'll be granted a diploma.
 An advertising man he'll be,
 Far out beyond Algoma,
 But we shall grasp him by the hand,
 E'er he embarks for that promised land.

If money talks,
 As some folks tell;
 To most of us
 It says, Farewell.

Butcher (to Findley Fraser, during his summer employment):

"Come Findley, be lively now; break the bones in Mrs. Brown's chaps and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him."

Findley (blushingly)—"Yes, sir! Just as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. Murphey's leg."

(Jack Scott to a pretty "Yidd" in the infirmary):

"Your teeth are like stars."

The maiden's face grew bright.

"But then," he added, "like the stars,
 They all come out at night."

Athletic World



DENTS vs. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

On Thursday, Oct. 30th, Dents played their return game with St. Michael's College, and defeated them by a score of 23 to 8.

St. Mike's kicked off against the wind, and Dents, playing a bucking game, quickly forced the play to St. Mike's end. St. Mike's line could not hold out Dents, who blocked a kick, and Macdonald secured the ball, going over for a try, which was not converted. Our boys scored a safety touch and a rouge in the same quarter.

Early in the second quarter, Dents blocked another kick, and Logie Macdonald again secured the ball. He sprinted almost half the length of the field for a try, which Chartrand converted. Shortly afterwards, Chartrand ran about thirty yards on a fake kick, and repeated the performance on the next down, going over for a try, which he converted. St. Mike's worked in a twenty-yards run, and McKee ran the ball out well, when St. Mike's half kicked over our line. Half-time score: 20 to 0.

In the third quarter, our boys eased down somewhat. Coupal made a forty-yards run and was laid out, as was the man who tackled him. Chartrand kicked to the deadline, and Teich did likewise shortly afterwards.

In the last quarter, Sinclair replaced Macdonald. St. Michael's began to force the play, and were aided by mistakes behind the Dent line. Dents held them for two downs on our line and blocked their kick, which Guigg and Higley secured, relieving the situation for a while. Dents lost the ball again, on interference, and St. Mike's kicked to dead line. Shortly afterwards, our quarter handed the ball to one of the Saints, who promptly ran over for a touch-down, which was not converted. In this quarter, our team scored a rouge, making the final score 23 to 8.

Dents played a magnificent game, and St. Michael's, who had a lighter team, were outclassed in everything but tackling. Our wing line held like a rock, and, time after time, broke through and blocked kicks. Dent's bucks were very effective, gaining from five to forty yards on nearly every attempt. In this respect, Coupal,

Liggett and Grigg starred, while the latter was very effective in opening a hole. McKee played splendidly in the first half. Chartrand's running and tackling was the feature of the game, and Teich's kicking was excellent; he also worked in some good runs in the last quarter. Logie Macdonald played one of the best games of his career, and that is going some. Zimmerman and Simpson handled the game well. Following is Dent's line-up:—

Flying-wing—Macdonald; halves—Teich, Chartrand, Smith; quarter—McKee; scrimmage—Higly, Coveydue, Johnston; wings—Coupal, Liggett, Girvin, Leigh, Sinclair, Holt.

DENTS vs. VICTORIA.

On Tuesday, Nov. 4th, Dents played their final game in the Mulock Cup series for this year. Dents have made several garrison finishes in the last few years, but it is doubtful if any team ever furnished a game or more thrilling finish than our boys put up in this game. Apparently hopelessly overwhelmed, with the score 19 to 4 against them at three-quarter time, with several men all in, and with their captain disabled, the dauntless Dents sailed into their ancient antagonists from Vic. in the last quarter and ran up a score of one point in that period. The work of our team in the last quarter ranks in the same class as the work of Queen's against McGill at Kingston.

In the first quarter, the play was fairly even. Vic had the wind and kicked us nearly down. Dents, on the other hand, played a bucking game very successfully, getting their yards or bucks at least half a dozen times in this quarter. They worked the ball up to the Methodist's thirty-yard line, and Chartrand tried a drop, which hit the goal post. (This was a sample of Dental luck, which continued throughout the game.) Victoria got forty yards on a buck, and ten more for off-side. On their third down, they bucked over for a try, which they failed to convert. Quarter-time score: 5 to 0.

In the second quarter, Teich twisted his knee and had to retire, Smith going back on the half-line and Coveydue going into the scrimmage. The gusty wind made the ball hard to judge on a kick, and Smith muffed one which the Vic wings recovered, and carried over for a try. Chartrand made a good run, and, a moment later, kicked a drop over goal. The play came back to Dent's end, and McKee was forced to rouge. Dents worked down to Vic's forty-yard line, and Billy Chartrand missed a beautiful drop by five feet; shortly afterwards he tried another, which missed the goal posts, but resulted in a rouge. Score at half-time: 11—4 for Vic.

In the third quarter, as well in the second, Victoria played much better rugby than Dents. They showed the result of much practice in carrying out their combined runs and trick plays, and in making holes for their tricks. Their tackling also was very good. They made large gains in mid-field, but our brisk wing-line held them, when the ball was near Dent's line. On a muff, Vic scored a touch-down, which was converted. They also scored a rouge. Chartrand worked in a nice thirty-yard run, and was laid out when

brought down by a beautiful tackle. Three-quarter time score was 18 to 4.

It was in the final quarter that our boys pulled themselves together, and gave our rooters occasion to use their lungs. On Vic's last down, their kick was blocked by Macdonald, who secured the ball and went over for Dent's first touch down, which Chartrand neatly converted. This stimulated our fellows, and the match became a punting duel between Chartrand and Watson, in which the former had the advantage and twice forced Victoria to rouge. It was now getting quite dark, and the players experienced difficulty in following the ball. Dents secured on Vic forty-yard line, and, instead of kicking, Chartrand, who is an exceptionally heady player, got away for an end run, and, after some nice dodging past the entire Vic team, scored a touch-down. Excitement ran high, as Dents needed only one more point to tie the score. Between strain and darkness, Chartrand made a splendid attempt, but the ball missed going between the posts by a very narrow margin. As time was called almost immediately, Dent's championship aspirations were once more blasted by our old rivals, Victoria. Game ended 17—18 in favour of Vics. An odd feature was that last year, against St. Mikes, a similar thing occurred, when the converting kick would have tied the game, but the ball, in place of going over, struck the bar and tumbled.

The line-up: Backs, Teich (replaced by Holt, after receiving an injury), Chartrand and Smith; quarter, McKee; scrimmage, Hinds, Higley and Wright; inside wings, Liggett and Craig; middle, Grigg and Coupal; outside, McDonald, Sinclair; flying wing, Leigh. In the last quarter Coveyduc replaced Craig. Referee, Zimmerman.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The following dental students attended the Fourth Annual Students' Missionary Conference at Kingston:—

Harry Stewart, L. D. McLaurin, P. J. Watson, L. H. Thornton, J. H. Duff, Harry Holmes, B. L. Washburn, Jack Girvin, E. Madden, A. N. Hill, and Musgrove. A special train left Toronto at 8 o'clock, Friday, November 7th.

On the way down, the delegates from the various faculties and colleges participated in yells and songs. There was a large program of meetings, which the delegates found very instructive and interesting. Saturday afternoon was spent at the rugby game, the Toronto delegates forming a large rooters' club.

The delegates returned on a special train early Monday morning, after a delightful visit in the limestone city, even if it did rain most of the time.

Harry Stewart acted as guide for the dental delegation, showing them the houses where they were billeted and other points of interest.

A. N. H.

Some of the Freshies have been studying seven hours a day since the term began. It is men with perseverance like this whom the militant suffragettes imitate.



Contributors to this column are requested to write in ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed that the Hya Yaka may know whom to interrogate in case the point of the article is not clear, but the name shall not be published. All Spasms of Mirth should be handed to Local Editor.

Larman, '17—"What do they charge for matinee at the Gayety?"

Voice—"Half a dollar."

Larman, '17—"It's only two bits, I guess I know. I go there every Saturday."

Somebody should present McLaughlin, '17, with a rattle, as his little toy water pistol is nearly worn out.

Hoffman, '17—"Say, if any of you fellows have jokes, hand them in to our representative."

Irwin, '17—"Jokes! I guess I'm the biggest joke here. I'm coming up in the morning to see what they have at eight o'clock."

Bent's ('17) Soliloquy—To do or not to do; that is the question. Whether it is nobler to attempt to pick up a Gayety girl or make a killing in the King Edward Palm. At any rate, I do wish I had the nerve.

LOCALS.

Box 14—"See they have a new bell-boy this morning. He's about the same size as the fellow they just fired."

Elliott—"Yes; that is according to the law of dental economics."

Box 14—"Now go on, you; how do you make that out?"

Elliott, 14—"So he could wear the other fellow's suit."

Janitress, to new bell-boy—"Say, Stanley, how did you come to get this job, when there were so many applicants?"

Bell-boy—"Just luck, I guess."

Janitress—"You may say luck now, but, in two weeks, you'll say it was fate."

Pattison, '14, rapped on the ladies' cloak room, and Tom appeared with a tape-line around his neck. Pat became curious, and asked him what it meant.

Tom—"Measuring up the applicants for bell-boy, and I haven't found one yet that will fit the other fellow's clothes."

FROM LOCKER TO LOCKER.

White, '14, to Crooker, who is rolling a cigarette—"You want to be careful down here; the Dean caught me last year smoking a cigarette and reading a 'Hya Yaka.'"

Crooker, '14—"Did he not want you to read the 'Hya Yaka'?"

White, '14—"No, not when I was smoking."

A TIGER-ARGO AFTERMATH.

Harold Thompson, '15, was on a street car, after the game, with his sweetheart, who was wearing yellow 'mums and Tiger colors, when he noticed an Argonaut girl wearing forget-me-nots. He turned to his sweetheart and said:

"Ar—go—naut,
Forget—me—not."

PONDER AND REFLECT:

The wages of gin is debt.

It's a stray stomach that has no turning.

One good turn deserves applause.

You will never miss the water while the Mumm runs dry.

Let him that standeth pat take heed lest they call.

Don't take the will for the Deed—get the Deed.

What is home without another.

Never too old to yearn.

Said a naughty young Senior, named Clarke,

To a handsome young maid in High Park,

"Do you want company?"

Said she, "No, by gee—

Blow, kid, do you think I'm a mark?"

There's a bird called the pelican,

Whose mouth holds more than his belican;

He can keep in his beak

Enough food for a week,

But I don't see how the helican.—"Life."

Poetry, it is declared, is about the worst-paid form of writing. That may be true, regarded from the standpoint of dollars and cents, but the man who can get a poem out of his system should feel that he is pretty well paid for his effort.—"Toledo Blade."

Notice the marked improvement in Bill Elliott this last couple of weeks.

Mind is superior to matter until something gets the matter with the mind.

Conceit acts as a pneumatic tire to carry a man smoothly over many a rough jolt.

Bricker, '14—"Hey, kid, don't go down stairs three steps at a time, or you may lose that inlay."

Tell Us—

How Lorry Thornton is going to qualify when Chartrand's moustache club is organized.

What is more pleasing for a woman to look upon than a manly physique like that of Pugilist Fraser.

What Senior is imitating the fashion in hair dressing of a very prominent professor.

Who could enjoy a smoke in the senior locker room when Dr. W. E. W. is in the college.

Where Bill Elliott gets such an assortment of girls' signet rings.

If it takes a last year's junior 120 days to put in 3,000 amalgam fillings in an office where the work is most gold and porcelain inlays, how much gold would it take to fill a buccal cavity in an elephant's lower molar.

Why Jack Girvin asked for turkey on Thanksgiving Day, when the waitress inquired whether he would have chicken or duck.

How White will be able to practise dentistry, if he gets any stouter.

Which you would rather be—a freshman with a four-year course ahead of him or a patient in the infirmary waiting for a junior to operate on him.

How did Gardiner escape having malocclusion. Dr. Hume says it is often caused by too much tongue.

Which is preferable, one hour in the infirmary with Jack Kelly as operator, or one year's solitary confinement in Sing Sing.

How many Freshmen will give muscle attachments when describing the inner surface of the occipital bone, at the Christmas exam.

Why fellows forget to give back articles they borrowed.

If Ante is right when he says that the only way to find out what a girl thinks of you is to marry her.

The Dean, in taking the attendance at a jurisprudence lecture, called Fuller, and on learning of his absence through sickness, said the only person who has done a man's work in the infirmary this year. A voice from the back, "That's what made him sick."

Robb, '17—"Have you ever heard of the story of the two feet?"

Master, '17—"No."

Robb, '17—"Yes, you have, too."

Prof. Burton (lecturing on physics)—“What answer did you get for that problem about the pressure of water on a dam?”
 Sheehy, '17—“I didn't get the dam question.”

Spoffard, '16—“Why is McBride's head like a typewriter?”
 Kenney, '16—“I don't know.”
 Spoffard, '16—“Because it is underwood.”

Eat, drink and be merry, and to-morrow you will have indigestion.

Tip Defined.

A tip is diagnosed by a witty Scottish writer as a small sum of money you give to somebody because you're afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.

Zimmerman, '14—“I say, sir, trip over and get me some butter-milk.”
 Fraser, '14—“Where will I get it?”
 Zimmerman, '14—“From the cow, of course.”
 Fraser, '14—“Ha! ha! You old fool, a cow don't give butter-milk.”
 Zimmerman, '14—“Why a cow gives nothing but-her-milk.”

What young man is this we see?
 A-coming up the street,
 He has to dodge the trolley wires,
 And watch where he puts his feet.
 His head looms up above the crowd,
 Like a lofty mountain peak;
 He steps along like a full-grown man,
 He makes the side-walks creak.
 (“Doc” Kruger.)

Sophmores have many faults,
 Freshmen have but two,
 Every thing they say,
 And everything they do.

O'Brien, '15 (travelling during the vacation)—“Say, porter, may I take off my boots, my feet are sleeping?”
 Porter on train—“Certainly, sir, get some comfort.”
 O'Brien, '15—“I sure will.”
 Porter returning to sleeper—“Say, mistah, your feet am not sleeping, dey am dead, sir.”

McPhee, '15—“I wonder what makes my hair so thick.”
 Barber—“Perhaps it's this going around with your head so much.”

Many and sad are the trials of the college life of poor Davy, '16.
 Trial plates,
 Trials by jury,
 Trials;—Oh, you Fates!
 Lead me to the brewery.

Freshette looking for bargains at the rib-bon counters.
 Now mind, Freshie, '17, is leap year, and Seigel, '16, will be
 looking for an extra rib then.

Watson, '14—"Did she come to the door when you serenaded
 her with your mandolin?"

Kelly, '14—"No, but another fellow came along and brought
 her out with an auto horn."

"Has anybody here seen Kelly,"
 No, not since the Freshmen year.

Resonance in the ears of the Freshies after the banquet.

"Tommy Church for Mayor, hurrah!"

Ask Wing, '16, about the joke he knows. Musgrove, '16, won't
 tell, so ask Butch Smith—Poor Butch!

"I wonder who's kissing her now."

A lady in arts asked one of the seniors why a dentist always
 spoke of his office as a dentist parlor. She said a more adequate
 name for it was a drawing-room.

DANCING

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The HYA YAKA

Vol XII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1913

No. 3

“The Conduct of Life”

JNO. J. MONDS, B. A.

At this season of the year, our minds are apt to be filled with thoughts of past achievements on the “gridiron,” or with dismal forebodings of the examination spectre, which has a peculiar habit of spoiling the features of the Christmastide. The writer hopes that there are none in the position of his friend, who was one of the heroes of the football field in the late nineties. In talking with him over the recent examinations, he complained “bitterly” that the examiners had not deemed it wise to set papers in accordance with the line in which he had specialized. “I went into the West Hall,” he remarked, “primed to the neck in all the trick plays of football, but, to my amazement, the paper requested me to jot down a few things to display my knowledge of German. I could have taken honors in Rugby, but I am doubtful whether I have made a pass.” But I hear someone say, “Surely he is not going to burden us with his ideas, as to the best way to meet examination! We hear enough about that every day.” No, and the writer has no intention of offering advice along this line, even though he may have had some experience in “How best not to meet them.” To the student at College, anything of this nature is very trite, and yet I venture to offer a few suggestions on another subject, which, to say the least, is not less hackneyed.

Lord Haldane, in his recent address to the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh, struck a right note, when he said that students became anxious about many things. To think of young men, and women, as free from problems, responsibilities and foreboding, is wholly to misunderstand them. The student may be troubled about his soul, or he may be keenly concerned about the problem of self-support, when he will cease to be a burden upon those who can ill-afford to bear it. If this is descriptive of the average student (and I think it is), then it goes without argument that he is open to receive suggestions which may help him to intelligently face the problem of life.

The problem, as Emerson expressed it, is “How shall I live.” We are incompetent to solve the lines. In so expressing the problem, Emerson implied that its solution must be in terms of the

spiritual. We have first the material problem to face: How are we to work and win an existence for ourselves and others? When this difficulty is settled, there remains the further question, and by far the most important: How are we to live in the real sense of the term, in order that we may fulfil the end for which we were ushered into life? It is quite evident that the man who addresses himself to the problem of life, in its two-fold aspect, will attain a measure of success. What a word to conjure with, is that word success!

Chauncey M. Depew, when asked by a young man wherein lay the secret of his success, replied: "My boy, there is no secret. It is just dig, dig, dig." And that is exactly the keynote which every young man must learn, if successful he would be. In other words, success is only obtainable in the garden of one's own life. If we try to cultivate the same kind of seeds which we see someone else cultivating, we shall probably fail, for the soil we have to offer them is entirely different from his, and, it may be, quite unsuitable for this propagation. We must seek success in its right place. Too often, we fix our eyes on some exceptionally clever person, and we say, "that man has made a success of life." We have got the peculiar impression that success means the possession of some commanding talent. We admire the rare rose cultivated in the other man's conservatory, and too often attempt to bring about the same result in our garden. The result is failure. Assuredly, the other man has been successful, but it is the success of a leader, and all of us are not born to be leaders. British hearts expand with justifiable pride, as they think of that great victory of Lord Wellington's at Waterloo. His was the success of consummate leadership, but there were other marked successes there that day, and not the least, was that of the Tommy Atkins', who formed the rank and file of those human squares, against which Napoleon hurled again and again, the force of the flower of the French Army. Where would Wellington's success have been, had the British soldier proved unsuccessful? Both Wellington and the soldier in the ranks had to carry to a successful termination what they started out to do; and that is what success really is and means. What a man does well, he succeeds in.

"Comparisons are odious" is a proverb with which we are all acquainted. In thoughts thus expressed, we readily concur, and yet the process of comparing is one which we use a great deal, though it be unconsciously. If comparisons are odious, when made by another, they ought not to be less odious, when used by ourselves. We should never compare ourselves with others. To do so, is to assume that the hairs and all the circumstances are exactly the same, and that cannot be. It makes no difference how other men succeed. Their success is theirs, not yours. It matters nothing to me that Edison invented the phonograph and I cannot; that Lord Haldane is a great

jurist and I am not; that you know the science of odontology and I do not. You can do one thing; I can do another. Success is for both of us, just so far as we do well what we can do. Every man is himself, and it is in proportion as he gets out of himself, the power there is within him, that he succeeds—succeeds in doing the thing he is best fitted to do.

This is success. And any young person may attain it, if he is willing to pay the price. Chauncey M. Depew says that the price is dig, dig, dig—in other words, hard work, and I would like to add another, personal sacrifice.

When I say hard work, I do not mean the work a man may do as an incident of life. Unfortunately, there is too much of this kind of work to-day. And the professions are not free from its scourge. We are apt to think that it is only the man in the workshop who is guilty of this unpardonable sin against himself. Would it be out of place, to ask how many are entering the profession of Dentistry for the love of it, and how many are entering it only for the loaves and fishes? There is no doubt but that he who enters the profession for the loaves and fishes will have to work hard, but that is not industry. When I speak of hard work, I mean an unflagging industry—an absolute love for one's work. There is no better test of a man's fitness for his work than his love for it. If a man loves his work, no matter what it may be, that is the work he is best fitted for, and that is the work he should prosecute, is a success of life he is to make.

But hard work must become a habit. As a general rule, a man is not blessed with this propensity at his birth. It is a process, a development. This habit of hard work must be directed along a definite line. There must be a concentration of the energies towards one purpose. It will not do to have many irons in the fire. If there ever was a time when it was demanded of a man, that he should do one thing supremely well, it is now. We often hear it said of a man, to his disparagement, that he knows nothing outside of his own work. But, to me, that is no fault. In this day of keen competition, a man has not much surplus time to know more than one thing well. There is sufficient scope in every calling worthy of the name to keep a man busy perfecting himself all his life. Besides, the time at our command is just sufficient for us in which to do the work well, and, if all take that line, in attempting to develop another line of business, it must be quite manifest that we shall fall short of being successful in the former calling. "No man can serve two masters." A successful dentist cannot be a successful real estate man, as many a person, I fancy, can testify, to their sorrow. A good motto for us as young men is: "This one thing I do."

You will remember that another price we mentioned was that of personal sacrifice. In this, I have reference to the social life, and

especially the social pleasures, which, I think, should form part of every man's life. There is, however, a great danger that the social life may play too great a part in the drama of our life, to the detriment of our ultimate success. Moreover, there are some social usages in which it is nigh impossible to indulge, if success is to be attained. There must be personal sacrifice.

What are those social usages which seriously affect a man's chance of success? A specific answer cannot be given. No one set of rules can be applied to all. What may be an exhilarating pleasure to one, is often a positive injury to another. There is one rule by which a young man may safely guide his social proclivities, and it is this: "Any social pleasure which affects a young man's health, which clouds his mind, from which he rises the next morning tired, rather than refreshed, is bad for him and affects his success." A man's health is one of his chief assets. Infuse that and you who yourself of the ultimate goal of your success.

But surely success is not measured alone in terms of the calling that each of us may have espoused. The majority of us early attain our final place, and are unable to rise above it. But it is in the power of anyone, lowly though his position may seem, to grow in it, and to do great things, unnoticed though they be, or may be. Everyone who is in love with his work, and is not in the profession for the loaves and fishes, alone will, of necessity, improve the position in which he finds himself, and the call to do the work at hand well and faithfully is part of your vocation. But it is not all of it. A man builds for himself and his family a home, and they move into it. There will be much that needs improving, both inside and out. In all probability, this work will always make a demand on him. He never gets through improving. However, all the time he is improving his home; he is not unmindful of the improvement of the community. He listens to the call of a higher voice. And so it is in a man's work. There is other work besides that of the perfecting of the profession, and it is, in listening to His wider call, that we rise to higher possibilities, and attain a larger measure of success. When Milton awoke to the fact that he had the qualities of a bard, he made for himself a plan of self-preparation, by which he might attain his poetic ideal. Before he was thirty, he wrote "Comus," that gem of English poesy, and at thirty-two, he had planned "Paradise Lost," but it was not until he was fifty that he wrote that immortal poem. Milton was quite conscious of the worth of his inspiration, and longed to follow it, but a wider call came to him to take service under the Commonwealth of Cromwell. He did it, and risked his health, wealth and prosperity, because he believed that he heard the call of God to a higher service than that of giving his life to poetry. He did a great service for England, through the medium of his writ-



BOX, HAROLD KEITH

Born in Carleton Place 1890, matriculated from the High School of that town. Also graduated from the Willis Business College; entering the R.C.D.S. in 1910. his genial good nature soon won him a place in the hearts of the class. Elected Editor-in-Chief of the Hya Yaka in 1913. Although his first experience on the staff he has shown himself to be the most enthusiastic editor the paper has known as can be seen by the quantity and quality of reading matter turned out. In former years it has been like pulling teeth to keep the editor in line, but this year he has worked so hard in the interests of the paper that it keeps his associates hustling to keep up. If this success continues to grow from year to year, we will all look back to '13-'14 to see who was responsible for the result.

ings, in support of the Commonwealth. So great was the effect of these writings that, under this spell, Europe was moved from end to end. None of us may be able to do what Milton did, but his example is valuable. We are all capable of making sacrifices for the public need. "In these days, there is room for the humblest workers to live for the ideal, to make a cause their own, to serve it, to love it, and, if need be, to die for it."

It is quite evident that, if we are to live, in the real sense of the term, our vision must not only take in everything, in regard to our special callings' success, but we must listen and be guided by the call of the larger community in which we reside. It might strike the reader that there is an end of it. To me, this is but the promise of the larger vision. Success in life, our conduct of life, thus far, as we have seen, is governed by our fidelity to ourselves and to our country. But this does not reach the bounds possible for the ordinary man's success. Not only must the material be appealed to in him, and the spirit of patriotism fanned into a flame, but he must be touched in the very deepest part of his life. The religious in him must be fed. What a young man, or any man, for that part, thinks of God, is a great factor in the measure of success that he attains.



WARD, ROY G.

For three years Roy has piloted the good ship "Hya Yaka" through the perplexing and turbulent waters of successful business management. He has showed from the beginning a capability of dealing with financial problems that insures him a success in his future practice of his chosen profession. A judgement that can be relied on, an enthusiasm that is sincere, and a knowledge of business principles, combined with genial nature have made him an invaluable asset to the staff and won for him a position of high esteem among his fellow comrades,

Your character and mine, your conduct of life, is moulded largely by your attitude to God. The fact is that the spiritual supports of your character are the cables which determine the might of influence, wholesome and strong, with which you are attempting to hold up your part of the world's great load. Robert Burns wrote in his diary, "If any young man, in the vestibule of the world, chance to throw his eyes over these pages, let him pay warm attention to the following observations, as, I assure him, that they are the fruit of a poor devil's dearly bought experience. . . . In the first place, let my pupil, as he values his own peace, keep up a regular warm intercourse with the Deity."

After all, that which counts is our conduct of life. Have we made character of a high and noble type? The most successful men in the world's history are not necessarily those who have held high positions and at whose feet nations have flung themselves, begging for mercy. Some nineteen hundred years ago, there was born into the world, One Whose birth was heralded with the angel song of "Peace on earth, good will towards men." No high and mighty place in the world did He occupy. He was despised and rejected, and yet He triumphed as no one ever did before or since. "What matters when our work is done, is not the apparent failure or the apparent success of our efforts, but what we are ourselves, what the character is that remains when the hurly-burly's done."

Carleton Place, Dec. 4th, 1913.

“Mouth Hygiene”

A. W. THORNTON, L.D.S., D.D.S.

In several of the city papers, articles have appeared recently, dealing with the question of Public Health, and the instruction which should be given to school children, and others, along lines relating to their physical well-being. Many subjects have been suggested, concerning which it was urged intelligent teaching should be carried on, in order that the suffering due to ignorance might be very greatly lessened, and the general efficiency of the individual and the nation be very greatly increased. In most of the articles, there have been many wise suggestions, and much food for thought, but there has been a strange omission in all of them, of the one subject, that lies at the very foundation of physical well-being, individual and national, viz., mouth hygiene.

Man is a machine, intended to do a certain amount of work, of a certain nature. In order to do the work, the machine must be supplied with energy. Just as coal supplies energy to a steam engine, or a waterfall supplies energy to a wheel, so the food, solids and liquids, which we take supplies energy to the body, as it passes through the alimentary canal.

The mouth and teeth form the very entrance to this canal. In order that the body should be nourished, or that energy be supplied to it, it is not sufficient that food, in certain quantities, find its way to the stomach. The food must be prepared for its passage through the canal, and certain chemical changes must be brought about, and this preparation and these changes can be accomplished only by the mouth and teeth.

The food must be ground into small particles by the molar teeth, so that it may be acted upon by the digestive fluids, and be small enough in bulk to be swallowed, and it must be mixed with the saliva, which not only facilitates swallowing, but plays a very important part in digestion as well.

This is the very beginning of digestion and nutrition.

But the teeth play another very important part in the human economy, in addition to those already mentioned. They preserve the contour, or shape, of the face, assist in articulation, or the pronunciation, of words and gives distinct individuality to every countenance. The loss of the teeth invariably means premature old age, and that loss of expression, or individuality, so characteristic of those who are without teeth, or are compelled to wear artificial dentures.

But of the suffering, disease, and lack of physical fitness that follow in the wake of bad teeth and filthy mouths, only a dentist and the careful, observant, medical man have any conception.

Children are the great sufferers, especially with the first, or temporary teeth. Because these teeth are lost early in life, parents are apt to think that they are not of much value, and they are allowed to decay, until a torturing toothache compels attention.

The result of these decaying and painful teeth, in the mouth of a growing child, is hard indeed to estimate. Not only does the child suffer intense pain, and loss of sleep, and rest, and play, but there is

an absolute inability to masticate proper food, and the consequence is indigestion and a body poorly nourished.

Grown people do not realize that in the very nature of things, a child must eat and assimilate more than an adult.

A grown person must take enough food to supply the waste, at all times going on in the body, and the energy necessary to perform the daily task; but a child must have, in addition to this, food to supply the additional growth of the rapidly developing body. How necessary then that the teeth and mouth should be in the most hygienic condition.

But when a child's mouth is filled with decayed teeth, and roots and abscesses, from which pus is continually exuding, and when we realize that this pus is being swallowed with every mouthful of food, or finding its way, through putrescent root canals, to adjacent tissue and glands, is it any wonder that our hospitals are daily filled with suffering children, having poorly nourished bodies, often with scarred faces, condemned to go through life as invalids, and handicapped in the struggle for existence.

There is another very important phase of this question, which is too often lost sight of, viz., that the mouth forms an ideal incubator for almost every form of disease germ.

As a matter of fact, the germ of diphtheria, pneumonia and tuberculosis, as well as many others, are constantly present in the mouths of most persons.

The "vital energy," or good health, of a person in normal condition is, however, sufficient to ward off the effect, which these germs would otherwise produce, but should the vitality become lowered, for any reason, then these "abiding guests" are able to exert their malign influence. But conditions in the mouth are all favorable to the rapid multiplication of disease germs. The temperature is always exactly right, moisture is always present, food may always be found in the uneven surfaces of the teeth, as well as in the spaces between them. Because of existing conditions, cleanliness of the teeth is a good deal harder to maintain than cleanliness of other parts of the body, and the result is that, with many persons, while a few of the front teeth may be tolerably clean on the outside, the back teeth, and the insides of all the teeth, are too often filthy in the extreme.

The recent experiences of many large cities have established beyond the possibility of a doubt, the fact that mouth conditions are responsible for many epidemics of contagious diseases among school children.

Dr. Evans, until recently Medical Health Officer of Chicago, says that, in a recent outbreak of scarlet fever in that city, that it seemed almost impossible to deal with it, and the authorities were at their wits' ends to know what to do.

Children would be taken to the isolation hospital, suffering with scarlet fever, and kept in the hospital until they were well, and the danger of infection was thought to be past. But when these children were sent home, other children in the house would contract the disease.

For months, the physicians were baffled, until an examination of the mouths of the patients was made, when it was discovered that decayed teeth, broken-down roots, teeth on which there were large

deposits of tartar, and enlarged tonsils were the "carriers" of the germs.

They adopted the plan of having the mouths of patients cleaned, old roots removed, cavities filled, and, in general, "mouth hygiene" established, before these patients were sent home, and the result was that in a short time the epidemic was stamped out.

The City of Valpariso, Indiana, had an even worse experience than that of Chicago. An epidemic of diphtheria persisted for almost two years. The schools were closed for a very considerable time, but the epidemic showed no signs of abating. Then the physicians in charge discovered, as did the Chicago physicians, that patients, when apparently cured, were still carrying the germs in unhygienic mouths, and, by this means, were communicating the disease to others, of suffering a recurrence of the disease themselves.

Attention to mouth cleanliness, the removal of putrescent roots, the filling of decayed teeth, as well as a training in the use of a tooth brush, and a knowledge of the danger of trading "gum," taking a "bite" of some other body's apple, or a "suck" of some other body's "all-day sucker," soon stamped out an epidemic that was attended with very serious results.

The aim of every dentist and dental student in Canada should be to make oral hygiene, or mouth cleanliness, a national "issue." I am convinced that no other single disease is responsible for so much misery as disease of the mouth and teeth. This almost universal suffering is almost wholly preventible.

Are the dentists of the present, and of the future going to measure up to their duty and to their responsibility?

WHEN WINTER IS O'ER.

R. M. Box, '17.

When the long, tedious winter nights are o'er,
And Spring has ushered in her days of song,
Glad thoughts of Summer's joys will soar;
Thoughts of the evenings calm and long,
When by the cool, refreshing waters we will sit,
Our camp fire burning bright upon the shore,
And gaze into the scene, so brightly lit,
Dreaming of the days that are no more.
The shades of evening gently steal away,
Dark shadows softly fall from out the sky,
And, as the moon casts in her silvery ray,
We'll snuggle down to dream of days gone by.
Far out upon the lake the loon will call,
And peaceful waters lap upon the shore,
We'll rest in bliss beneath the pine trees tall,
Dreaming of the days that are no more.

Health Through Proper Care of the Body

A. M. KENNEDY

(Founder of Kennedy Business College)

It is strange that, in our elaborate scheme of education, so little provision is made for instruction and training in the most important of all subjects—the proper care of the body for the maintenance of perfect health.

We present to young pupils a smattering of hygiene; we tell them of the lungs, and how they are affected by disease, but leave them without knowledge of how to exercise these organs and keep them from disease; we explain the digestive and assimilative organs, without instructing them in regard to what to eat, when to eat, or how to eat; we explain the circulatory system and the importance of pure blood, but not how to make pure blood.

Even in the case of those pursuing their studies along medical lines, the methods show an amazing lack of rationalism.

There is no necessity for being sick. Disease is abnormal, foreign to our nature, the result of misuse of the body, and failure to live in accordance with natural laws. When disorders do arise, through the violation of these laws, the only cure is right living and proper care of the body.

Suppose a man is suffering from indigestion, constipation, biliousness, etc. He consults a medical man. Does the doctor say, "Look here, my man, don't you treat your body with a little horse-sense? Let me tell you a few plain facts. You have been gorging yourself three or four times a day with an amount of different kinds of food, which the system could not dispose of. Your digestive, assimilative and excretory organs simply could not get rid of it as fast as you put it in. This surplus food accumulated in the intestinal canal, decomposed, formed gases, which distended the stomach and caused you pain. Much of this foul matter was absorbed into the circulatory system and carried all through your body. Doubtless, you did not drink enough water to flush out the sewers of your system. When you did drink, it was at the wrong time—with your food. You diluted the digestive fluids excessively and diminished their power. And do you take proper exercise? No, the muscles of your abdomen are soft and flabby."

Does the doctor do this, and then give him some advice as to how to put his body in a healthy, normal condition? On your life, he does not. He says nothing about the cause of all the trouble. He lets it remain, and prescribes some poisonous, irritating substance, which would make a well person sick.

Perfect health is something which all desire, but few possess. It is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy, as, without it, he must fall short of his possible attainments in the way of success and happiness.

But few people know what perfect health means. Few realize that it is possible to possess a body in such a state of perfect health that it is practically impregnable to disease.

Nearly all the causes of ill-health may be summed up under one heading—lack of cleanliness. Cleanliness of the body means a great

deal more than mere external cleanliness, although even this form is frequently a subject of neglect. The body must be kept clean, inside as well as out, and the materials which sustain life must be supplied clean and pure.

First, under this heading, is the use of unclean air, and lack of sunlight. Air is the most necessary requirement of animal life, as, without it, death would ensue in a few minutes. Too little care is taken, however, to see that the air we breathe is pure and clean. Not only in the crowded school-rooms, stores and warehouses, but in the homes, there is practically no provision for adequate ventilation, and there are thousands who, during the winter, shut the windows and close every crevice in their sleeping apartments, and slowly poison themselves by breathing the air over and over again. This is more than a lack of cleanliness. It is filthiness. You would not care to eat food that had already been used. Why, then, use air which has been inhaled and deprived of its life-sustaining properties?

Two-thirds of the world's adult population dies of diseases of the respiratory organs, in the form of consumption, pneumonia and other pulmonary affections. The fact that, in Canada alone, 8,000 people die annually of consumption, a preventable disease, shows that there is a vast and overwhelming need for instruction in the proper care, use and development of the lungs.

Full use of the lungs always insures vitality. The greater the capacity of the lungs, the greater, as a rule, is the capacity of the man.

The vital functions are all intimately connected. Food, digested in the stomach and intestines, is converted into blood. The blood is propelled through the body, absorbing from the tissues the result of constant decay, and depositing, at the same time, material for their repair. As it passes, in turn, through the skin, the kidneys, the bowels, and the lungs, it gives up to each of these organs for elimination certain poisonous substances taken from the tissues.

In the lungs, this action is especially important. The lungs consist of an innumerable number of minute cells, presenting a surface of about 1,500 square feet.

On this surface the vital exchange is made, the blood giving up its carbon dioxide and absorbing from the air the oxygen, with which to feed the tissues. In this way, there are thrown off from the lungs every day about two pounds of poisonous matter. In fact, about one-third of all poisonous waste matter thrown off by the body is eliminated by way of the lungs.

If this elimination is impeded through deficient lung capacity, or incorrect methods of breathing, or the use of impure air, this refuse matter is, to a very considerable extent, retained in the system, or additional work is imposed upon the other excretory organs. And if, as is very often the case, the pores of the skin are not kept free and active by exercise, friction and bathing, practically all the work of elimination is relegated to the remaining depurating organs—the bowels and the kidneys.

A. M. K.

(To be continued.)

"A September Outing"

W. Forbes Baird.

Having decided to rest, after our summer's work, recreation in the open air, under sunshine and blue skies, having been until now a summer's dream, we turned our attention to the pleasure of spending a few weeks in communion with Nature, in all her September beauties. Everything was at our disposal for enjoying ourselves, one of my companions being the owner of a long, lean, hungry-looking, thirty-foot motor-boat, which strained and tugged at its anchor, in the harbor, as if anxious to speed out into the open swell, while, between my other chum and myself, we had the necessary outfit of camp paraphernalia to make life in the open a pleasure.

One beautiful "September morning," our preparations were complete for the trip up the lake. We carried everything down to the shore, after getting the motor-boat, a regular beauty in its appointments, alongside the wharf. We stowed away in her hold a veritable cargo, shipped aboard the gasoline and oil, tying taut, the Peterboroughs', to the stern.

"Skipper" jumped into the engine-pit, primed the four cylinders with the "juice," threw in the switch, and turned her over. "Put! put! put! put! Put-t-t-t! r-r-r-r-r! The engine began to purr, while "Skipper" climbed out again, after regulating the spark and gas by the automobile control on the wheel, and cast off. The motor-boat quickly gathered away, leaving a trail of bubbles and foam as a parting farewell to those who could not accompany us on our camp by the watery expanses of the Mississippi Lake.

For a stretch of ten miles, we sped along, till we came to the selected spot, at the foot of the mountain, not far from where the Mississippi River tumbles into the lake, sheltered by stately pines and bushy cedars. A short sandy beach, at whose upper extremity was a crystal, bubbling spring, was an important factor in our choice of camping ground.

By this time, it was near noon, and we all set to with a will to transport our outfit to land. "Major" sorted out our grub, while I did my best to chop wood with a dull axe never intended for such a procedure. At last, the water in the tin pail began to boil, and we sat down to our luncheon, with sleeves rolled up, shirts open at the neck and the three of us bare-headed. Soup was not on the menu, so we started in with bread and butter, beans, tomatoes and cucumbers, to be followed shortly with muffins and deep apple pie. The bread had been obtained at a nearby farm-house, from whose clear, cool cellar we got a supply of real dairy butter, and one can easily understand just how delicious this proved to be to three hungry, town boys. With oceans of time at our disposal, our cares left behind us, and the soothing beauty of September at its best, beginning to exert its sedating properties, one was in a position to have real sympathy for the hurried business man who condenses a meal, hastily eaten, at a quick-lunch counter.

By six o'clock, everything had been put in order, a suitable fireplace constructed for cooking, camp beds erected, and, after drawing the shortest of three straws, I was obliged to serve supper.

Enough said! All hands turned in shortly after twilight, so that the rising sun would shine on three disciples of Isaac Watson, intent upon a favorite hole for black bass. The next morning was glorious.

First of all, we took a plunge into the lake, and I shiver to think of it. After dressing, breakfast was prepared, and some breakfast, believe me! The "Skipper" was cook to-day, and he certainly dished it up in fine style. He fried some Windsor bacon to a turn and attempted to smother it with scrambled eggs. After making some lovely brown toast above the live coals, I carried over the old black coffee pot, and we sat down around an improvised table, a tin of marmalade was opened, and thus we ate our first breakfast in camp. Everything cleared away and dishes washed, we took the canoes and started off. Our reward at noon proved to be a string of eight lovely bass. In the afternoon, the engine of the motor-boat was cleaned up; the brass fittings polished, the nickel finishings on the deck already sparkling in the sun, we started off for a trip around the lake. A stiff breeze was beginning to rise and very soon the spray was dashing over the bow in fine sheets. The four cylinders were turning over beautifully, and away we tore for a seven-mile stretch across the lake. At times the bow would lift clean out of the water, then plunge again and go shooting through another wave. A bucketful of water would come dashing over the nose of the bow and go swishing over the engine-hood, but a dash-board served to check the water from forcing its way into our well-protected cabin. Believe me, sixteen miles an hour in the teeth of a gale is exhilarating.

Black bass played an important part in the supper menu. Darkness creeping on, we piled up drift-wood on the camp fire. Many were the yarns spun that night. "Skipper" supplied music with his mandolin. Gradually the full moon rose in the sky, casting its silvery reflections over the large expanse of water, the horizon being broken only by the clear outline of the motor-boat, "Daphne," rising and falling at anchor.

At midnight, we tumbled into our camp beds, and were soon in the third stage of ozone anaesthesia. Thus have I portrayed the first day of our camp life.

Three weeks in the fresh air, after drinking in the healthy qualities of the pine-scented breezes and our faces well tanned with the bactericidal sunshine, our avoirdupois increased just a pound or two, we started back to civilization again. We have dared to promise ourselves another such treat next fall, and I am sure you will agree with me that it is considered by us an investment.

Judge—"What brought you here?"

Sipes, '14—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose."

Sipes—"Yes, both of them."

After getting a tooth extracted, the young injured one asked the operator for the tooth. The dentist inquired what he wanted it for, and received the reply that he was going to take it home, fill it with sugar and watch it ache.



PATTISON, CYRIL La VERNE
 "Laugh and Grow Fat."

Pat first joined the Irish in Brantford Apr. 12th. 1841. Invading the West 1904 he attended Indian Head High School, matriculating 1908. Graduating from Regina Normal School 1909, he followed Pedagogy for two years in the Goose Lake Country near Saskatoon. Joining the garnet and blue in the fall of 1910, his sound judgement and executive ability won the confidence of his class mates. As associate Editor of Hya Yaka 1913-14, Treasurer of Western Club 1912-13, Dental Representative on Students Parliament 1913-14 and Treasurer of the Dental Cabinet signifies that he has aspirations as big as himself.



BIER, E. ROY

He always sees the sunny side of life and appreciates original jokes as much as anyone.

He showed strength of character when he of his own accord left a good position in the commercial world and went back to High School doing three years work in one.

He was vice-president of class '16 in his freshman year and a candidate in the Oratorical Contest where he showed his ability of an easy and well trained manner in speaking. He was chosen as associate editor which position he now holds. His pleasant smile should win him many friends during his college course.

Christmas

Cyril La Verne Pattison, '14.

Christmas! What a world of thoughts and emotions wells up within us at the very mention of the word. It seems to be memory's connecting link between youth and maturity, labor and rest, sorrow and happiness, turmoil and peace.

For three hundred years after the birth of Christ, there was considerable doubt in the minds of men, as to the actual time of His coming.

Augustine considered the festivals, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day and Whitsuntide, as the only festivals which had an Apostolic origin. Christmas he deemed to be of latter origin, and lesser authority.

When the first efforts were made to fix the period of the year, when the advent took place, there were, as we learn from Clement, of Alexandria, advocates for the 20th of May and the 20th or 21st of April. The Oriental Christians generally were of the opinion that both the birth and baptism of Jesus took place on the 6th of January.

Julian I., Bishop of Rome from A.D. 337-352, contended for the 25th of December, a view which was ultimately adopted by both the East and West. It afforded a substitute to the various nations who had observed a festival of rejoicing that the shortest day of the year had passed besides spanning over the great interval between Whitsuntide of one year, and Good Friday of the next. Coming to the Roman Christian converts, in lieu of the Saturnalia, to which they had been accustomed, while yet they were heathens, its purity became sullied almost at the first by revelry, which had crept into it from this source.

Druidism encouraged our forefathers to form the customs of the Yule log, misletoe, etc., which has been handed down from generation to generation, and which, even now, gladdens the hearts of young and old.

Just as the star guided the three lonely shepherds to that haven of light, some nineteen hundred years ago, so does Yule-tide stand out on the path of labor, anxiety, and worry as a harbor of love, rest and peace.

As the festive season approaches once again, with faint whisperings of St. Nick and his mysteries already audible, explaining with what eagerness and joyful anticipation our youthful friends await his arrival, who can refrain from casting troubles aside and joining the happy throng?

Then pealed the bells both loud and deep:
 "God is not dead! nor doth he sleep!
 The wrong shall fail,
 The right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men."

As we recall past achievements, renewed vigor seems to assail us, and we enter on a new year, determined to bring out the best that is in us.

Dr. W.—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

McNevin, '15—"No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams."

* * *

Britton, '15—"What does it mean, to say a girl is as pretty as a picture?"

McCuaig, '15—"Merely a frame of mind."

* * *

Williamson, '15—"My best girl told me that I must not see her any more."

Boyle, '15—"Well, what did you do?"

Williamson, '15—"Turned out the light."

* * *

Sinclair, '17—"No woman ever made a fool of me."

Gardiner, '14—"Who did?"

THE HYA YAKA

A JOURNAL PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO

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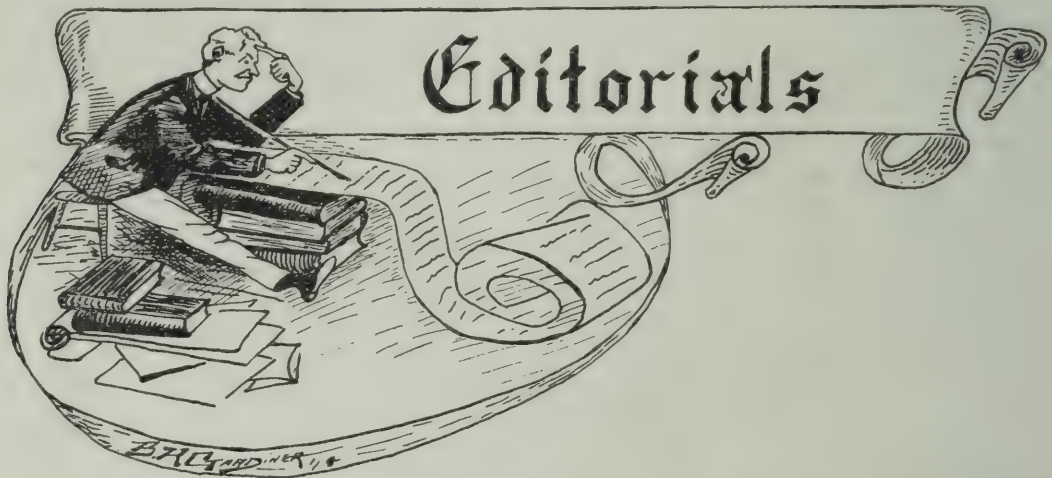
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Vol. XII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 3



Since the last issue, a few fellows, and Seniors at that, have been exhibiting all the local signs and generally symptoms of acute "knoctitis," in regard to some of the matter published in the November issue of the "Hya Yaka," and, not that we wish to act as a physician to them, we would simply advise the application of cold compresses of a "broader vision," or hot-water bags of "toleration" to the inflammatory process before the condition becomes chronic. Life is so short, and retaliation so sure, that we can't allow the pages of the "Hya Yaka" to be made the medium of petty spite, but, at the same time, we think some fellows could be less primitive in their vision. Perhaps they partook of too much cream pie and strong coffee the night before, and could a man be optimistic the next morning after so doing? But, again, the old law of human nature is exemplified—those who criticize most, do the least towards helping on their College journal. However, in the future, upon analysis, should the ink of any of our contributors show the presence of sulphuric acid, we will immediately hie ourselves to the bicarbonate of soda bottle and neutralize it.

This number of "Hya Yaka" brings to a close our labors for nineteen thirteen. The manner in which the Staff has shown a willingness to work, and an enthusiasm in that work has certainly been

most gratifying. To them, and to those not on the Staff, who have contributed to the paper in any way, we desire to express our heartfelt thanks, and to extend to one and all, contributors and readers, heartiest good wishes for a happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

The Editor.

Practical Hints

L. H. Ante, '14.

Model Varnish.

This varnish is suitable for painting on models that you desire to keep for exhibition purposes. It gives an ivory-colored and glossy surface.

Gum sandarac, 4 parts; Gum Mastig, 2 parts; Venice turpentine, 1 part; Alcohol, 10 parts.

Sticky Wax.

For crown and bridge work, etc.: Resin, 3 oz.; Scrap wax, 2 oz.; Venice turpentine, 1 teaspoon.

Melt the resin first, then add the wax, and lastly the turpentine. Stir thoroughly, then pour into tins, or, if sticks are desired, roll tin foil around lead pencil, seal up one end, remove pencil, and pour wax in.

Melott's Metal.

For dies, etc., and for crown and bridge work: Bismuth, 8 parts; Lead, 5 parts; Tin, 3 parts.

First melt the lead, then add the tin, and lastly the bismuth. Stir with stick, and do not overheat, pour into mould.

Liquid Silex.

Secure a 15c. tin of water glass at the druggist, mix the contents with three times the quantity of boiling water, let stand for 24 hours, and it is then ready for use.

Uses.

Paint on aluminum plates before you flask for vulcanizing, prevents discoloration.

When you half flask a model for denture, do not wait for plaster to set, but paint with silex, and pour second half. The same for repairs, etc.

When you have separated a flask and boiled out the wax, paint the model with it; prevents the plaster from adhering to the vulcanite.

To remove cemented teeth or crowns on bridge or crown work, boil the crown or bridge in concentrated hydrochloric acid, and let cool, repeat two or three times. The crown or teeth will come off very easily.

Spence Metal.

To prevent burning spence metal, place an asbestos plate on burner and the pot containing the metal on the plate. The metal will melt very slowly and will not burn.

Printing with the Trouble Cut out

We give our customers the benefit of a wide experience in printing matters, and take an intelligent interest in every order left with us. Our aim is to give the best possible quality combined with efficient service. And to eliminate as far as possible all trouble and worry on the part of our patrons.

The Strathmore Press
Printers and Publishers
206 Simcoe Street, Toronto

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good ;
We are sure now and then to be lonesome,
And we don't always do as we should,
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant,
If we make up our minds that we will.
And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although we feel worried and blue:
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you
frown.

Save Your Time for Operating

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PRICE LIST ON REQUEST.

Bier, '16—"Why is Butch Smith, '16, like a baggage check?"

Bricker, '14—"Because it always hangs on."

Sebben, '14 (at Victoria Cafe)—"Is there any soup on the bill of fare?"

Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."

Tom—"What year most resembles a chicken?"

Freshies—"We don't know. Which?"

Tom—"Why the Soph's."

Freshies—"How's that?"

Tom—"Well, they have a-wing."

Violets are blue and roses are red,
But the hair won't part on Evan's head.



Personals

“Non videri sea esse”—not to seem, but to be. The Board of the College have apparently realized the truths of the above quotation for the altitude they show towards the Students is both pleasing and desirable. I don't believe that there is another College anywhere in which the good-will and amicable relations between the College authorities and the Student body is so marked, as it is here at the present time.

We are highly pleased with all the numerous improvements which have been made in the reading-room, and now we are informed that an entirely new library, containing the most up-to-date and instructive dental literature, is placed at the disposal of the Students. Students should avail themselves of the opportunity of making themselves acquainted with such an excellent library, where instructive books are within the reach of the vast majority.

We are glad to note the success that Bert Gardiner is having, while in charge of the gymnasium. Many of the Students are attending the classes, and the gym. is a most popular rendezvous, after a hard day's work.

Dr. H. Richardson, Instructor in charge of the Freshman Prosthetic Laboratory, has been confined to his bed, on account of a severe attack of illness. The “Hya Yaka” extend their sincere sympathy, and wish him a speedy recovery. G. W. Wilcox, D.D.S., has been appointed by the Board to act temporarily.

Dr. Cummer has kindly consented to demonstrate to the Seniors, in a course of clinics, the famous Gysi Articulator, and its wonderful advantages in connection with anatomical articulation. The Seniors, through the columns of this paper, extend to him their heartfelt thanks and appreciation for his kindness in doing so.

The Editor-in-Chief, assisted by his competent staff of literary geniuses, are certainly deserving of great praise for the production of such an excellent November issue of the “Hya Yaka.” This number is conceded to have been one of the most up-to-date and instructive publications issued for some time. The Poet and Cartoonist should especially be complimented, with regard to the remarkable success attained in their respective departments. Give them credit, fellows!

Here's wishing all our readers a delightful Christmas and a most prosperous and successful New Year; but, lo! those exams. which are to follow our happy vacation do not seem at all inviting.

Once more we are proud of '14, after the manner in which they trimmed the rest of the School in the Annual Challenge upon the rugby gridiron.

We learn that the Freshmen have some very clever hockeyists in their aggregation. We trust that this, combined with the excellent material that at present exists in the College, will surely land for us the Jennings Cup again.

Dr. Callum was renewing acquaintances on a recent visit to the R.C.D.S.

We are pleased to see that Harry Stewart is restored to former vigor after his misfortune.

Christmas

It is with the greatest joy and gladness that we hail the coming of the Christmas season, with its hoary snows and sparkling frosts; one would almost be led to believe that, after working and plodding all the year, one would not help but feel a sense of weariness stealing over one.

It is far otherwise. Those sparkling frosts, those fleecy snows, those bright blue skies, that fresh, invigorating air, which is so prevalent at this time, all seem to lend zest and new vigor to each one of us, and the spirit of fatigue and tiredness is completely obliterated.

Therefore, we welcome this season; we look forward to it, not because of the snows and fresh, strengthening breezes, not because of the bright, blue skies and sparkling frosts alone, but because it is a time of rest and quietude. The professional man in his office, the clerk behind the counter, the blacksmith at his forge, all these men stop work, close their places of business and get away for a short breathing space from the hurry and bustle of the business life.

And perhaps this Christmas season is welcomed and looked forward to by no one more than the College Student, who, after a year of good, hard work, leaves the old precincts of the class-room and seeks some place of rest and solitude for a few weeks.

But this season does not remain with us for any great length of time; we must get back to our offices and places of business; we must get back to school, and, with renewed vigor, prepare for another year of strenuous labor, with dictionaries, texts and class note-books piled high about us, we burrow deep into that mound of hidden treasure, which it behoves all prudent aspirants for University honors to diligently mine, as the fateful day approaches (exam.).

It is, therefore, with a feeling of regret that we bid farewell to this restful, healthful and invigorating season.

“And all this uniform, uncolored scene shall be dismantled of its fleecy load and flush into variety again.”

Correspondence

To the Editor of the "Hya Yaka":

What I intend writing about, briefly, is not done for the purpose of criticizing the members of our faculty, nor with the idea of rendering advice, but simply to point out a condition of affairs which I think should be rectified. It is with regard to the frequency of late, with which the many professors and lecturers of our Institution have adopted in presenting themselves at lectures, without wearing the customary gowns, authorized by the University Directorate. Just why such a practise has been established, I am not permitted to say, but sufficient to say that no such condition of affairs exists in any other faculty of the University of Toronto. I believe that, where one who has won the respect of our Board and who has proved himself sufficiently qualified to lecture on certain phases of our course, should continue the custom long established of wearing their graduating gowns on all lecture occasions. Personally, I think it lends dignity to the occasion; the lecturer is regarded with greater respect, it gives him an academic and inexorable air of authority, which should exist in all Colleges, and the lectures are made more absorbingly interesting. I feel confident in saying that I am expressing the true desire of the fellows of the R.C.D.S., when I say that we indeed like to see our lecturer enter the class-room clothed in his graduating gown.



Athletic World



As each series of athletics is completed, we shall give a brief review of the Dental Team in that branch of athletics, mentioning the members of the teams and their abilities, and the prospects for next year. Later in the term, a review of the athletic achievements of the graduating year will be given, and, therefore, members of that year will not be given much space in these brief reviews.

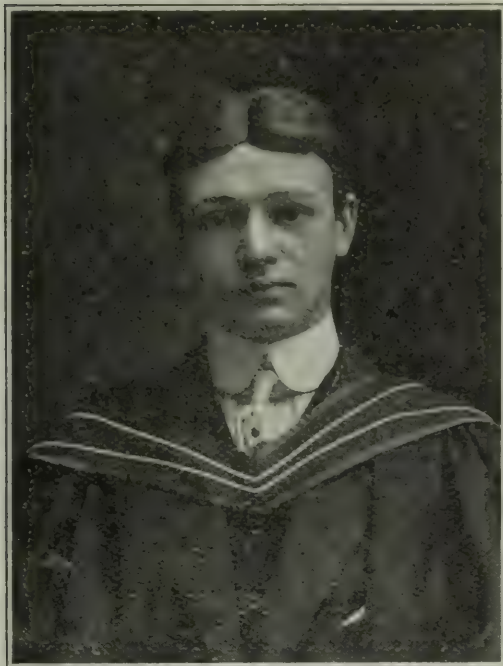
The track season was the first one to be closed. For the second year in succession, our College won the Championship, due largely to the excellent work of men of the Senior year. The inter-year track meet brought out some excellent athletes. That meet was a decided success, and, if made an annual event, it should improve the calibre of the Dentistry list. Of this year's team, Bricker, Campbell, Sutherland, Scott and Gardiner are graduating; but with such good men as W. T. Holmes, Tucker, Cooper, Morgan, Grant, McLaren, Lipsey, and Turner, the Dental College should again be heard from in the Inter-faculty Track Meet.

In rugby, Dents made an excellent showing, as they have done for the last three years. A little more coaching, speed and tackling practice would have given our boys the Championship. The wing-line had plenty of weight and splendid bucking ability; and the back division could punt and run well. Billy Chartrand was the find of the year. His experience gained at Ottawa College, together with his speed and tackling ability, were noticeable in every game. His drop kicking also was remarkably good. Logie Macdonald at flying-wing, played a hard, aggressive, consistent game all season, and was always on the ball. Bill Grigg and Liggett are following in the footsteps of Knight and Schwalm. Grigg's steady, all-round work in blocking and tackling and his ability to make a hole, helped greatly in the team's victories, as did also Coupal's and Leggett's excellent line-plunging. McKee, at quarter, had plenty of sweep and speed, and Leich did some great catching and kicking. The following members of the team will graduate this year: Stewart, Higley, Sinclair,

Coveydue, Girvin; but with such men as Macdonald, Chartrand, McKee, Smith, Grigg, Liggett, Coupal, Hinds, Johnston, Periman, Wright, Sinclair, Leigh, Holt, Boyd, and others, next year's team will go far in the Mulock Cup series.

The Soccer team had a very successful season, winning two out of three games. They were defeated in the final game for the Championship of the Senior Series by Senior School.

The following men took part in the games:—Rutledge, Ross, Bailey, Sutherland, Gardiner, Bricker, Atkey, Kauzman, Garvin, Robb, Barry, Wood, Zinn. Of these, the first six will not be back next year, but, as there are a number of good players in the Freshmen class, the prospects for a good team next year are splendid.



CAMPBELL, EDWIN HAROLD

Of their merits, modest men are dumb.

Harold's fame lies in the athletic world and no man has done more, viz (his best) to bring honor to the college, than Harold.

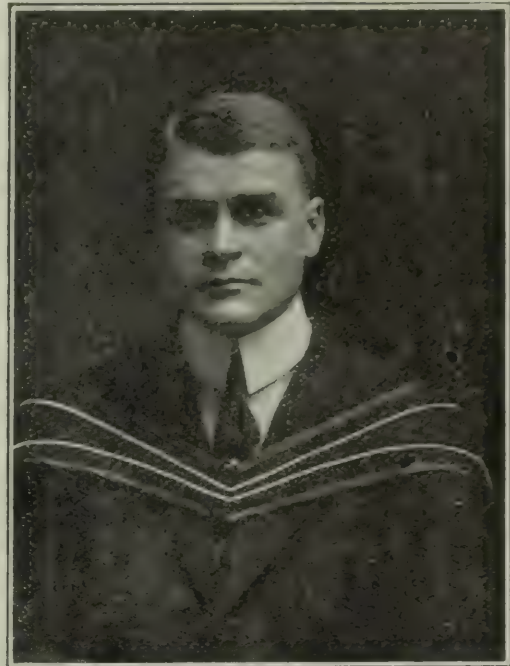
He holds the following records in the Varsity meets.

One mile	4:36-2/5	(New Record 1913)
Three "	15:56-1/5	" " "
One "	4:31-2/5	(Intercollegiate Record)

He has therefore had bestowed upon him the greatest honor namely Captain of the Varsity and Dental Track Teams. He was also captain of the Varsity cross country team, which also won under his guidance.

He was also a great help at quarter, helping the Seniors win the interyear rugby.

His popularity amongst both sexes is shown when we consider that he was president of the "At-Home" committee for two years. His spotless character is evidenced by the fact that he has always been deeply interested in the work of the Students Welcome Club and Y. M. C. A. and his integrity and ability are always brought to the fore by the standing in his class.



BRICKER, JOSEPH STERLING

"Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bend"

During his four years at the Dental College, Joe has proved himself an A1. all-round man. His athletic activities have included track athletics, hockey, soccer and rugby; and he has represented his college on senior teams in these events. His specialty was track and field athletics and he has been on the Varsity Track team for three years, being acting captain of the team this year at Kingston. Joe holds the interfaculty and intercollegiate record of 11 ft. 8 1/2 inches and 11 ft. 7 in. respectfully for the pole vault and has also won many points in the broad jump and hurdles. Four years on the track, hockey and soccer teams and one year on the rugby team when he had his shoulder dislocated represent his other contributions to college athletics. He was captain on the Dental track team this year, president of athletics and manager of the hockey team last year. In social life, Joe acted on the At-Home Committee in the Junior Year. He has been well up always in the examinations. His genial disposition, Y. M. C. A. work, and all-round ability have made him a prime favorite not only with his classmates but also with the students of the whole University.

BASKETBALL.

In a practice game, before the opening of the season, Jr. Dents swamped a team from the City Hall by a score of 30 to 9. The game provided a splendid workout for our boys, who showed good combination. Leggett starred at centre, and the defence played well. Interest was added to the game by the fact that Bob Dibble, the champion amateur sculler of America, was playing centre for the Civic clerks. Jr. Dent's line-up: Forwards—Reid, McCartney, Barber; centre—Harriman, Leggett; defence—Astell, Turner.

On Tuesday, December 2, the Dental teams had their first Sifton Cup games. Sr. Arts defaulted to Sr. Dents, and the latter had a beneficial practice.

Jr. Dents lost a very close game to Jr. Arts by 23 to 21. At half-time, the score was 13 to 4, in favor of our boys, and it looked as if they had the game around their opponents, and the defence had been working splendidly. But, in the second half, Arts took an unexpected brace, due probably to the fact that one of their men had substituted a black jersey for his white one at half time. The play was strenuous, and Arts evened the score. From then on, the pace was very fast, each team taking the lead alternately. A minute before the final whistle blew, Arts notched the basket, which gave them the game.

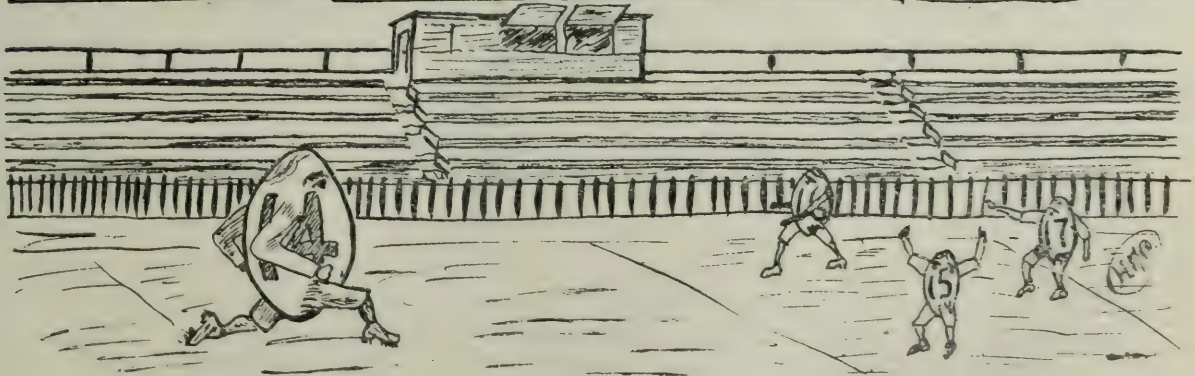
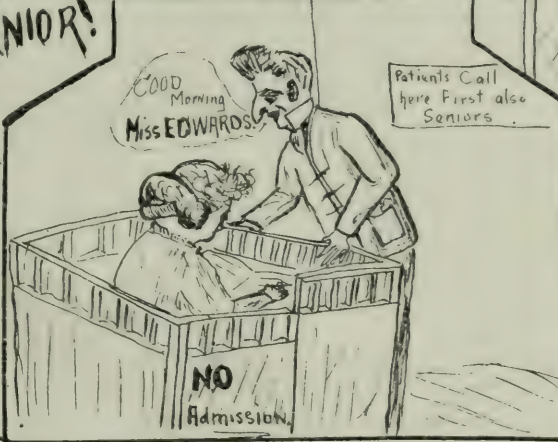
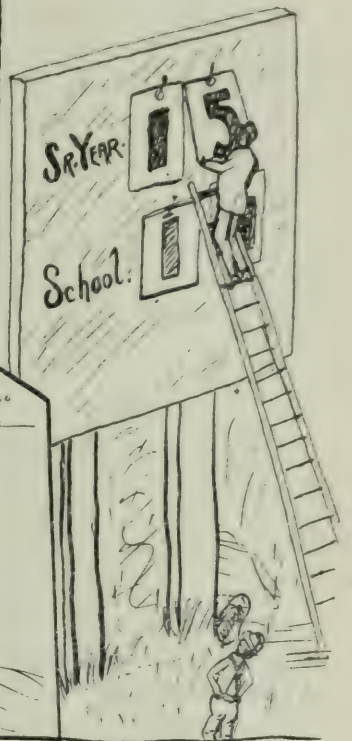
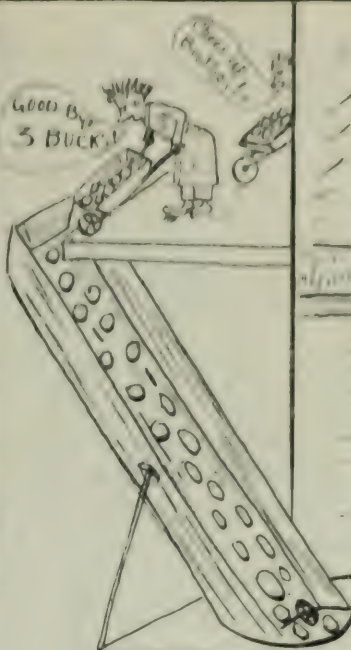
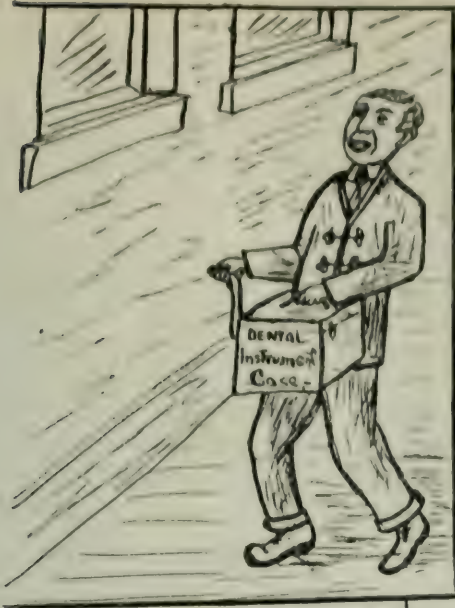
Leggett did most of the scoring for Dents, getting five baskets; Reid scored 2 baskets and 3 fouls, and Barber scored 2 baskets. The Jr. Dents' line-up was: Forwards—Reid and Barber; centre—Leggett; defence—Astell and Harriman. Twidale, of School, refereed the game in an impartial and satisfactory manner.

HOCKEY.

Prospects are splendid for a very successful hockey season this year at the Dental College. There is an abundance of material to pick from, including Bricker, Holmes, Macdonald, J. A. Macdonald, Goodhand and Johnston, who were out last year. New men who will probably catch places are Billy Chartrand, who played such good rugby and who was a star with Ottawa College hockey team, Irwin and Bishop, who is an excellent goal-keeper. This boy played splendid hockey at Harbord C. I. for several years, and has been sought after by several Junior O.H.A. teams for this season. With such a team as is here suggested, Dents should almost gather in that Jennings's Cup again this year:—

Goal, Bishop; point, Holmes; cover, Bricker; rover, Beaton; centre, Chartrand; wings, Zinn and Stewart.

New uniforms are being obtained for this year's team. The sweaters have a garnet body, with light blue band around it, surmounted by a crest, and light blue collars and cuffs. The stockings are garnet, with a light blue band. The team will probably use the Raving Rink this year. The men are getting into shape in the gymnasium, working out with basketball teams.



RUGBY.

On Monday, December 1st, the Seniors played their third annual game with the rest of the College. Last year, the game resulted in a win for year '14; and the year before that, they were defeated. The game this year was played for a dinner at McConkey's.

The game was one of the most exciting and closely contested of the year, and the class of rugby displayed, especially in the second half, would do credit to many Senior teams.

Briefly, the story of the game is as follows:—In the first quarter, after the kick-off, Schwalm bucked for yards. Knight blocked a kick at centre. Seniors lost the ball and the College worked it up to Senior's quarter, where Coupal went around the end for a touch. Billy Chartrand converted it. Schwalm gained 30 yards on a buck, but Seniors lost the ball. They obtained it again, and worked it up to College end, and Knight went over for a try, which was not converted. Zimmerman kicked over the line, and Sheehy was forced to rouge. Sheehy tore off some splendid dodging runs in this quarter. Score at quarter-time, 6 all.

Second quarter.—Zimmerman kicked over for a rouge. Liggett bucked for yards. Holmes gained 30 yards on a fake kick. He kicked over the line, but the wings failed to give yards, and the ball was brought back. There was no more scoring in this quarter.

Third quarter.—Sutherland replaced O'Brien for Seniors, and McKee and Garven came on for College. Zimmerman was forced to rouge on a long kick by Holmes. Harvey Chartrand gained 20 yards on a run. Then his brother got in a 30-yard run. Sheehy also gained 30 yards on a dodging run. Seniors saved a score by blocking the kick.

Last quarter.—W. Chartrand kicked a beautiful drop over goal, putting College in the lead by 3 points. After the kick-off, Zimmerman ran for 30 yards. Knight bucked for 10 yards, and Schwalm carried the ball over on the next down. it was converted. Shortly afterwards, Hollingshead placed a splendid drop between the posts, and Seniors led by 5 point. The game was now very exciting and open, the play going from end to end, and many splendid runs being made by Holmes, Sheehy, both Chartrands and Zimmerman. Finally, Holmes kicked over the Senior's line, and H. Chartrand was forced to rouge. This ended the scoring. Seniors are holding the ball, and Knight and Schwalm are doing splendid work at the bucking game. Billy Chartrand tried a long drop, but failed by a small margin, and his brother ran it out. Game ended, 15 to 11, in favor of Seniors.

The stars of the game were Holmes, Sheehy and Billy Chartrand for the College, and Knight, Schwalm, Zimmerman and Covey-duc for the Seniors.

The game was handled in a capable and impartial manner by Mr. Cassels and Mr. McClelland, of the Varsity Senior Rugby Team, despite the protests of some of the players and the adverse criticism of a number of the spectators. Of this latter class, there are gener-

ally a few who make their presence at games obnoxious by their practice of "balling out" the referee and addressing insulting, personal remarks to the players. This habit is extremely unsportsmanlike, to say the least; and it detracts in no small way from the good name that the Dental College has won by the efforts of her athletes in nearly all branches of University sport. It is hardly necessary to add that the men who participate in this practice are not those who take part in College athletics, and they know very little about the rules and fine points of the games.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Seniors: Flying wings—Bailey, Coveydue; halves—Zimmerman, H. Chartrand; quarter—Hollingshead; scrimmage—Rutledge, Higley, Scott; wings—Sinclair, O'Brien (Sutherland), Schwalm, Knight, Girvin, Madden.

College: Flying wing—Boyd; halves—Holmes, Sheehy, W. Chartrand; quarter—McCartney (McKee); scrimmage—Wright, Eaide, Craig; wings—Sinclair, McBride (Garvin), McDonald, Leggett, Smith, Coupal.

FRESHMEN—SOPHOMORE RUGBY GAME.

The Freshmen and Sophomores clashed on the back campus on Monday, November 24th, in one of the most strenuous rugby games of the season. The Sophs won the toss, and chose to kick with the wind. They forced the play in the first quarter, keeping the ball in the Freshmen territory most of the period. Holmes broke away for a 60-yard run, scoring a try, which was converted. The Freshies started kicking on the second quarter, and, with the wind, were able to force two rouges, while the Sophs tallied one.

Half-time score: 7—2 for Sophs.

In the second half, Freshies started to even things up. Sheehy tearing off a 50-yard run. Failing to make yards, they lost the ball; Sophs working it back, scoring a kick to dead line. This was shortly followed by a safety touch. A rouge and a drop-kick by Chartrand brought the score up to 6—10, with three minutes to play. On a long pass, McKee made a 70-yard run for a touch, which was not converted. This gave the Freshmen a lead of one point, much to the delight of their supporters on the side line. Garvin, '16, recovering a blocked kick, carried the ball into Freshies' territory. On the first down, Holmes kicked to McKee, who saved the day by running it out. Play finished with the Freshmen in possession on their 10-yard line.

Freshmen, 11; Sophs, 10.

For the Freshmen, Sheehy and McKee starred, while Holmes was the best man for the Sophs.

The game was handled by Higley, '14, assisted by Logie Macdonald, '15. It was a hard task, but no partiality was shown to either team. Barrie and Leggett were injured, and forced to retire.

Line-up: Freshmen—Flying wing, Barber; halves, Smith, Chartrand, Sheehy; wings, Dean, Sullivan, Askill, Walton, Sinclair, Barker.

Sophs—Flying wing, D. Boyd; halves, Holt, McCartney, Holmes; quarter, Perlman; scrimmage, Craig, Musgrove, Eaide; wings, Liggett, Berry, McBride, Garvin, E. Boyd, Humphrey.

NOTES.

Schwalm, '14, and Beaton, '15, are the two latest Dents to receive their T for Varsity athletics; Schwalm for rugby, and Beaton for soccer. Congratulations, boys!

In the final rugby game—All Toronto vs. Hamilton Tigers—no less than four Dental Students played for Toronto—Zimmerman, Schwalm, Knight and Sheehy. The first of these had very little chance to show his ability, but was in the game long enough to make an excellent tackle, which laid out one of the husky Tiger wings, and saved a sure touch down. The other three men were easily the best in their positions on the Toronto team. They played scrimmage, midde wing and outside wing respectively, and pulled off many star plays.

Wendell Holmes played on the half line for the Capitals, who won the Junior Canadian Rugby Championship. His kicking, tackling and running were largely responsible for his team's victory.

If "Doc" Norman persists in burning such a quantity of midnight oil, he will surely injure his health. Take warning, "Doc," before it is too late. Remember that over-study often proves more injurious than none at all.

* * * * *

Elliott, '14—"My breakfast went down in thirty seconds."

Chartrand, '14—"What did you have?"

Elliott—"I'll bet I had a bigger bulk for breakfast than you."

Chartrand—"What—Toronto Dairy or O'Keefe's?"

The R. C. D. S.

Reared on a corner of College Street,
 Stands an imposing learning seat;
 Upon its sculptured portico,
 Tall maple trees their shadows throw.
 And through its halls and on its stairs,
 Rush the Students, free from cares.

Never—ever,
 Ever—never.

In those labs., so large and bright,
 The Students work with all their might;
 And there, in the waiting-room below,
 The patients wait their fate to know,
 And, like the skeleton at the feast,
 Their trembling knees have never ceased.

Forever—ever.
 Ever—forever.

From the College men have gone,
 Noble in their work become;
 None have failed to prove the fame,
 Of the School's right noble name;
 And they would tell you, if you ask,
 That with much joy they did their task.

Ever—forever.
 Forever—ever.

Those are scattered now and fled,
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And surely those who now attend,
 Will try their erring ways to mend,
 And be not into darkness cast,
 Because they've regulations smashed.

Forever—ever.
 Ever—forever.

McPhee, '15 (in restaurant)—“I think I'll get up and go to church in the morning.”

Geo. Allen, '15—“Are you going to heaven, Mac?”

Jim Allen, '15—“Trail of the lonesome pine.”

* * * * *

Who is it has a moustache slim,
 And with bees-wax doth keep it prim,
 Which looks as though 'twere not for him,
 Sloan.

Take it up tenderly, lift it with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly young and so fair.

* * * * *

Dr. Stuart asked of Holmes, '16, his definition for a spine, and received the following for a reply: “The spine is a long bone reaching from the skull to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle, so that you can sit down; otherwise you would have to sit standing.”



"A Folly of 1914."



Contributors to this column are requested to write in ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed that the Hya Yaka may know whom to interrogate in case the point of the article is not clear, but the name shall not be published. All Spasms of Mirth should be handed to Local Editor.

Dewar, '14—"Is this is a second-hand shop?"

Proprietor—"Yes, sir!"

Dewar—"Well, I want one for my watch!"

* * * * *

White, '14—"What wakened Elliott this morning?"

Crooker, '14—"His dollar watch stopped ticking!"

* * * * *

Atkinson, '15 (about to propose)—"Dearest, there is something that has been trembling on my lips for the last three months."

She—"Yes, I've noticed it in certain strong lights. Why don't you shave it off?"

* * * * *

Small Fred had been worsted in an encounter with a bumble bee.

"Mamma," he said, "I caught a big fly in the yard, and it had a red-hot needle in its foot."

* * * * *

Stewart, '14—"I'm sort of on probation."

Campbell, '14—"What's that?"

Stewart—"Probation? Oh, that's when you don't touch booze."

Campbell—"That's prohibition."

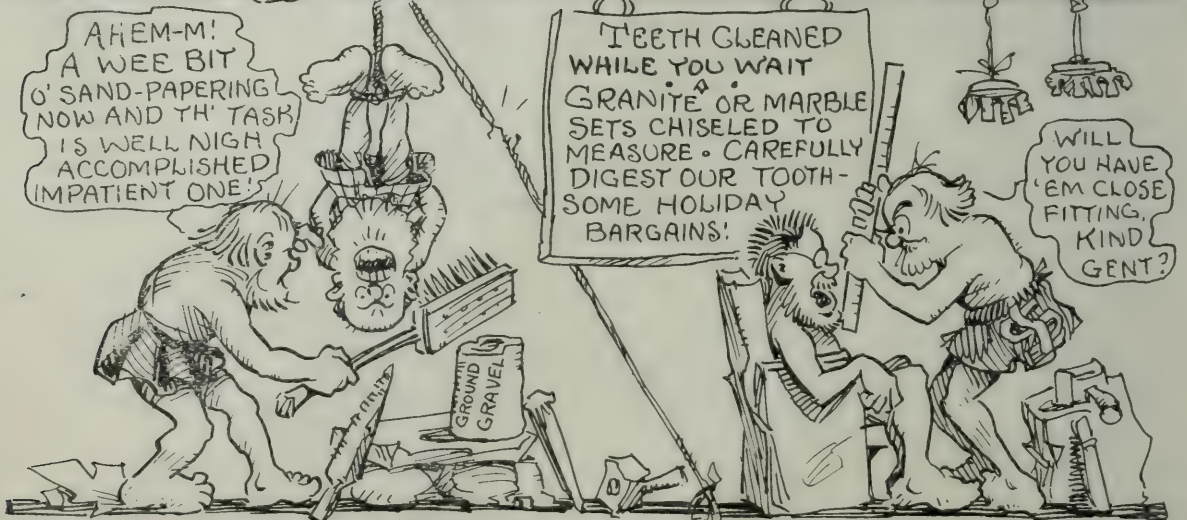
* * * * *

Bier, '16 (after proposal to lady)—"All right, dear; if you won't have me, give me a rope and I will hang myself."

She—"No, I won't do that either. Dad says he does not want you hanging around here."

* * * * *

Beaton, '15 (to his squad)—"Now that the hockey season is on, cut out wine, women and cards. Mostly cards."



Coveydue, '14—"I had a beard once like yours, but when I found out what it made me look like, I cut it off."

White, '14—"And I had a face like yours once, and, when I found I could not cut it off, I grew a beard."

* * * * *

When we come to pay the fiddler, we sometimes find that we have been dancing to the strains of a whole orchestra.

* * * * *

Few people know what it is to be "down on the farm" until they try boarding at one.

* * * * *

Truth is personified as feminine—why, nobody knows.

* * * * *

In any business, no woman could be a silent partner.

* * * * *

In even the men they love, women never entirely forgive age or poverty.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Tact—The art of lying without being found out; a College-bred lie.

Prudery—The all-season resort of the untempted.

Eugenics—The theory that marriages should be made in the laboratory.

Surgeon—One who discovers the family doctor's error in diagnosis—and takes the blame for it; also one who takes the patient's watch, chain and underwear.

Prohibition—The theory that the best way to combat a vice is to make it more vicious.

Pensioner—A kept patriot.

Discretion—The better part of ardor.

Success—Hatred, multiplied by the number of one's friends.

Joke—Something a woman takes seriously.

Home Town—The place where is faithfully kept green the memory of your every misdeed and mistake.

Octogenerian—Your rich uncle.

Progress—Changing the dinner hour from noon to seven o'clock.

Marriage—Government without the consent of the governed.

Alimony—The ransom the wicked pay to the devil.

An Englishman—One who bathes in a dish-pan and eats pie with a spoon.

Jealousy—The theory that some other fellow has just as little taste.

Virtue—A form of coquetry.

Sunday School—The first refuge of scoundrels.

Patriotism—The logical consequence of referring to one's country as "She."

Wife—One who always believes the worst.

Gentleman—One who will not strike a woman—without provocation.

Kiss—The triumph of matter over mind.

Hell—A place where the Ten Commandments are backed with a police force.

An amateur can start a love affair with a woman, but it takes a connoisseur to break it off.

* * * * *

The plot of the modern musical play hinges on the fact that women have two legs.

* * * * *

The original Missourian led the first vice crusade.

* * * * *

The ideal restaurant is one in which the patrons, multiplied by fifty, outnumber the cockroaches divided by one hundred.

* * * * *

As the arteries grow hard, the heart grows mushy.

* * * * *

In the Spring, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the same thing that young women think about all the year round.

* * * * *

Misery loves company, but Sin insists upon it.

* * * * *

The best man wins—at a wedding.

* * * * *

Women feel a certain proprietorship in all dissipated men.

DANCING

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The HYA YAKA

Vol XII.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1914

No. 4

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in ;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane ;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb ;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands
and weep,

I lend my arm to all who say: "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But he might rise and be again a man.

—WALTER MALONE.

The Minimizing of the Bacterial and Carbohydrate Factors by Artificial Means

Louis V. Savage, D.D.S.

Ever since the role which bacteria play in the production of dental caries became recognized, antiseptic drugs have been widely used, both by the laity in proprietary articles, and in the prescriptions of medical and dental practitioners. Their use has been more or less empirical, or, rather based upon the general principle, that where organisms exist, these of necessity should be also antiseptics, in order to maintain the health of the tissues.

The writer believes that no great good has ever come from the use of such antiseptics. Citing, as an example: The hands may be scrubbed much more thoroughly than the soft tissues of the mouth, and yet how difficult it is to even approach sterility in their case. The mouth is made up of nooks, corners, folds and irregularities, and every surface of these is coated with micro-organisms, and, as is well known, such conditions offer great obstacles to the action of antiseptics, and obviously favor the progress of bacteria. The mouth, moreover, is always moist with an albuminous and alkaline fluid, and this tends, in the majority of cases, to combine chemically with the antiseptic and render it useless; another thing that usually occurs is, that the antiseptic in most cases checks the action of ptyalin. Moreover, when it is considered how short a time the antiseptic is kept in the mouth (about a minute), there are 1,400 other minutes that it is not there, and when we realize the rapidity with which bacteria proliferate, it does not seem likely that its use would permanently lower the number of organisms in the mouth.

Bessenge tested and found that a 10 per cent. solution of $H_2 O_2$ alone acted antiseptically in a few seconds, while other antiseptics required at least four minutes. Wadsworth also made many tests and found that 30 per cent. alcohol was far more efficient than formalin, lysol, and $H_2 O_2$. Against the beneficial action of alcohol, Floxas found that out of 729 workmen examined, that the percentage of caries in total abstainers was nearly one-third less than in those who used it, the ratio being remarkably constant for all ages from 15 to 50 years.

Hunt made a series of tests with various mouth-washes, and examinations made five minutes and one hour after their use showed that no noticeable effect was produced, even for five minutes. Dr. Pickerill on several occasions has tested out mercuric chloride, formalin and $H_2 O_2$, in such strengths as could be tolerated in the

mouth without great discomfort, and, five minutes after their use, even when they were administered with a tooth brush, none of them were capable of producing anything approaching an aseptic condition of the mouth. Hunt, however, did show that mercuric chloride, when combined with many other substances, considerably reduced the number of micro-organisms in the mouth, but that this beneficial effect was not at all lasting. Miller and Hunt have contended that mouth-washes, to be of any antiseptic value, must be sufficiently strong. Chassevant and Richey have shown that, in the process of lactic acid formation, the addition of metallic salts inhibits the micro-organisms, but not their products; that, if carbo-hydrates are present, and lactic acid has been formed, and strong thymol solution added to neutralize the acid, the carbo-hydrate will slowly again become acid, and all of this is very important, in Miller's Theory of Caries (the plaques formed and protecting the bacteria and their products over an area, while destruction of the organic matrix is in progress).

It has also been shown that these antiseptics retard the flow of saliva, and promote a stagnation in the mouth, thus arresting the natural protective agent, and producing an unfavorable, and perhaps a very detrimental condition.

This all refers to the use of antiseptics for the prevention of caries; however, the writer believes antiseptic mouth-washes beneficial in cases of acute inflammation in the mouth, using in conjunction with them some salivary stimulant.

The Use of the Tooth Brush.

That the teeth may remain perfectly healthy without the use of the tooth brush has been evidenced in the case of many native races, and also, in isolated cases, in more highly civilized races. On the other hand, uncivilized races, such as the Kaffirs and Hindus, who live on less acid and softer diet, assiduously clean their teeth with sticks having frayed ends. The food of modern civilized people is essentially soft and little acid, and as such foodstuffs adhere closely to the teeth and produce more acid, it would seem reasonable to believe that some artificial means must be evoked to remove more readily this debris.

Experience in connection with the use of the tooth brush has shown that, in cases where the teeth were brushed, .15 units of acid were present at the end of twenty-four hours; while, in cases where they were not brushed, at the expiration of the same period, .3 units of $n/5$ acid were produced.

The tooth brush should be small, with medium hard bristles of unequal length, and the handle bent at an obtuse angle away from the bristles.

The surface of the enamel is not smooth, and hard brushing forces debris into the irregularities or minute pits on the surface, to later ferment and produce lactic acid. The teeth should be brushed lightly, both vertically and horizontally, for a period of from two to three minutes. The brush should be sterilized after each use, and washed daily with soap and water. D. D. Smith, of Philadelphia, has patients who present themselves once a month and have the enamel surfaces polished with wood points and pumice, and this prophylactic measure has been very beneficial in warding off caries; this treatment is, however, not generally applicable, as possibly not more than 1 per cent. of those affected with caries could afford it. Again, those who would submit to such measures, are those who would be very careful of their teeth at all times, and it is very hard, for this reason, to give explicitly the real worth of such prophylactic measures.

Dentifrices.

Most dentifrices are composed of chalk and alkaline in their reaction, and, therefore, inhibit the flow of saliva, which normally is alkaline (although, in a rare case, it is acid). These dentifrices are used during a period of from one to two minutes in twenty-four hours, and during that minute or two, the mouth is rendered highly alkaline. The writer believes that some salivary stimulant would be far more beneficial, as a low alkaline reaction for a long time would be of more real advantage than a high alkalinity for a comparatively short period.

The objection may be raised "That acids are bad for the teeth," inasmuch as they decalcify them, but this is one of the fallacies of experiments conducted entirely "in vitro." It has been shown that weak acids are the best salivary stimulants, and, even though they should cause some superficial decalcification, which it is shown they would not, but, even if they did, and at the same time prevented caries by occurring, it would be infinitely the lesser of the two evils. The evil would be probably manifested, as erosion,

Notice

On account of the Annual At-Home here on January 30th, Dr. Secombe has kindly consented to close the building on that afternoon. This will give the Committee a good opportunity for making this At-Home the best we have had yet. Russell Beare and his orchestra will be here, and Prestwick will cater. All that remains is to have a good turn-out, which is up to you.

AT HOME COMMITTEE.

attrition and abrasion; but these would be slow in progress, infinitely less in prevalence, and, moreover, the children would escape what is the very gist of the problem with which we are dealing.

The use of citric acid increases the flow of saliva so greatly that in a minute or two after its application, the mouth is again very alkaline. Dr. Pickerill believes that no harm can accrue to the teeth from this acid. An acid substance which may be suggested for this purpose is acid potassium tartrate. It is an active salivary stimulant, found widely in nature, soluble in 1 in 200 of water, and has an agreeable taste, especially by the addition of saccharine.

In the laboratory, sclerotic and malasotic teeth have been scrubbed daily for a period of six months with a concentrated solution of potassium tartrate, and no decalcification, nor abrasion, resulted. These teeth were kept in water, while the teeth in the mouth are in alkaline saliva. This same salt causes the saliva to become watery and well adapted to flowing and percolating between the teeth and into fissures and grooves. For children, a good brush and water are all that are necessary.

It has been shown that all mouth-washes, except water, increases greatly the flow of saliva, yet the use of a mouth-wash at night is considered good, inasmuch as it would promote the secretion of a strong alkaline saliva, which would be more than equivalent to deal with the carbo-hydrate remainder before the organisms would have the opportunity during the night of converting it into acid. In cases of rapid caries, this mouth-wash should be used at least three times a day. The acid potassium tartrate might be used, in the form of a powder, quite frequently, provided the teeth are brushed with it, and not scrubbed.

In using any acid as a mouth-wash, care must be taken that it is not too weak, nor too strong. The weak acid would not excite a sufficient flow of saliva to neutralize it; and the strong acid would be too strong for the saliva to neutralize. This is why the lactic acid formed in the mouth is not neutralized, and is prominent in the production of caries. The acid should be sufficiently strong to stimulate the gustatory nerves to the salivary glands, and the lactic acid formed in the mouth is not sufficiently strong to do this.

Acid mouth-washes may be good, inasmuch as that acid-forming bacteria are readily effected by acids, and also sudden changes in the composition of the media greatly effects these organisms. The use of acid mouth-washes will also tend to keep the calcium phosphate and carbonate in solution, instead of being deposited on the teeth in the form of calculus. We know that in cases of phosphaturia, in which the high excess of phosphates in the system

cannot be eliminated sufficiently by the kidneys; that these phosphates show up readily in the saliva, and greatly increase the calculus about the necks of the teeth, and, in this way, are a foundation for other pathological conditions. The correct physiological method, however, of preventing such deposition is to increase the CO_2 content in the saliva, but the exact method of producing CO_2 in the saliva is not known, but it is thought to be dependent upon muscular metabolism, and is derived from the blood stream, and is not produced in the glands themselves.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

She's an algebraic wonder; all her leisure time she spends
Solving problems in equations that are at her fingers' ends.
In the higher mathematics, she has gained a college fame,
With her geometric genius added luster to her name.
She is up on trigonometry, and figures are her forte,
For she even knows the age of Ann, according to report;
But when playing off a rubber, it's a pipe she'll never miss
Gurgling sweetly to her partner some inspired phrase like this:

“Yes, indeed! I just dote on bridge—it's such a lovely, scientific game! Let's see—what's trumps?”

She has read the leading authors and her diction is most choice;
She can rattle reams from Browning in a cultivated voice.
Never platitude she utters, she's original and bright,
And she scorns to use expressions that are commonplace or trite;
But it's safe to bet some evening she'll be gazing at the moon,
With a chap who's humming marches that are popular in June,
And he'll ask a single question, as she slips her hand in his,
And she'll whisper in his waistcoat some unique reply like this:

“Oh, John, this is so sudden!”

She is versed in many languages, from Dutch to Corsican;
She can quote a dozen poets in the tongue of quaint Japan.
She excels in French and Spanish, and it even has been said
She knows all the rules of grammar in a language that is dead;
But the day is some time coming when she'll prattle quite offhand
In a tongue so weird and complex that no man can understand.
She'll be talking to a bundle—'twixt a rapturous squeeze and kiss,
And her line of conversation will most likely run like this:

“Dodbessum's itty-bitsy heartums! Didum naughty tolic hurtum's itty tummy? Zere, zere, don't oo cwy, muvver's itty-bitsy pwecious heartums!”

—ELLA BENTLY ARTHUR.

Painless Dentistry

Wallace Seecombe, D.D.S.

The words "Painless Dentistry" have for many years been unworthily and dishonestly used by the dental charlatan as one of his most cherished allurements. Because painless dentistry was an allurement, and not an actuality, the words became distasteful to honest practitioners, and were almost entirely surrendered to the dental "quack." Much progress, however, has recently been made in the elimination of pain from the practice of dentistry. The word "painless" may now be boldly spoken in dental conventions, without the speaker having his credentials questioned or his ethical standing enquired into. Many conservative and conscientious practitioners are to-day prepared to admit that painless dentistry is quite possible; and, furthermore, that it is, in almost every case, capable of actual application in the mouth. There are many reasons why the modern dentist should practice painless dentistry.

Primarily, one might urge humanitarian considerations on behalf of the patient.

From the dentist's standpoint, two facts are most important. First, the saving of the operator's nervous energy. This is undoubtedly accomplished by the practice of dentistry comparatively free from pain. Second, the economic value of painless methods. What may at first appear as a loss of time occasioned by delay and a more elaborate technique, will, in the end, by the application of pain-saving methods, result in much saving of time. The economic factor also looms large in the matter of practice building. The operator who establishes a reputation for lack of attention to those seemingly minor details, which rob the dental visit of its old-time horrors, will find the establishment of a practice a rather uphill fight. Upon the other hand, the operator who establishes a reputation for highest efficiency with deep concern for all possible elimination of pain, will find the establishment of a practice a much easier proposition.

The Editor has asked for a two-page article. Within that limit, it is quite impossible to discuss the pros and cons of nitrous oxide and oxygen analgesia, the high pressure syringe and local anaesthesia. My intention is to refer to a few homely facts that are, because of their very simplicity, most frequently overlooked. These facts, too, are capable of application within the range of activity of every dental student.

A dentist practising in the year A.D. 1914, who uses an engine or a stone that does not run true, thus subjecting his patient to jars and thumps that are comparable only to an automatic rivetter, should be arrested for assault. (I mean, of course, by the students' court.) We are sensitive of the press or of public speakers referring to the agonies suffered in a dental office, and, in our vain imaginings, are prone to attribute these references to dentistry, "as she was" twenty years ago. But let the doubter subject his dental organs to one thousand revolutions of an uneven stone mounted in a wobbly engine, and he will realize that reference to "agony in dental practice" may properly apply to dentistry as modern as January, 1914.

Sharp instruments and burs are the greatest factors in painless dentistry. Dental instruments, it is true, are made from the finest steel, but this does not eliminate the necessity for constant care of their cutting edges. Frequent sterilization renders this attention more often necessary than would otherwise be the case. Can you imagine a surgeon performing satisfactory operations with a butter-knife? A dental surgeon might just as reasonably expect to perform efficient dental operations with dull instruments. Aside from efficiency, however, the desirability of painless work makes the use of sharp instruments absolutely essential.

The use of gold inlays and of silicate, as a means of restoration, is an important advance from the standpoint of painless dentistry.

One more suggestion. In the removal of the dental pulp (following the application of arsenic or other medicament), wait until the pulp is desensitized. Don't follow a hard and fast rule in the removal of pulps within a fixed period of time following any given sitting. Many patients carry for years the unhappy recollections of a dental sitting, when the operator removed a pulp partially desensitized. The patient's description is that "the nerve was taken out alive." The dentist, no doubt, was "saving time." Such "saving" is not only inhuman, but an economic fallacy.

'Twas a balmy autumn evening,
Old Sectty's work was done,
And he, beside a "Parkdale door,"
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him, sported on the green,
His little Pomeranian.

Sebben (just before morning lecture): "Open the windows, fellows; it is unhealthy to sleep in a hot room."

An Appreciation

B. L. Washburn, '15

Far from civilization, away from the city's roar and din, without Society's conventionalities, and the monotonous hum-drum of men seeking the world's honour and glory, with nothing but Nature to converse and condone with, I found myself in the wilds of Temagami, the haunt of the fur-bearing animals and the home of the silent Indian, the aborigines of this continent.

After partaking of my evening repast, frugal, yet substantial, I stepped out from our comfortable, if not commodious and imposing log cabin, and seated myself, looking westward. Before me lay the limpid waters of a placid lake, nestled among the hills, clad in ever-green verdure.

After filling and lighting my old corn-cob, my eyes fell upon a scene, wonderful in beauty and grandeur; the more I looked upon that iridescent glory, the more my heart and mind contemplated the mysteries of creation. The sun had just set, and before me was unfolded the greatest pageant I have ever beheld. The colors of the Spectrum were all there, blended as nature only can blend—changing and fading like the Aurora Borealis. The clouds fleeing westward, once dark and gloomy, were now steeped in the glories of the western sky—red turning to orange and so on through the whole gamut of colors.

In bold relief against this was silhouetted the shore-line, the gigantic pine, with their centuries of growth, lifted their fronded palms to heaven's concave, as if to catch a glimpse of the mystery there being unfolded. Steeped in the evening splendour, tipped with gold, they seemed like the spires of some great cathedral. Surely the temple of Solomon, with its golden domes and minarets, was not like unto this.

The shadows of evening were falling, the western glories were fading into night, the birds had sunk to rest; all was perfect silence, except that my whole being was flooded with Nature's silent anthem. While the evening zephyrs chanted their celestial symphonies among trees, I fell a victim of Morpheus, with God's vast cathedral before me and around me, Nature chanting a solemn "Te Deum" to her Creator.

So I dreamed, how like life, with its ups and downs—now bright, now dark, one time enshrouded in the darkness of ignorance and crime, again clothed in the glories of that One from Whom all life emanates. We behold at one time all that is noble and grand in life, and again we experience hot blasts from regions of darkness.

We experience here or nowhere Heaven and hell. The clouds, as they drifted silently from darkness into light, and losing themselves beyond the horizon, reminded me of life's pilgrimage—through happiness and tears, through pleasure and pain, through darkness and light—finally to pass beyond the portals of life. All life bespeaks immortality, just as that glory which sank into the western sky, only leaves us to come forth again in splendor somewhere, sometime, so that conscious being of man must live on and show forth that divine essence of its Creator.

Again, as I contemplated the scene of a moment ago, my heart beat high with hope, and cried out man's destiny upon earth—the Brotherhood of Man—"Peace on earth, good-will towards men."

CLASS '14's ALPHABET.

A is for Ante, with the loud vest.
B is for Boyle, who's never let rest.
C is for Clark, our right noble judge.
D is for Duff, who's not got a grudge.
E is for Elliott, a nice little boy.
F is for Fraser, whose charmed with a toy.
G is for Grant, so slim and so tall.
 And the gay nurse, who trips down the hall.
H is for Hill, so very sedate.
I is for Ianson, who often is late.
J is for "Joe" and also for "James,"
 The famous stars at athletic games.
K is for "Kramming," which we all must do,
 If the Easter Exams we desire to get thro'.
L is for Leonard, our Society gent,
 While **M**'s for Madden, who doesn't care a cent.
N is for Norman, of all the men the best.
O is for Oxygen we make, and then test.
P is for Pattison, so big and so tall,
 While **R** is for Rutledge, so short and so small;
 And also for Roos, who has little to say,
 While **S** is for Sipes, who is smiling all day.
T is for Trial, the Sophs looked for in vain;
 They told us it was coming again and again.
U is for Us, and we are all right.
V is for Vance, and she's out of sight.
W is for Watson, so winsome and wise;
 And also for White, an eater of pies.
X is for Exams., in which we XL.
Y is for Youths, who always do well,
 While **Z** is for Zim, who does his work swell.

Equipment

W. McTavish

Next to a successful graduation are the questions of location and equipment. They deserve the serious consideration of every thoughtful Senior.

In response to a request for our article on Equipment, I do so more with a view to start you thinking, than as a matter of advice. I will not say anything about what one should buy, but try and give reasons why care should be exercised in the selection of your equipment.

In going from office to office, one is struck with the evolution that is taking place in the matter of equipment. The reason of this is that the dentist is waking up to the realization that he is in a new dental era, due largely to the education of the public on dental hygiene. He is beginning to realize that his success and qualification is depending in no little extent upon proper equipment.

It is only a few years ago that one could shut his eyes and choose his furniture. There seemed to be no variation or individuality necessary; almost anything would do, as the public seemed to have no discrimination and one dentist looked as good as another. All this, however, is changed, and the public has a good right to their opinion of a dentist and his equipment. A careless and poorly planned equipment is a distinct handicap. Whether it be for your laboratory, waiting room, rest room, consulting room, or operating room, nothing should be purchased unless it fits into a well-thought-out scheme. Even in the purchase of one's pictures, bad judgment may be shown; you can never tell when you are being estimated, even by the little details in your equipment. If you have a patient come to you with faith in your ability, and you are sure you have no apology to make for anything, you can hold your head and easily get a fee commensurate with your service given.

But, disregarding the public, is it not necessary to so equip that your furniture will help to make your profession a pleasure and not a drudge? The atmosphere you create about yourself is going to mean a great deal toward efficiency. And it is this which gives confidence.

I think I have mentioned, therefore, two guiding rules in the matter of choosing your equipment. You must ask yourself:

- (1) Will it commend itself to my patients?
- (2) Will it give me pleasure and confidence in my work?

These decided, the rest is easy.

In selecting the heavier pieces of your furniture, you must keep in mind the matters of endurance, convenience and sanitation.

There is the question of finish, also that one needs to decide. If one can manage to have his apartments laid out and finished under his own direction, he can follow his own taste, as to whether he installs mahogany or other finish. If the apartments are already laid out, it is often difficult to equip satisfactorily, as they have been laid out to suit the landlord and not the tenant. It is wise, therefore, to choose early and wisely the apartments you will occupy.

I trust I have not transgressed too far on your indulgence, and, if I have only started you to think, I will have accomplished the purpose I had in mind.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

A Freshman's life is filled with strife,
 From early morn till night;
 So keep your pants well padded,
 You may come out alright.
 Look pleasant, when some Junior says,
 "Lend me ten dollars, kid;"
 And when a Senior looks your way,
 Be sure and dip your lid.
 Don't think that women, wine and song
 Were made for little boys;
 And when you come home late at night,
 Soft pedal on the noise.
 "Put on your old grey bonnet" is
 The one song you may sing;
 The widow is your one best girl,
 Your wine—the village spring.
 Don't worry 'bout the Soph'mores, they
 Are still in training, too;
 Though they may try, as young lads will,
 To play some pranks on you.
 A Freshman's life is filled with strife,
 From early morn till night;
 So keep your pants well padded,
 You may come out alright.

A man just can't help feeling foolish every time he hears of a baby being named after him.

Are We Showing Tart?

Roy Bier, '16

When everybody complains of losing material, such as is used in the laboratory, some amounting to several dollars, running even as high as ten to twenty dollars in one college term, should we let this culprit have unchecked liberties, or should we appoint a committee in each year (in the nature of a Pinkerton detective agency) for the purpose of making known the name of the offender to the President and class officers, and that they deal with the case themselves, or report it to be dealt with by the committee and faculty, or either one of these bodies?

It does not, to my mind, seem unfair to a fellow-student, if he is caught with the goods, convicted and then punished.

This "petty theft" is worse than any habit acquired. It has reached its ultimatum, when a student's locker is opened after hours and he is relieved of most of his goods. This occurred last term to several Sophomores and a Junior. The fellow has now actually broken the law of man and God. The faculty, like Pilate, has washed its hands of dealing with such cases, because this "stealing," if I may use the word, has been in existence ever since doors were invented to the different laboratories, and sometimes rather innocent offenders have been brought to shame upon the mat.

It therefore behoves us to find out the guilty one, and not blame the other fellow, because somebody said he took it. If you believe someone really carried away your face bow, barley flask, a dozen burrs, or any thing else that is missing from the locker, then report him to a committee appointed to look after these men.

This committee should be appointed by the faculty, and should deal with such cases for the entire school. If the faculty would take it into their hands of appointing such a committee, then that committee would carry some weight by their judgment of cases. No one should shirk such appointment, if the faculty sees fit to appoint you.

You will not be bad enemies with your friends if you punish anyone, because your friends are not the kind that get caught "lifting" things from another man's locker.

No cultured man would steal his classmate's instruments. We are not cultured, if we hesitate to report one who is guilty. We go to school to be cultured, or educated. Are we applying what we learn in actual life and practice? These are not the essential things

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of an education: "I know he stole Jack's goods, but I don't care as long as he don't steal mine."

Here the student shows the weak traits of human nature (love of self). "I don't care as long as he don't steal mine."

Selfishness is the first thing to be overcome by the college student. Selfishness creates misery and breeds sin. "A greed for gold, which hardens the conscience until one resorts to any means of acquiring capital or gold or instruments or anything else. Here you see the relationship the thief bears to the selfish one who remains silent about the other fellow's wrong doing.

I know of nothing which so quickly predisposes one man to another; nothing which conduces so rapidly to good opinion; nothing which makes so good an impression; nothing which so clearly indicates gentlemanly instincts, as telling the truth. Whatever you do in reporting a fellow-student, be sure you are reporting the guilty one. Be sure you are telling the truth.

Everybody will then agree you did the proper thing, and that you are a blessing to your classmates and your faculty.

We have great need to cultivate a profound regard for this law, "Thou shalt not steal," both human and divine. To trifle with technicalities tends to the growth of that spirit of carelessness (lawlessness) to which human nature is so prone, and which is the end of social security and progress.

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PRICE LIST ON REQUEST.

Earl Fuller has again made his "debanty."

Boyle, '15 (after a short conversation): "Mum's the word, Harold."

Richardson, '15: "Extra dry, Ed., Extra Dry."

Two gentlemen appeared at the door of Shaw's rooming house, and, ringing the bell, asked if this was where Mr. Shaw roomed.

Landlady: "Yes, but he is not in."

Gents: "Well, open the door and we'll bring him in."

There was a young man from the Atlantic,
Who, with a Junior's love, became frantic;
From a school teacher miss
In the hall stole a kiss,
Now, Mac, do you think that romantic?

THE HYA YAKA

A JOURNAL PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO

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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1914.

No. 4



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

A New Year! What a host of thoughts assail us, as our minds try to picture what it will unfold to each one, as day by day we travel through its three-hundred and sixty-five periods, endeavoring to keep pace with our environment and fellow-men.

Entering upon a New Year, we would not advise you to begin it by making a series of "good resolutions;" nay, we would confine you to one, namely, this, that you resolve not to resolve. If you are earnest and sincere in the matter of correcting errors of omission, or of commission, in your life, you will not use New Year's Day as a starting post on the road to reformation. "Now" is the time, and not some future day, even though it be the first of January; hence we have little faith in New Year resolutions.

Secondly, if you have the strength of mind to keep a good resolution, you do not need to make it; if you have not sufficient determination to keep a good resolution, you but further weaken

your will power by making it, and breaking it. We know of a man who made many resolutions and broke them all, with the result that his will power on certain lines is as weak as water; instead of being the king power of his mind, his will is influenced and thwarted by puny whims and petty impulses, and many a time he hangs his head in shame, because of it. Therefore, do not make any so-called "resolutions," but go and do things, and your will will become king, indeed.

If there is something you would like to do, or something you think you had better not do any more, do not begin by swearing by the great horn spoon, and signing your name to it, but just go and "do," or "not do," as the case may be, and say no more about it; and if later you wish to, or do go back to the former state, in either case, you can do so, and still preserve your self respect.

Changes are good; nay, they are necessary for our health and happiness, but we should not give New Year's Day preference over any other day for the bringing of these changes into our habits of life. As for the writer, "by the great horn spoon," he has made up his mind—ah, ah! pretty near slipped up here; but he is not going to make any resolves; just wishes everybody a bright and successful 1914.

Personals

R. G. Ward, '14, has recovered nicely from his operation, and is able to attend to his college duties.

Miss Edwards, B.A., has been appointed to occupy the office left vacant by Miss Violet Vance. We wish her every success in her new department.

"Jimmie" Watson, '14, contemplates visiting his home, Parkhill, "the great metropolis of Ontario," during Easter.

The R.C.D.S. sustained a great loss in the sudden departure for the East of Miss Violet Vance, who was recently joined in matrimony to Dr. J. MacIntyre, a graduate of our College, and a successful practitioner of Ottawa. Miss Vance has been connected

with the Dental College for about ten years, and during that period has given to the institution most valuable and faithful service. We have no hesitation in speaking of Miss Vance, for she was certainly respected and loved by all. Her genial manner, her sturdy independent fearlessness, her sound sense, her honest heart, are but a few of the many beautiful qualities which characterize how peaceably flowed the current of her life. It is with a deep sense of regret that we have to part with her, as her many bright and pleasant thoughts and little heart-to-heart talks were often an inspiration to us all. The "Hya Yaka" extend their sincere congratulations to Mrs. McIntyre.

Dr. Law is certainly to be complimented, with regard to the excellent manner in which he has handled his department. He has distributed the work over the Senior Class most satisfactorily, and the kind accommodation and valuable knowledge that we receive from him in the X-Ray Room is certainly very acceptable. The Seniors wish to express their sincere thanks to him, through the columns of this paper. "Thanks, Doctor."

The "Hya Yaka" express their sincere sympathy for Dr. C. Bricker, who was lately bereaved of his beloved wife. Dr. Bricker has been practising for some time out West, and was recently married to Miss Buchanan. Mrs. Bricker had only been ill for a short time when death ensued.

Dr. W. Manning, of Hamilton, Ont., was in to see us recently.

We think the Nurse could be a trifle more pleasant and a little more accommodating to the Seniors, who do their best to assist her in every way possible in the extracting room.

Dr. Eaman, R.C.D.S., '12, is opening an office in Ottawa.

Dr. J. B. Carmichael visited College early in January. Dr. Carmichael was on his way home to Edmonton, after having spent a pleasant holiday visiting New York and other Eastern Cities.

Recollections of a Gold-rure Graduate

F. Spieres

Arrived at the Institute 4 a.m., after a hard night on the firing line. Rang the bell, and the janitor assisted me into the office of the Professor, who was in charge of the Night School. He asked me what I wanted, and I told him I had arrived at the stage where I wasn't particular—I'd take the same. "O!" said he, brightening, "you want to take a full course." "Do I?" I replied; "well, I've just had one." "Our curriculum offers a great variety of selection," he went on, ignoring my remark. "Courses are given in alcoholism, morphine, tobacco, cocaine, breakfast foods, automonia, and we also treats baloonatics. Now, which course do you prefer?" "I think I'll take the alcohol course," I answered, "but I don't believe you can teach me anything."

The Professor then gave me a physical examination. When finished, he told me that I had a cast-iron stomach and would have to be careful in drinking water, for fear of rusting it, that I also had a hobnail liver, and that my fuses were burnt out. He said my vision was faulty, causing me to mistake a mauve-colored devil-fish for a brocaded boa constrictor; that my steering gear was jammed, and my wheel box over heated, and would have to be kept packed in ice for a time.

He then produced a blank form, which contained the following questions, which I answered:—

Q. How long have you been a victim of the bottle?

A. Ever since I was in swadling clothes.

Q. How much alcohol, in any form, do you consume in a day?

A. As much as I can carry, without being overloaded.

Q. Was your father an inebriate?

A. No; my father was a populist.

Q. Are you married?

A. Uncertain.

Q. What is your business?

A. Philanthropist; I help increase the revenue through the police staff.

Q. Have you any appetite?

A. None, unless whipped up by a little stimulating tonic of some kind.

Q. Do you sleep well?

A. Well, not very well; green monkeys, boa constrictors and heliotrope elephants sometimes keep me awake.

Q. How's your gait?

A. Swift.

The Professor then called an attendant, and told him to tie a block of ice on my head, and put me to bed.

I was assisted to room Skidoo, two flights up. To my surprise, I found the room occupied, and I complimented the Institute on the rare specimens of natural history sitting about in various attitudes. The attendant made no comment; he had probably become accustomed to the animals and didn't notice them. I was chucked into bed, and the last thing I remembered was throwing a pillow at a terra-cotta horned toad on the foot-board. Woke up in the morning, or last night; I don't know which. My head felt like a balloon, and there was a musty, mildewed taste in my mouth, so took a small waker, to wash it down. While dressing, I intently studied the following rules and regulations:—

1. Ring once for a bell boy, twice for two bell boys; three times for ice water, four times for ice without water; ring five times for fun, and you'll be gently assisted down stairs. Any student who ties down the bell button, so that it rings all night, will be expelled.

2. New students must matriculate, i.e., bear evidence of needing the treatment—this is important.

3. Students who drop out are not entitled to rain-checks, and will not be allowed to ride on the water wagon.

4. Students are expected to be present at morning chapel, regardless of headaches or whereabouts the night before.

5. Students failing to take their medicine at the periods required will be given a double dose the following period.

6. The Institute bar is never closed—drinks are always in the house.

7. Students are not allowed to indulge in any of the following songs or poetical selections: "Crossing the Bar," "There's a Lager-beer Saloon Across the Way," "Who Were You With Last Night?" "What's the Matter With Father?" etc.

8. Students that are not able to reach the bar may order the bar brought to their rooms at their own expense.

9. The gymnasium is open for all those who prefer the horizontal bar to the Institute bar.

10. Students exceeding the speed limit will be placed on cracked-ice diet.

Had an eye-opener for breakfast, along with several other Freshmen who entered the Institute.

The Resident Manager gave us a little talk in the Chapel after breakfast, in the uses and abuses of the cork-screw, illustrating his text by opening a bottle of ginger ale with a pearl-handled cork-screw. It was an unwise thing to do, when the cork came out

with a pop, all the students rose, as one man, and made a rush for the bar, where they immediately endeavored to make practical application of the knowledge they got in the clinic.

Later, the medical head of the faculty summoned me to his office, and presented me with a bottle of bichloride of gold, which goes along with the course. He ordered me to take a spoonful every two hours, and come back for more when the bottle was empty. I was given a locker in the dope room, where all the students kept their medicine. I can't say I fancied the medicine, although the students here must take it to be well off. Some of them have several hundred dollars of gold in their system.

This afternoon, some of us Freshmen were shown through the Institute by a guide, who called our attention to many interesting things, such as collections of animals and pets which the students kept in their rooms. Some of us differed with him, however, on the species and color of the animals shown.

Went to Chapel another Sunday morning, and heard a discourse on the Prodigal Son—the story being rendered there.

The Prodigal Son.

Behold a certain man had a son, and what a son of a gun he was. One day, this son spake unto his father, saying: "I'll take what's coming to me, dad; I fain would invest it."

And the father gave unto his son of his substance, and the son departed into a far country, and proceeded to invest the long green that was his portion. He played the races, but never picked the winner; his favorite would lie down at the quarter pole, or go home on the finish, and the bookmaker would get all his money, whereat the bookmaker would be exceedingly glad. The son dollied with the slippery packer chip, and monkeyed with the hat bird and the cold bottle, and thereby got on his head that was exceedingly full of ache.

Thus it befell that one morning, the son woke up without one nickel in his wallet.

Thereupon he girded up his loins and went forth to borrow of those upon whom he had wasted his substance. But when he asked them for money, they told him to beat it, and, after that, they passed him by on the other side.

Now it came to pass that, in his extremity, the prod. remembered his dad, and decided to return to the parental shingles, and negotiate another loan from the Governor.

And when the son saw his father a great way off, he ran forward and fell on his neck, saying: "Father, I've blown in all the dough thou gavest me, and need more. I'm no longer worthy to be called thy son; I would fain partake of the husks the swine do eat."

Then the father said unto the son: "All right, John, go thou to the cornfield, and help thyself. Whereupon the son was exceedingly wrath with himself, and went behind the barn and kicked himself until he was exceedingly sore, muttering between his teeth, as he looked about for the fatted calf: "Who wants to eat husks?"

THE CALAMITY HOWLER

A dog sat out in the midnight chill,
 And howled at the beaming moon!
 His knowledge of music was strictly nil,
 And his voice was out of tune.
 And he howled and howled, as the hours went by,
 While dodging the bricks we threw,
 Till the moon was low in the western sky,
 And his voice was split in two.
 And there wasn't a thing at which to howl,
 Over which a pup should weep,
 And the course of the dog was wrong and foul,
 For people were wild to sleep.
 There are plenty of men like that damp-hool hound,
 Who yell when there's nothing wrong,
 Disturbing the country with senseless sound,
 The pessimist's doleful song.

—CONFISCATED.

"Father, don't men call themselves bachelors before they get married?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And what do they call themselves after, dad?"

"Hush! It isn't fit for little boys to know."

Athletic World



BASKETBALL.

On December 16th, the Dental College Basketball Teams played Senior and Junior School.

In the first game, Jr. Dents defeated Jr. School by a score of 24 to 21. Half-time score was 13—9 in favor of Dents. Reid, Astell, and Harriman starred for Dents, the first of these making some phenomenal shots. Turner hurt his ankle, after five minuets' playing, and had to retire. He was replaced by Leggett. The team was: Forwards, Reid and Barber; centre, Turner and Leggett; defence, Astell and Harriman.

The Senior game was very exciting. Dents led by 11 to 7 at half-time, but School improved in the second half, and evened the score, making it 24 all at full time. Five minutes extra were played, and School scored 6 points to 3 for Dents. Rutledge played for a short time in the second half, but showed lack of condition. Macdonald starred for Dents. The Sr. Dents team was: Forwards, Gardiner and Macdonald; centre, Hamill; defence, Cooper, Rutledge and Tucker.

Jr. Dents lost their game to Trinity, who made such a good showing last year. The game was very close. Harriman's nose was broken in the first half, but he gamely continued, and played a splendid game, despite that handicap. Trinity played excellent combination, and their defence checked hard. Astell starred for Dents, scoring many times from the defence. The score was 22 to 17.

Our boys have been putting up splendid games, but have had considerable hard luck. They should win many games from now on.

The team was the same as that which played against Jr. School, with the exception of Turner, who did not play.

The Senior Dents won their second game in the Sifton Cup series on January 8th, defeating Victoria by 26 to 22. The game was fast and brilliant in spots. In the first half, the Dental team had it all their own way, and showed up to great advantage. The Cooper-Macdonald-Gardiner combination worked as smoothly as oil, and rolled up the half-time score of 18—2. Bill Cooper got the majority of the points, showing that "Our Will," the "Mexican Athlete," has not lost any of his old-time form.

In the second half, Macdonald, who had just recovered from a severe cold, gave his place to McCartney. Vic. had a fresh man in, too, and showed a flash-of-lightning speed. They were within four points of the Dentals, when Macdonald jumped into the game again, and neither side scored after that. Cheney was Victoria's speediest man. The final score was 26—22 for Dents.

Bill Macdonald showed great gameness in turning out for the game in the condition that he was in. He was weakened by a severe cold, but played a great game, despite this handicap.

Cooper was easily the star of the game. The "Boy-Man" would probably be the star basketball player of the University of Toronto, if so much of his time were not devoted to his unremitting study of Dental Science.

YOU CAN'T BEAT CIVILITY

These are words which ought to be lettered in gold or illumined with fire, and hung in every office, shop, factory, corporation and institution in the world. They ought to be a motto for 1914, 1915 and so on to the end of time.

They were uttered in a flash of inspiration by a man in London, whose business is the selling of licensed properties. He was explaining why foreigners—Frenchmen and Italians in particular—are ousting Englishmen in the management and ownership of British hotels and restaurants. "The Englishman can't bow and scrape like the foreigner," said—I've forgotten his name. And then with an intensity which I recall to this day he exclaimed "You can't beat civility."

Think out for yourself the significance and truth of this bit of wisdom. Then apply it in your own case. When you are tempted to be "smart" sneering, ungracious, rude, short, surly, rough or truculent, remember that "you can't beat civility" in your choice of a weapon of offence or defence. It is an oil on troubled waters. It is the sun to thaw out frost in others. It is the check on hasty tempers. It is the solvent of resistance. If you are the one canvassed, be civil. When you grow hot under injustice, rough treatment, discourtesy or malice, remember that the exercise of civility will win you more triumphs than explosions of wrath, or acts of retaliation. Think it out. Test the aphorism. Practice its implied best. And if you find the words and the message good, pass them on.

—John C. Kirkwood



Contributors to this column are requested to write in ink and on only one side of the paper. The name of the contributor is to be signed that the Hya Yaka may know whom to interrogate in case the point of the article is not clear, but the name shall not be published. All Spasms of Mirth should be handed to Local Editor.

Box '17: "Did you ever play hockey with the Dents, Bill?"

Elliott, '14: "I went out one sunny morning in my Freshman year and checked a big guy. When I came to, I found it was (K)night."

You can do and be anything, provided you don't compromise with honor. Real confidence is certain of itself. It is clean, as well as keen—too fine and true a thing to stoop.

There is a good deal of satisfaction to be had from comparing other people's faults with our own virtues.

Some people can manage to make a clean job of it, even when it comes to doing some dirty work.

With an optimist, two and two make five; while, with a pessimist, they make only three.

Speech is silver and silence is golden, the ratio being about sixteen to one.

The man who is different from other men shouldn't brag about it; dime-museum freaks are in the same category.

If Opportunity would only roll up to every man's door in the right type of car, his women-folks would see to it that her knock never went unanswered.

Waiter (to Elliott, '14, at Cafe): "Will you have some pie, sir?"

Elliott, '14: "Is it compulsory?"

Waiter: "No, sir! It is raspberry."

The smallest member of the family usually makes the biggest noise—"That's enough, Schwalm."

Swallowing your grief is a bitter dose.

You can roar with laughter, and you can roar with pain.

McBride, '16: "Ale makes me fat."

Smith, '16: "Ale makes me lean—up against telegraph poles."

FLIP'S DREAM.

Last evening, I was talking
 With a doctor, aged and gray,
 Who told me of a dream he had,
 I think 'twas Christmas Day.
 While snoozing in his office,
 The vision came in view,
 For he saw an angel enter,
 Dressed in garments white and new.
 Said the angel, "My name is Freshie,
 I'm from Heaven, the Lord just sent me down
 To bring you, Flip, up to glory,

And put on your golden crown,
You've been a friend to everyone,
And worked hard night and day;
You've filled teeth by the thousands,
And from few received your pay.
So we want you up in glory,
For you have labored hard,
And the good Lord is preparing
Your eternal, just reward."
Then Flip and the angel
Started up toward glory's gate,
But when passing close to Hades,
Freshie murmured "Wait."
"I have got a place to show you,
It's the hottest place in hell,
Where the ones who never paid you,
In torment always dwell."
And behold Flip saw there
His old patients from Arnprior,
And grabbing up a chair and fan,
He wished for nothing more.
But was bound to sit and watch them,
As they'd sizzle and burn,
And his eyes would rest on debtors,
Which every way they'd burn.
Said Freshie, "Come on, Flip,
There's the pearly gates, I see,"
But Flip only muttered
"This is heaven enough for me."
He refused to go on further,
But preferred to sit and gaze
At the crowd of rank, old dead-heads,
As they lay there in the blaze.
But just then Bill Griggs came in,
Slammed the door and fell,
And Flip awoke to find himself
In neither heaven nor hell.



You May Lead a Horse to Water.

By William J. Burtscher.

YOU MAY lead a horse to water,
 But you cannot make him drink;
 You may send a boy to college,
 But you cannot make him think.
 You may preach some men a sermon,
 But you'll never change their way;
 They will go right on to-morrow
 As they've started out to-day.
 You may tell them to be banking,
 But they'll never save a cent;
 You may urge them to be building,
 But they'll keep on paying rent.
 You may write a lot of verses
 That you'll never see in print;
 You may tell a bore you're busy,
 But he'll never take the hint.
 You may lead some men to business,
 But they'll never make a start;
 You may show some men their duty,
 But they'll never do their part.
 You may dress some folks in satin,
 But you'll never change their looks;
 You may give some folks a bookstore,
 But they'll never read the books.
 You may lead a horse to water,
 But you'll find this true, I think,
 That unless the horse is thirsty,
 There's no way to make him drink.

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The HYA YAKA

Vol XII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 5

Teaching Modern Dental Pathology

A. E. Webster, D.D.S., M.D., Toronto, Ont.

The next great advance in dentistry will be in Dental Pathology. The time is ripe. Attention is being focused from many angles upon the hundred and one unexplained diseases of the teeth and mouth.

We have boasted of our mechanical skill so long that the public judge our dental education by the shine we put on gold crowns. It is high time that we teach our students and the public that our advice is of equal, if not of greater, value than our mechanical skill. The oral hygiene movement has done much for the advancement of true dentistry, but few dental schools on this continent have even followed, not to mention lead, in this.

General Clinic.

Clinical Dental Pathology should be taught as a part of the didactic course, and should extend over the same period of time, and be illustrative of it. Such cases as illustrate the lectures should be selected from the examining room and brought before the students in clinics.

Patients should be received, advised and treated in the same manner in a dental hospital as in a general hospital. Students should be present and assist in the work. Such a clinic should be conducted by the teachers of the largest experience. A man whose opinions as to the reasons for general diseases caused from the mouth and mouth diseases caused from general diseases would be of the greatest value. A few well-selected cases discussed and advised upon would be of much greater value than a score of mechanical operations performed for patients without an understanding of the underlying principles involved. There ought to be developed in connection with every dental school a clinic where patients could receive advice upon anything and everything pertaining to the condition and diseases of their mouths and the effect of an uncared-for mouth on the general health. It should not be necessary that all patients receiving advice at such a clinic should be treated in the infirmary of the college. Such a clinic should be held at a definite hour, once or twice a week. Cases of special interest should be referred to this clinic from the general examination room for the reception of patients.

On each clinic day two to four students should present a patient and give a complete report of their findings and advice. They should have at least an hour or more to examine and study the case before presenting it. The library, X-ray room, and pathological laboratory should be available to such students in preparing their cases. The clinician should have previously examined the case. The students should be assisted, corrected, questioned and advised in every possible detail bearing on the case they present. Such a

method of examination and study of cases would teach students and patients that there are real problems in dentistry worthy of study, and the library, museum, X-ray, and laboratories are all necessary adjuvants in their solution. At such a clinic students should be questioned on the anatomy, physiology, chemistry and histology, as well as the pathology of the cases presented, and thus show their value in dentistry. The clinician should examine and present a few cases himself at each clinic to illustrate how he arrives at conclusions. Cases which had been previously examined and sent on for treatment should be again presented before the clinic when completed or during treatment. Such a clinic properly conducted would become so attractive to students that there would be no question of attendance.

Chairside Clinic in the Infirmary.

While the general clinic is of great value to bring before all the students a great variety of cases, and especially rare ones, it is at the chairside that students must be taught how to observe and learn the facts of dental pathology. The severest charge at the door of the dental profession to-day is the lack of appreciation of the significance of the many changing and diversified manifestations of disorders in the human mouth, e.g., there is no classification of the many forms of gingivitis, phorrrhea or pulpitis. By the chair with only a few present is the only place to study these questions. A clinician could go from chair to chair, telling students what to do and what not to do, and could thereby lay no more claim to being an educator than the boss of a bunch of navvies. No demonstrator can teach what he doesn't know himself, and very few can teach what they do know. The demonstrators should be prepared on all subjects or know where the information may be found. A patient has pain from a tooth. It is a poor method of teaching to tell the student to heat some gutta percha and touch it to a certain tooth to see if it is alive. Far better to ask the student for all the causes of pain in or about a tooth. Then by a process of exclusion arrive at the one which is most likely the cause of this pain. This will involve testing the teeth for the vitality of their pulps. Ask the student for all the methods of making such a test, and by a similar manner of exclusion select the most suitable method. By the first method the student learns one stunt, by the latter he reviews his text-books and lectures, and learns a proper basis upon which to arrive at a conclusion, and has had an exercise in reasoning from what he already knows.

A tumor is found opposite the end of the root of the upper lateral incisor. It would be a poor method of teaching to tell the student to drill through the lingual surface of the crown to the pulp chamber and put some creosote into the cavity and seal it with cement. What a lesson could be taught in bacteriology, pathology, dental anatomy, histology, and therapeutics from such a case? e.g., What are tumors? Classify them. What are the chief characteristics of each? What are the subjective and objective symptoms in this one? To which class of tumors do the symptoms point? What would be the pathological findings if diagnosis is correct? What would be the treatment? These questions illustrate only one direction question might take. When such a case is found in the infirmary it is well to gather all the students near by for a few minutes to see,

hear, and be quizzed. If the patient is not suffering pain and the student shows a profound ignorance of the case, the patient should be dismissed and the student informed of the presence of a library in the college and text-books of his own. The student should be quizzed carefully over the subject before he again proceeds with the case.

If a demonstrator has gone carefully over the pathology of a case with a student, or directed him to look up the museum, library, X-ray room, or pathological laboratory to assist him, he must see to it that his instructions are carried out, and to insure this, other demonstrators before whom the case might be presented must be informed of what he has directed the student to do. Cases must be followed so that they can show the student the verification of their teachings.

The Dental Library and the text-books ought to be the companion and refuge of the clinician. Generally, clinicians are so busy going from chair to chair, and have little time to think. But if the habit were followed of referring constantly to the literature of the subjects taught, much time could be saved. Students should be encouraged to study each case carefully, rather than ask the clinician for everything. They can always have books as companions, but not teachers, and if they do not learn how to use their library they go out helpless indeed. The same use of the library and text-books should be encouraged in the general clinic. In fact, it is a good idea for the clinicians to look up subjects in the texts in the presence of the students, so as to show them what books are for and how to use them. A set of the text-books recommended for students' use might well be placed in the infirmary office for reference.

The X-ray is so valuable an assistance in diagnosis and study of dental pathology that modern dentistry demands its use. Students should be taught how to read both the negative and the positive. They should see enough radiographs to become familiar with shadows of normal and pathological tissues.

A well-equipped dental museum should contain specimens of a large number of the ordinary diseases, defects and deformities found about the mouth. Clinicians should be familiar with the specimens in the museum, and direct students to them for study and comparison with those seen in the clinic.

The Pathological Laboratory is an essential part of a dental clinic. All kinds of pathological specimens should be sent to the laboratory for examination. Students should be required to take their own specimens from patients and carry on the examination in the laboratory and afterwards report to the clinic. It is hardly necessary to point out the value of this both to the clinician and the student. It is a remarkable thing how an infirmary clinic can run for months and not find a case in which the pathological laboratory would be of any assistance in making a diagnosis. The fact of the matter is there is more clinical material going to waste about every dental college than there is used. Judging from what they do, some students leave our halls believing that extracting teeth and making dentures is dentistry; others that making crowns and bridges is dentistry. Others again believe that filling teeth is dentistry. A few believe that treating and preventing dental caries is dentistry, and still fewer believe that advising and directing the public in how

to care for the month as a means of maintaining bodily health and strength is practising dentistry. While, as a matter of fact, all these and more constitute the practice of dentistry. Students get their views of dentistry from what is practised in the infirmary, and not from what is said in the lecture hall. If dental pathology is not taught clinically, the student doesn't learn it. The clinician is the most important teacher in a dental college, and by the same token the one of least experience and the recipient of the smallest salary.

Minor Surgery Clinic.

The minor surgery clinic is perhaps the one place where almost every case treated has a definite pathological history which ought to be studied.

Subjects Which Should Be Taught Clinically.

Examination of Patients.

Eruption, Development, Absorption and Loss of Temporary Teeth; Defects and Abnormalities.

Permanent Teeth—Eruption, Calcification, Defects, Anomalies, Deformities, Irregularities, Mal occlusion, Supernumeraries, Lack of Development of Jaws and Teeth.

Dental Caries, Erosions, Abrasions. Consequence of each—Pulpitis, Pericementitis, Dento Alveolar Abscess, Osteo Myelitis, Cellulitis.

Fractures of Teeth, Process, Jaws.

Soft Parts of Mouth—Acute Infections, Chronic Infections, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Tuberculosis.

New Growth—Sarcoma, Carcinoma, etc.

Cysts.

Pregnancy—Effects on teeth and soft parts.

Results of Good and Bad Dentistry—Mastication and Diet, Systemic affections manifested in the mouth; mouth conditions cause of systemic affections; Saliva and Mucus.

How to Teach Above.

Misfits.

It was Robert's first visit to the Zoo.

"What do you think of the animals?" inquired Uncle Ben.

After a critical inspection of the exhibit, the boy replied:

"I think the kangaroo and the elephant should change tails."

No Enthusiast.

Mother: "I am afraid Laura will never become a great pianist."

Father: "What makes you so discouraged?"

Mother: "This morning she seemed beside herself with joy when I told her she must omit her music lesson to go to the dentist."

Newfoundland

A. E. Benson, '17

Lying across the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is an island known as Newfoundland, but very frequently spoken of by Canadians as "the land of fish and fog." Being a son of "Terra Nova," and having spent the greater part of my life fishing in its waters, roaming its forests in search of game, or sailing around the coasts admiring its picturesque scenery, I might be permitted to speak or write with some authority on this my native land.

I understand that I have the honor of being the first student from Newfoundland registering with the Royal College of Dental Surgeons in this city, so, thinking that perhaps some of the readers of the "Hya Yaka" might be a little interested in England's oldest colony, I write this brief article relating to one or two matters only as the thoughts of a student who at this time of the year cannot long dwell on anything outside of his course of study.

For many years after its discovery, it is true, all that was known of Newfoundland was summed up in Burns' lines in his "Twa Dogs": "Some place abroad where sailor gang to fish for cod." But it has been discovered in later years by the outside world that Newfoundland contains some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery that the traveller can find in any land. The mistaken ideas that prevailed among many people that the island was the greater part of the year mostly shrouded by a curtain of fog, and that the interior was a region of dismal swamps and naked rocks, have been dispelled. Newfoundland is now fast becoming one of the most popular summer resorts. Every year witnesses an increasing number of visitors from all parts of the world. Tourists in search of the picturesque and beautiful, travellers, health-seekers and sportsmen, who carry back with them glowing reports of the wonderful attractions of this land, well named the "Norway of the New World."

As a sanitarium—a health resort—Newfoundland is taking a high place. Here the peoples of other countries find a welcome escape from the burning heat of their own summers. After a few weeks near the coast inhaling the sea breezes, and exposed to the life-giving rays of the sun, the invalid who has gone there with shattered nerves and fluttering pulse generally returns with a new supply of iron in his blood and a sense of well-being which makes it a luxury to live.

Then again, the person in quest of sport can find there all that he needs, climbing its rocky heights, wandering through its valleys and plains, plying the angler's rod on its countless lakes, stalking the lordly caribou, or shooting the partridge and other fowl, which are numerous. All this to the inhabitant of the smoky, dust-laden city is like passing into a newer and brighter state of existence and enjoying for a time a purer and better life.

An American professor, one of the most eminent geologists of that country, some time ago spent three months with a party of scientists on the west coast of the island, engaged in searching for fossils, and after giving an account of his excursion and some of the valuable collections made, he says: "I can never expect to get so

much pleasure, combined with intellectual profit, out of any future trip."

A late ecclesiastical divine, writing an account of his trip to the island some years ago, says: "Thousands from the United States and Canada yearly flock to Europe and write rapturous accounts of the scenes over which poetry or fiction has thrown a glamor, while for a trifling outlay and without the discomforts of a long sea voyage, they could by visiting Newfoundland enjoy a cool and healthy summer, and revel in all the wild grandeur of Alpine scenery, or dream away the hours by lakes and bays compared with which Killarney and Loch Katrine are but tame and uninviting pools."

Time will not permit me now to refer at any length to the sporting attractions of the island. I might on some future occasion, if you readers find it at all interesting, deal with some other topics in connection with Newfoundland, whose story is in many ways one of unique interest.

Pronunciation.

Here is a good story about a group of Scottish lawyers who were gathered round a brew of toddy one evening. The conversation turned upon a question of pronunciation.

"Now, I always say 'neether,'" one of the lawyers said, in discussing the pronunciation of the word "neither."

"I say 'nayther,'" remarked another lawyer. Turning to a third, he asked: "What do you say, Sandy?"

Sandy, whose head was a little muddled by too many helpings of toddy, woke up from a gentle snooze. "Me?" he said. "Oh, I say 'whusky.'"

Mrs. Clarke came running hurriedly into her husband's office one morning.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried, as she gasped for breath. "I dropped my diamond ring off my finger, and I can't find it anywhere!"

"It's all right, Bess," replied Mr. Clarke. "I came across it in my trousers-pocket."

"My work," remarked the bald-headed dentist, "is so painless that my patients often fall asleep in the chair while I am operating."

"Huh, that's nothing," retorted his rival. "My patients nearly all insist on having their pictures taken while I am at work, in order to catch the expression of delight on their faces."

Wild Son: "Dad, I'm going to trace back our ancestors."

Father: "Drop it! You've disgraced the family enough by smoking cigarettes!"

A lot of kindness would be left undone if everybody waited until they were rich'

When it comes to getting the news, about all the average woman needs is a front window.

An Inland Water Trip

H. K. Richardson, '15

It has been proven to us that environment moulds one's character. It influences our mental, physical and moral development. We, as men who are entering a profession which is very confining, should not overlook the fact that we, at least once a year, should have a change of environment. The time we set apart for that change is usually one of the summer months. It seems to me there is no more complete change from the nervous strain of the conscientious practitioner than a water trip of long duration. We may not all be able to afford a trip to the Mother country. Nature has given Canadians a chain of inland lakes which are unsurpassed, and last summer it was a pleasure for me to take what is claimed to be the finest inland water trip in the world. It was from Toronto to Chicoutimi, a distance of over seven hundred and sixty miles, by the R. & O. steamers. There is no other company which can offer you such a trip with such varied scenery.

Although this sounds like an advertisement for the navigation company, I do not for one moment intend it for such, but utter it knowing it to be the sentiment yearly voiced by thousands of Americans, who are never hesitant in giving credit where it is due. My cousin and I, after cogitating as to where to spend the balance of our vacation last summer, wisely decided that a trip down the St. Lawrence would be preferable to any other, offering, as it did, a continual change of scenery and bracing air.

After making our reservations and safely storing away our baggage, we ensconced ourselves on the hurricane deck forward. We left Toronto at two-thirty one bright Thursday afternoon in June on board the steamer "Kingston." As we sailed out the Eastern Gap into Lake Ontario we took a course almost southeast, bound for Charlotte, N.Y., the port of Rochester, which was a distance of ninety-six miles. We spent the afternoon reading, seated comfortably reclined with a large steamer rug over us. At dinner time we found our appetites were good. About eight o'clock we could see the lights of Ontario Beach Park, one of Rochester's amusement resorts. It was a beautiful sight to behold that electric city from a distance. In a short time we were up the Genesee River and landed at Charlotte. As we had two hours there, we visited the amusement park and took in all the headliners there. We both agreed that the Virginia reel had everything beaten for excitement. Charlotte has more saloons and beer gardens for its size than any village I have ever seen.

After leaving Charlotte we were ready for a sleep, so we retired to our stateroom. The night saloon watch called us at four, and we were dressed and on deck in time to see day breaking on those cold grey walls of the Kingston Penitentiary. A number of other passengers, to whom likewise the trip was new, had also risen at this early hour, and were engaged in earnest and animated conversation on the port side of the steamer. One solemn-looking young fellow, who apparently had not arisen, having never retired, and who proclaimed in no uncertain, although in slightly unintelligible and hiccoughy

language that he was a law student, was pleading a case for one of the prisoners in the distant pen. We next saw in the distance the various buildings of Queen's University. Our stop at the Limestone City was very short. We left there at six a.m., and entered the mighty St. Lawrence River. On our left we saw the Royal Military College. We reached Clayton, N.Y., shortly after seven o'clock, which is the terminus of the New York Central Railway. Clayton is the gateway to the Thousand Islands, and between it and Alexandria Bay we have all the main summer homes dotted on both sides of the American channel. Just opposite Clayton is situated Calumet Island, and on it is the palatial summer home of Charles Emery, of New York. The horticultural effects were beautiful, and appealed to us greatly. In a few minutes after we left Clayton we passed Round Island on our right. We saw the ruins of the Frontenac Hotel, which was once the best in the islands, but was destroyed by fire in 1911. Next on our left was passed Wellesley Island, which is one of the largest of the group. The Columbian Hotel at Thousand Island Park, surrounded by hundreds of summer cottages, appeared as the acme of perfection in summer resort possibilities. At this point of our trip my cousin was allowing his marine glasses to focus upon the various verandahs, hoping, fruitlessly it is true, that some fair flower of this apparent garden would at last glance towards the steamer. We soon caught sight of Browning's beautiful summer home, and next to it was Castle Rest, built by the late George Pullman, the maker of the palace car. Steaming into Alexandria Bay, we got a panoramic view which was impressed upon our minds with an indelible hue. It was a sight which I am sure neither of us could ever forget. On our right we saw the beautiful hotels, the Thousand Island and the Crossman, and on our left the magnificent castles on Imperial Isle, built by Rafferty, of Pittsburgh, and on Heart Island, built by George Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. To attempt to describe the various architectural beauties or the individuality of the designs employed would indeed be a hopeless task on paper. However, with a great hesitancy and a full appreciation of my own inability to portray the scenes in the language which they merit, I will briefly describe them as they appeared to me. On "Imperial Isle," situated right opposite the bay, could be seen a massive structure, which was built of red stone. It was this very massiveness that seemed to impress us most. Next our eyes rested on "Heart Island." Here rose a castle built like those on the Rhine River, and left in an unfinished state owing to the death of Boldt's wife before its completion, thus possibly earning for it the more apt name of "Heart's desire unfulfilled." Although uncompleted, this building cost over a million and a half, just one million less than our own City Hall. This will give the reader somewhat of an idea of the costly interior fittings, as well as the exterior finish of these castles. We stopped next at Brockville, and shortly after we reached Prescott. Here we transferred to an observation steamer, the "Rapids Prince," as the "Kingston" was too large for the rapids trip.

This part of our trip was particularly interesting, as on board the "Rapids Prince" the energetic news agent, acting as spieler, pointed out the different places of interest all the way through from Prescott to Montreal. We reached the first rough rapids at noon,

and the descent was remarkable. Before us we could see a seething mass of churning waters, rushing with headlong speed down a declivity which stretched ahead apparently without termination. The speed was almost shut off here, and the current carried us through at a speed of twenty miles an hour. On the trip from Prescott to Montreal, a distance of one hundred and twenty five miles, there is a descent of two hundred and twenty feet.

After the spieler had given his lecture on the Long Sault Rapids he introduced to us a set of post cards of the trip from Prescott to Montreal. Everyone bought a package, as far as I could see. It was a unique way he had of introducing his line of goods. During the entire trip he kept pressing his guide book, which was "The All Round Route and Panoramic Guide." At present I can't think of any summer resort in America that wasn't indexed in that guide.

Our next stop was Cornwall. Just opposite the town of Cornwall we saw the Dominion Government Indian Reservation of Cornwall Island. Only one white man resides on the reservation.

After crossing Lake St. Francis, from which we could see the Adirondaek Mountains on the south, we reached the next four sets of rapids between 3.30 and 4.30. These were the Coteau, Cedars, Split Rock and Cascades. The Coteau Rapids were very shallow. The Cedars interested us more than any we had yet seen. At one point in the Cedars we travelled between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. Just imagine a steamer running at the speed of a railroad train. It was a wonderful sight to observe the shore line and get an idea of the rate at which we were travelling. In the above-mentioned four sets of rapids there is a descent of eighty-four feet in a distance of about twelve miles. If space would permit, I would give my readers a more detailed description of every set of rapids. The last rapids are the Lachine, which we struck shortly before six o'clock. These proved the most interesting and exciting of all to us. They had the greatest drop in the shortest distance of any. We noticed three distinct drops, which were called cellars. A huge ledge of rock could be seen projecting out of the water. Here everyone on deck held their breath. The boat was rushing at a fast rate towards a huge ledge of rock, but our pilot was ready for the sharp turn he had to make. In a moment we had shot past and were safely guided through the first cellar. The spieler explained the danger at all these points, and when we were safely through, he gave us a talk on Big John Batisse, the first R. & O. pilot, and the only man who ever attempted to shoot the rapids in a canoe. He sold all the Big John cards he had. He couldn't hand them out fast enough. Soon we passed under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, which is the longest in America, and shortly after we landed in Montreal at 6.30 on Friday evening.

We got on board the steamer "Saguenay," which left at 7.30. The description of the remaining part of the trip will have to be very concise. We reached the historic city of Quebec on Saturday morning at 5 o'clock, and left at 6.30. We reached the head of the Saguenay River on Saturday night. We lay there until Sunday morning, so that our return trip by the Capes would be by daylight. We both felt sleepy all the time. This was due to the salt air. Capes Trinity and Eternity are over eighteen hundred feet high, and all the way up the river the scenery is mountainous. Here, above

all other places, the grandest works of man sing into insignificance. One could not describe the feeling of awe that comes vore one as one gazes upon those capes. Here the boat whistles, and the echo can be heard distinctly three times. Calm and unbroken is the solitude of nature in this her temple. Peace inviolate is the guerdon of her warfare, and the loneliness of her grandeur is the highest monument of her triumph. On the beautiful Saguenay at every turn some new and unexpected beauty meets the eye. Distinct, bearing the stamp of individuality, yet inseparably from the whole. Projecting rock and sheltered cove, fir-crowned cliff and open bay, each to the other lends a charm, and even the silent bosom of the water contributes its praise, for in its unfathomable depths are mirrored the heights which seem to us soar into the infinite. Going up the river Saturday night a searchlight was kept in play, which lent enchantment to the wild, forest-covered, mountainous scenery.

Thus our trip through the Venetian scenery of the Thousand Islands, the descent of all the marvellous rapids of the St. Lawrence, on to Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, then to Quebec, with its historic associations, and then, finally, the incomparable Saguenay River, with all its majestic capes, seem to us to have earned its title as "the finest inland water trip in the world." The writer hopes that everyone will, at some future date, make this trip. It is a good outing for old maids, convalescents and honeymooners. Only three of us can be the first-mentioned; if we look to our health we will not likely have to go as convalescents, so the last-mentioned will be in order for us all in years to come.

One predicts a future for the school boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears, and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

Recognition.

The bored youth turned to his dinner partner with a yawn.

"Who is that strange-looking man over there, who stares at me so much?" he drawled.

"Oh, that's Professor Jenkins," she replied, "the famous expert on insanity."

His Guess.

Father: "Now, what's the old hen eating them tacks for?"

Harry (just home from college): "Perhaps she is going to lay a carpet."

Some men seem to think that just because their wives took them for better or worse, they've got to give them the worst of it.

The Louliest Shrub of Spring

W. B. Mitchell

The good, old-fashioned lilac is one of the best garden shrubs ever discovered. If a person has a fancy for garden plants, he certainly cannot dispense with the lilacs. On the other hand, if he prides himself on being a modern and up-to-date horticulturist, he is sure to exhibit some of the splendid new varieties of lilacs originated the last few years.

Without casting any reflections on the old-time favorites, it must be admitted that these new varieties are a genuine revelation. The individual flowers and the trusses are much larger and better formed, while some of the new sorts present gorgeous and delicious colors not known in the old gardens of lilacs. Some of the new double varieties in particular are so different from the well-known kinds as to pass almost for a new species of garden plant.

Opinions differ as to the best kinds, but I am partial to the single white sorts, such as Marie Legraye, Frau Bertha Mammann, and Alba-grandiflora. Still, I would not want to do without some of the other colors, as Charles X., a dark lilac, or that splendid dark purple variety, Ludwig Spaeth. Then too, it would be necessary to have a certain number of the double kinds. The choice would be among the following varieties: Abel Carriere, with very large blue flowers; President Carnot, pale lilac; Emile Lemoine, lilac rose; Madame Lemoine, white; Madame Casimir-Perier, also white, and extra good. It would be to one's advantage in seeking information to visit a good collection of the new varieties at blossom time, such as may be seen at Rochester.

There are many splendid lilacs besides those belonging to the common species. For example, the Persian lilac is a type which is pretty well known all over the country. The plant is much more graceful and desirable than the common lilac, and the flowers are borne abundantly in magnificent feathery trusses.

There are several varieties of this species also, including one or two good white kinds. Then there is the Rouen lilac. It forms a large, lusty, but graceful bush, and bears heavy loads of large trusses of moderately fragrant flowers. We have also the big Japanese lilac, which grows into a small tree twenty feet tall, bearing very large panicles of white flowers long after all the other kinds are gone. The Japanese lilac, however, has a rank odor, very different from that of the old garden varieties. Indeed, the single flowering varieties, such as Alba-grandiflora and Marie Legraye, have the richest perfume, and no one should ever lose sight of the fact that this rich perfume is one of the lilac's greatest charms.

Transplanting is usually safe and easy, but for best results should be performed in the fall. Spring planting should be very early, as the lilac is one of the first plants to make advances towards maturity. The lilac will grow in almost any soil, but rich moist soil is preferred.

The usual methods of soil improvement, such as cultivation and fertilizing, can be applied with benefit to the lilacs.

Lilac bushes should be moderately pruned every year, and it is very desirable this should be attended to immediately after the flowers have faded. First remove the dead flower trusses, afterwards cleanly cutting back any broken branches. It is an excellent plan to remove occasionally some of the big gnarled stems clean down to the ground. These are naturally replaced without delay by new stems growing up in their place, and thus the plants are progressively rejuvenated. This removal of old stems can well be practised early in the spring, just as the snow is growing. The lilacs are fortunately freer from all insects and fungous pests of a strictly serious nature. This fact is in itself a definite recommendation for them. The common varieties and most of the other kinds are extremely hardy.

The plants themselves make attractive masses against most dewlings, but reach their best when planted in masses bordering open stretches of lawn. Such masses should be sketched in with free outline and the plants placed close together, so as to lose their individuality in the rich flowering outlines of the group. Care should be taken in designing such lawn groups to avoid unpleasant mixtures of color. It is best to have one or two varieties in a group, with a considerable number of plants of each variety, and whenever there is any doubt about harmonization of colors it is best to put in a white variety. Varieties having the genuine "lilac color," however, can generally be relied on to blend with the various blue and rose shades of the modern catalogue.

From the standpoint of a true lover of the lilac, I must protest against ever breaking off its flowers. Cut carefully with a sharp knife or shears, but do not break off the flowering branches, leaving them splintered and torn. Such careless gathering of the blossoms has ruined many a beautiful lilac bush, but careful cutting, even a great deal of it, will not hurt the growth.

H. Wright, '15 (with girl at station): "I do so hate to have you go," as tearfully sped his parting guest. But, as the train moved off, he smiled, "Lord! How I'll love to get a rest."

A Reflection.

Spiers, '14 (growing restless during a delay at the hospital clinic): "Say, fellows, if the Atheist does not hurry up, we should go home. Don't you think so?"

No class of people have more competition than liars.

Father: "Has your course taught you anything?"

Smockum, '15: "Has it? You ought to see me operate a cork screw."

No matter how square a man may be, he'll usually look round, if you call him.

A Little Talk about the West Indies

Dr. A. Lawyer

It is a long hike (or a far call) from the Saskatchewan that Mr. Cyril La Verne Pattison tells us of in the November "Hya Yaka," to the tropics of the Barbadoes, or the semi-tropics of Bermuda and the other beautiful islands of the West Indies that go to make up the chain that reaches round the world and constitutes the British Empire. Yet if one happens to be in Barbadoes, where I met a graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons practising his profession, or in the Bahamas, nearer home, he will be surprised to hear the same reveille as on Parliament Hill in Ottawa or in Regina. And then, on looking round, he will see the flag, the same flag, and unconsciously will quote—

"It's only a bit of bunting,
It's only a tattered old rang,
Yet thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for the flag."

Thus you see one can scarcely be lonely or homesick, if one is a Canadian, whether in the frost and snow of Saskatchewan or under the rays of a mid-day sun where the sands are always hot. Mr. Pattison, with his fur-lined overcoat, may have the Northwest; the lure of the tropics thrall'd me, and soon as possible I will return to the sunshine and roses and (may I say) black people.

I spent a year—summer and winter—in the city of Nassau, in the Bahamas. The Bahamas are a group of islands lying north and east of Cuba. They were discovered by the Spaniards, and added interest may be taken when we realize upon one of these, Watling's, a small island east of Cat Island, Columbus first set foot upon the Western hemisphere.

The Bahamas have been a British possession since 1629. Evidences of Spanish occupation may be seen in the burial places and tombs, which are above ground here as elsewhere in Spanish American places.

In the Bahama group are 26 large islands, 647 keys, and 207 reefs and islets, a total of 3,060 islands and islets, of which 25 are inhabited. The chief island politically is New Providence, with an area of about 85 square miles. Nassau, on this island, is the capital of the group, and is an attractive city of about 15,000 inhabitants. This city is the chief seaport and commercial centre, as well as the capital of the group. The island is within the Gulf Stream, and the regularity of the Trade Winds provides New Providence with an equable temperature, being about 72 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the entire season. This superb climate makes it a popular winter resort, but apart from this there are many points of interest in Nassau and vicinity, and much that is novel to see and investigate. In Nassau there are two splendid hotels, a considerable number of excellent boarding-houses, besides villas and cottages to let. There is an interesting street with curio shops and other stores. There are three forts—Fort Charlotte at the entrance of the harbor, Fort Montague and Fort Fincastle. The Queen's staircase, a long flight of steps cut in the solid rock, is one of Nassau's sights.

Then besides there are many points of interest outside of Nassau, such as the Sea Gardens, where sea growths and fishes of wonderful shapes and colorings may be seen through waters of crystal clearness. Any day one can hire a boat and crew and take a trip through these marine gardens in a glass-bottomed boat. While gazing down through the glass and the clear waters I recalled some lines from an old school reader, thus—

“Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew;
But in its bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the deep and glossy brine.”

This treat will never be forgotten, I assure you.

These islands are mostly of coral formation, and the clean, rock-hewn roads and peculiar vegetation are thus accounted for. The uninitiated are always surprised at the wealth and variety of tropical vegetation which flourishes in a rock soil composed largely of powdered limestone.

Another thing that will more than puzzle the wayfarer there is the fresh water supply of these islands, surrounded as they are by heavy, bitter, salt sea water. On some of the “out” islands fresh water can only be obtained within the tide-mark. I have here before me a little poem written by the Rev. John Ker, D.D.

On lighting upon a spring of sweet water within the tide-mark on the coast of Argyleshire, he thus wrote:—

“**The Seaside Well.**”

“One day I wandered where the salt sea tide
Backward had driven its wave,
And found a spring as sweet as e'er hillside
To wildflower gave.

Freshly it sparkled in the sun's bright look,
And 'mid the pebbles stray'd,
As if it thought to join a happy brook
On some bright glade.

But soon the heavy sea's resistless swell
Came rolling in once more;
Spreading its bitter o'er the clear sweet well
And pebbled shore.

Like a fair star thick buried in a cloud,
Or life, in the grave's gloom,
The well, enwrapped in a deep watery shroud
Sunk to its tomb.

As one who by the beach roams far and wide,
Remnant of wreck to save,
Again I wondered where the salt sea tide
Withdrew its wave.

And there, unchanged, no taint in all its sweet,
No anger in its tone,
Still as it thought some happy brook to meet
The spring flowed on.”

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And so, too, a well miles from the coast will rise a foot or more when the tide flows in, and fall to normal again when the tide ebbs. Thus one must reason that the fresh, sweet, clear water of these wells must be filtered through the porous coral which constitutes the formation of these islands. Still one asks what fresh water and where does it come from to sustain the life of insect, bird and wild animal? For, without fresh water, nothing could live on land, and though I lived for several years there, I didn't learn just where the fresh water supply comes from. There is little rain during our summer months, but very heavy dews fall and vegetation must surely be nourished by what is absorbed from the coral on which it grows. When you visit down there, don't forget to ask about this, and, if you learn, you can tell me what I'd like to know. The "Ward Line" of steamships, which leave New York weekly, will bring you to Nassau in three days, and if once you visit there, and if ever after you happen to be sick, are rich and in the cold north, you will want to get away down there and see what old Dr. Nassau can do for you, for he prescribes sunshine and roses, and a life and a people whom, if you treat well, are good friends, and, if you pay them, they will serve you well. They are gentle and inoffensive. There are other islands where the big Flag floats. To reach these, the Quebec Line of steamers sail from New York or the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, which sail from Halifax, as well as from New York. The other islands which these steamers visit weekly are Grenada, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Dominica, Montserrat, Antigua, St. Philip, Barbados, Trinidad and Jamaica. To the large and beautiful island of Jamaica, I will make no more than a reference. This island has a history and a most interesting one for the student of history. It offers both a temperate and a Tropical climate within the narrow compass of 144 miles East to West and $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 44 miles North to South. Kingston is the capital, with about 70,000 population, which, besides white people and negroes, contains a percentage of East Indians (there are quite a number of East Indians in Barbados also), Chinese and Syrians. But histories have been written and many books about this beautiful island, but, best of all, save money, my friend, buy a ticket, and go there yourself, and see this beauty spot, this link in the Imperial chain; see the black constabulary and hear the bugle call in reveille, and forget Saskatchewan, under the warm sun and the splendid midnights of these Tropical lands. You won't find it hard to do so, I'm quite sure.

While in Barbados, I went to a dentist's office, and, as I wore at my throat a pin with the maple leaf, this dentist said, "Are you a Canadian?" Of course, I said "Yes." He said, "So am I." He lives there, makes his home there, and practices his profession. He is a graduate of the R.C.D.S., of Toronto.

Then there is Trinidad—the land of the humming bird. This island lies about 10 degrees north of the Equator, along the northern coast of the South African Continent, and in the delta of the Dropoco River. The alluvial deposits carried by this river from the mountainous regions of the Cindes give sustenance to the soil of the island, so that Trinidad stands proudly as the richest among the rich array of rich lands of the West Indies. These alluvial soils are of almost inexhaustible fertility and on them are located extensive sugar plantations and here and there are cocoa, rubber and banana estates, while along the shore coconut palms flourish.

In the shaded valleys, the cocoa tree reaches perfection and produces in abundance its "golden beans." There are still tracts which can be purchased by settlers at a low figure. The genial climate and the productiveness of the soil which repays the husbandman is hard to surpass anywhere, and it is not very far from the surface of this isle that wealth may be had. There is a pitch lake at La Brea, which yields asphalt year after year. The mineral pitch dug from this famous lake has been distributed over the world, and we now walk for miles upon miles over pavements with it in all parts of the globe. And the petroleum wells and the oil fields of Trinidad are only lately being properly worked, and, with the opening of the Panama Canal, it is, as yet, impossible to tell to what commercial prosperity and political importance even this one industry may raise the Land of the Humming Bird. There are also coal, iron and graphite deposits, which need the financier, when they, too, will add their quota to the wealth of the Colony. Port of Spain, the Capital, is about twelve miles from the Scenic Bocos, through which the Gulf is entered. The streets in Port of Spain are broad and nicely kept, and many cool squares and public recreation grounds, the largest being the Savannah, comprising about 120 acres.

As to sanitation, there is little to be asked. Educational facilities are excellent; primary, as well as secondary, schools being of high standard. Then there are Queen's Royal College and St. Mary's College. In Port of Spain is the headquarters in the West Indies of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and there the Company's Trans-Atlantic and New York lines connect with the Inter-Colonial services. There is a well-equipped Government Floating Dock of 4,000 tons capacity, just inside the Bocos. So you will note that, if the opportunities open here to colonists are great, so are the delights which await the traveller, who comes to its hospitable shore.

A charming voyage across the Atlantic and the Carribean Sea, and the visitor finds himself in a realm of unsurpassed beauty, genial skies, a salubrious climate and new delights at every turn. He has been preceded there by many adventurous spirits—Christopher Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others—who forfeited everything at home and sailed these seas and became Buccaneers in the West Indies and the Spanish Main. And the lover of nature, even of this twentieth century, will understand how these brave spirits found, whether in scenery or life, nearly the fulfilment of their fondest dreams among the scenes and peoples of Iere or the Land of the Humming Bird.

Columbus went West to find the East, but he didn't reach it; but the traveller to Trinidad to-day "will" find the East, in that a large East Indian population is met there, and this gives charm to life and customs found nowhere else in the Western world. There, under the lofty palms and bamboos, amidst gorgeous orchids and other Tropical vegetation, are seen the peoples of Europe, of Asia and of Africa. I have seen much of these islands, their peoples and the life there, and I'd say, "Save money, buy a ticket, and go and get the lure of these lands into heart and brain," and then you'll surely return, if you don't stay, and become husbandman, trader, Buccaneer, anything, so long as life lost for the sea there is as beautiful and alluring as the land.

THE HYA YAKA

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OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO

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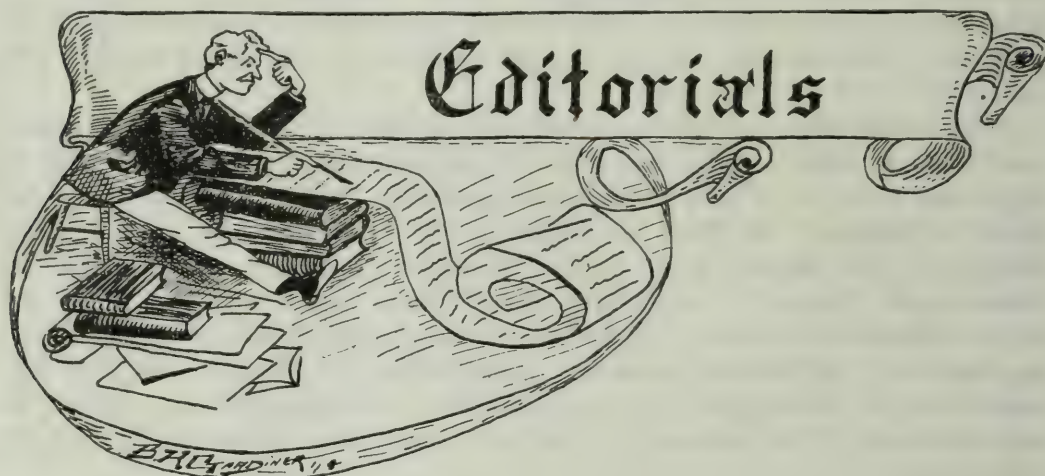
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In the January issue of the "Hya Yaka" the writer endeavored to express his thanks re New Year's resolutions.

It was intimated, as you will remember, that "We should resolve not to resolve," thereby casting off so-called resolutions, and further advising that "We go and do things," recalling to our minds that ancient proverb, "Actions speak louder than words."

Here, I might say, the question confronts us, "What inclinations shall we follow?"

As Seniors we are about to leave life's period of dependence and guidance opening the door upon a vast space of unlimited opportunities and possibilities determined through our own resources to achieve greater things.

In following his desires, man is, as a general rule, controlled by habits and hobbies. Someone has said that "Man without a hobby is not a man."

The members of Class '14 are about to enter upon a new mode of existence, and in a good many cases shall be surrounded by a new environment, forming new relations, habits, and, permit me to add, perhaps a hobby.

The profession that we are preparing ourselves for demands that a great deal of our time be spent within the bounds of four walls and a ceiling.

Life has been considered since the "Age of the Ancients" as one huge balance. This being the case, why should we not form habits or follow hobbies that would demand our periods of recreation to be spent out of doors.

Following this suggestion, we persuaded a friend of ours, who finds relief from his daily toil in the office by the hours of pleasure he spends in his flower garden, to submit for your approval the foregoing article, entitled "The Loveliest Shrub of Spring."

On Friday evening, Feb. 27th, the members of the College orchestra spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Dr. W. E. Willmott. That the Doctor has taken a keen interest in this organization was shown by the royal welcome extended to the members by him and Mrs. Willmott. The evening was spent in a rehearsal of familiar orchestra selections, interspersed with violin solos and cornet duets. After partaking of refreshments, the minstrel show was continued for a short time, after which the boys dispersed to catch the midnight car.

Personals

We are sorry to report that Dr. Law has resigned his office as Examining Doctor, on account of his professional duties being so great. Although his term of office was but a short one, yet we have no hesitation in speaking of Dr. Law, for he was certainly highly respected and loved by all, and very early after entering upon his new duties in the R. C. D. S. his very personality and frank, open, conversational qualities won him the respect and popularity of all those with whom he came in personal contact. The College has lost a valuable man in Dr. Law, for he was peculiarly adapted to and qualified for such an office, as he carried out his duties with such a consistently pleasant and genial air.

Dr. R. D. Thornton, '12, is resuming the office left vacant by Dr. Law. Dr. Thornton has been carrying on a very successful practice in Parkdale since graduating, and has proved himself a very efficient practitioner. We wish him every success as he enters upon his new duties.

Our institution was greatly honored recently by a visit from Dr. W. E. Struthers, B.A., Chief Medical Inspector, Board of Education, of Toronto, who came to us on an invitation extended him by the Y. M. C. A. Executive, which was very fortunate in being able to secure his services. At a meeting held on Friday, Feb. 13th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Struthers delivered an illustrated address on the subject of "Health Supervision of

Schools." This lecture was certainly absorbingly interesting, and one of most educative and instructive value. It was largely due to the enthusiastic and effective co-operation of Dr. Struthers and his colleagues that "Civic Dental Clinics" have been established in our city, as well as in several of our most important public school educational institutions. After securing a more comprehensive survey of Dr. Struthers' work, we feel frank in saying that no person has done more and no individual has accomplished as much as has Dr. Struthers in impressing upon the public mind, and conclusively proving, the importance which oral hygiene has upon the health of an individual and upon the progress of that individual morally, physically and intellectually. Especially has he shown this to be true of school children.

The R. C. D. S. became the recipient of quite a surprise in the way of a recent visit paid the College by A. W. Thornton, L.D.S., D.D.S., Dean of the Faculty of Dentistry, McGill University, Montreal. Dr. Thornton passed through our city on his way to Buffalo, where he was accompanied by other members of our staff. We were very pleased to see his smiling countenance again, after so long an absence. The Doctor seemed quite at home, and spent most of the time renewing his old acquaintances. In an interview with the "Hya Yaka" the Doctor spoke very favorably of the remarkable strides with which our profession is making down East, and feels profoundly convinced that as soon as the faculty becomes well established, it will be one of the most important of dental educational centres.

The demonstrators in the College infirmary are certainly to be highly complimented with regard to the excellent service which they have rendered and are rendering to the Seniors, as well as the Juniors. The attitude they show towards us, and the amicable relations that exist between us and them, is both pleasing and desirable. We as students owe to these experienced clinicians a depth of gratitude and appreciation for their valuable and impartial instruction.

Dr. Annie Lawyer has been dismissed, and her office is now occupied by Miss House. Our new nurse comes to us from Connecticut, Mass., where she recently graduated from a well-known hospital in that city. We learn that Miss House has had considerable experience in the profession which she follows, and this, combined with the wide knowledge she has gained, will make her a valuable asset in connection with the operating room. The genial manner in which she goes about her work, and the deft manipulation and exactitude with which she carries out her duties, leaves no doubt in our minds but that she will prove successful in the official capacity which she now occupies.

Miss Boyd, at the appointment bureau, handles her department to perfection, and quite to our satisfaction.

During the Convention of the Ontario Dental Society many of our recent graduates assembled themselves within these institutional doors, and were seen in attendance at one or more of the meetings. The following graduates of '12 were present: Doctors Jones, Liscumb, Canning, McDonald, Kerr, and of '13, Doctors Trelford, Dolson, McLaughlin, Allan, Staples, Rutherford, Purdon, Reynolds, Lehman, Zinn, Pivnic, Cunningham, Chrysler, Armstrong and Tindale.

Dr. A. W. Reynolds, '13, paid the R. C. D. S. a visit recently. He has been acting in the capacity of Chief Clinician of Operative Dentistry in the infirmary at McGill University, Montreal, but he is now contemplating establishing a practice in one of our commercially progressing northern towns.

Of all the years of college life, I know
 None other brighter than the early days,
 When, as a Freshie wandering to and fro,
 We paused, upon the Sophs to fondly gaze.
 And to remember the eventful time,
 When Freshmen trimmed those Sophs in all their power,
 When covered with a bit (?) of tar and lime,
 We bravely fought and won that daring hour.
 The Sophs may own themselves a mighty class,
 And madly frolic, but 'tis all a dream;
 For we're too strong, and alas!
 They cannot beat the Fresh of '17.

Gertie: "Oo's 'ittle snookie-ookums, is oo?"
 G. Fraser, '14: "Oo's."

It was near 10 o'clock, Dr. W—— had been satisfying some inquisitive student, and, before closing the 8.30 lecture, asked:
 "Any other question, gentlemen?"
 Bill Weir (in sleepy voice): "What time is it?"

The bigger fool a woman is, the more men run after her.

When a woman has spent twenty years trying to make a man of her son, along comes another woman, who proceeds to make a fool of him in twenty minutes.

Practical Points Gathered from Dr. Barber's Lecture

1. Don't practise dentistry by operating with your fingers alone; it's a mistake; best success can be obtained by operating with your fingers and brain isometrically.
2. Don't mix business with pleasure.
3. Don't be found in a poolroom, especially during office hours; in fact, don't be found there at all.
4. Don't operate with your fingers in mourning:
5. A post-graduate education can be secured annually for the small sum of \$25.00 by subscribing for the 25th different dental journals each year.
6. A patient who comes into your office and commences to run down your fellow-practitioners with regard to service rendered by them, is a "dead-beat." Have nothing to do with them.
7. The greatest science in the world is the science of salesmanship.
8. The father of the family is the most important member to work for. The father will spend \$500 on himself annually, the mother \$200, the kid has \$30 spent on him. Therefore, work for the "dad."
9. The cities and towns are getting health crazy, therefore talk about health to your patient, to let them know you are actually selling them health.
10. Talk with business men and find out from them how they have become successful in their particular vocation, then apply the same principles to the business side of your professional, for these is obviously a business as well as a professional side to dentistry.
11. If patients are desirous of knowing something about our profession, for goodness sake don't talk to them about yourself and your personal capabilities, but rather direct your conversation along educational lines, dwelling on such topics as oral health, prophylaxis, the preservation of the teeth, the results when the integrity and continuity of the dental organs are destroyed, etc.
12. Interest, attention, desire, and resolve to buy, are the four essential principles upon which we should approach our patients.
13. Most practitioners, after talking a patient into a job, then talk them out of it again.
14. Ninety per cent. of all intestinal and stomach trouble is caused from the teeth. The digestive tract is over 20 feet long, but dentists are only vitally concerned with about three inches of it, namely, the mouth. If the oral cavity is such an important factor as regards the health of an individual, it is our duty to both educate and instruct our patients as to the absolute necessity of having their dental requirements attended to.

15. Above all things, keep an absolutely clean office. Cleanliness is one of the greatest assets toward a successful dental practice.

16. Always locate in districts where there are the very best practitioners, and where the competition is most keen.

Points of Interest About the Dental Operating Chair.

1. Operate as much as you can from in front of your patient. You have then a better opportunity of seeing conditions and rectifying them as they exist in the mouth.

2. Your chair should never at any time be tipped back, except in the administration of anesthetics, ether and chloroform, or in cases of syncope, when it is absolutely necessary.

3. If you desire to have your patient sitting well back in your chair, do so by regulating the back and head rest, and not by tipping your chair.

4. Tipping you rehair tends to cause congestion of the blood in the mrain, and combined with the nervous strain during the operation, patients suffer severe headaches after long operations.

5. The cuspidor should never be placed at the side of the chair, but always in front of it, so that patients can gain access to it without unnecessary discomfiture.

6. The operating tray containing the instruments should never be attached to the chair, but always separate from it, and within reach.

7. The back of the chair should always be above the hips of the patient.

8. The cushion surface of the head rest should be directed toward the superior curved line of the oкупital bone, where it affords greatest comfort to the patient.

McPhee, '15:

“I cannot sing the old song,
The Juniorettes might object;
I cannot sing the new songs
And keep my self respect.”

To the enterprising girl, there's no such word as fail, so long as there's a marriageable man in town.

Chaps who brag that they have only one fault, should reflect that one little hole in a quarter sends it to the scrap heap.

Athletic World



BASKETBALL.

In the opening games for the Seccombe Cup, the Junior Year defeated the Senior Year by a score of 38 to 16, and the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by 44 to 15.

In the first game the play was very strenuous, both teams mixing it considerably, to the delight of the large crowd of spectators. The Juniors excelled in team work, and had the better of the play, with the exception of part of the second half, when the Seniors took a brace and had a large share of the play for a time. Year '14 lacked condition, and the better team play and experience of '15 gave them a well-deserved victory. Harriman refereed the game.

The second game was less exciting than the first one, less roughness being indulged in, and the Freshmen won a decisive victory over the Sophs. The Freshies surprised the spectators by the quality of basketball that they put up, and showed much good material in their line-up. Leggett was the star of the forwards, his shooting being excellent, while Astele played a splendid game on the defence. Bill Macdonald made a capable and impartial referee.

The line-ups for the two games were:—

Juniors—Centre, Thompson; forwards, Macdonald, Hamill; defence, Cooper, Tucker.

Seniors—Centre, Zimmerman; forwards, Bricker, Gardiner; defence, Rutledge, Ross.

Sophs—Centre, Harriman; forwards, Reid, McCartney; defence, Holmes, Anderson.

Freshmen—Centre, Turner; forwards, Barbour, Leggett; defence, Astle, Waldron.

In the final game the Juniors defeated the Freshmen by a score of 31 to 19, after a splendid game. Half-time score, 12 to 5, for Juniors. Thompson starred again for Year '15, while Macdonald and Astle had a merry little battle all through the game. Leggett played well on the forward line for the Freshies. Turner also was good, while Bill Cooper showed his class time after time, much to the delight of several of the spectators. The teams were the same as for the former game. The game was well handled by Harriman, '16.

A word of congratulation to the basketball team of Year '15. They have the wonderful record of winning the Seecombe Cup three times in the three years that they have been in the College. But their success is accounted for when one looks over their excellent line-up of basketball artists.

Harold Thompson, the centre man, is captain of the 'Varsity Senior basketball team, and also plays for West End Seniors. He is reckoned one of the best players in Canada, being heady, fast, strong, and a splendid shot. He is a sterling defence man, and also plays centre to perfection.

Bill Macdonald and Hammell are a splendid pair of forwards. Hammell is a good, consistent worker, and a splendid shot. Bill Macdonald has been one of the mainstays of the Dental team in the Sifton Cup series. He is an aggressive, but steady player, uses his head well, shoots well, is game, and plays the game hard all the time.

Tucker and Cooper are a splendid pair of defence players. Tucker is a steady, consistent, reliable player, and puts up a quiet, useful game. Will Cooper, the ladies' pet, otherwise known as the Pride of Riverdale, is well known to the followers of basketball. He plays a hard, aggressive game all the time, and his usually serene and jovial countenance has been known to strike terror into the hearts of opposing forwards.

With such a team, Year '15 should win the Cup again next year, and complete their course with the wonderful record of having no defeats registered against them in four years. Here's luck for next year!

SENIOR DENTS VS. SENIOR SCHOOL.

Senior Dents played off with Senior School to decide which team was to meet Victoria for the championship of their section. The game was one of the fastest and most exciting of the season, and resulted in a win for Dents by a score of 34 to 29. It was a remarkable game. School led at half-time by 14 to 5, and appeared to have the game on ice; but, after the rest, the embryo dentists played a far superior game, and in the words of the poet, "Had it over School like a tent." When our boys started to score, there was no holding them, and they piled up as many points in the second half as School scored in the whole game, while the latter team scored almost the same number of points in each half, playing a consistent, but much less brilliant and effective game. Outside of Dents' remarkable rally, the most brilliant piece of work was when a School

man shot and scored a basket while he was lying flat on his back. That was an example of the luck that School had in their shooting, while our boys lost many baskets through hard luck. In the first half, Senior S. P. S. showed splendid speed and shooting ability; but our boys got after them in the second half, every man on the Dent team took a share in the scoring, and the result was that they evened the score and kept on piling it up until the game was safe. Every man on the Dental team played a star game, and, as a team, in the second half they showed how the game should be played. The line-up was: Defence, Gardiner and Tucker; centre, Zimmerman; forwards, Macdonald and Cooper.

SENIOR DENTS VS. VICTORIA.

In the final game to decide the winner of Section A in the Sifton Cup series, Senior Dents lost to Victoria by 24 to 10. The first half was very even, and the score at half-time was 9 to 7 for Vic. Early in the second half the Methodists started in to make a runaway of the game, and they scored 15 points while Dents were adding 3 to their score. Our boys tried hard all the way, and never let up, but they were outplayed in every department. It was a bitter dose to swallow, but we must extend our congratulations to our ancient rivals from Queen's Park. Senior Dents' line-up was the same as for the previous game.

Senior Dents deserve praise for the excellent showing they made in the series. The post-mortem shows that their defeat was due to lack of practice and lack of condition on the part of some of the members of the team. Of this year's team Zimmerman and Gardiner will graduate in the spring, but with such good men remaining as Macdonald, Cooper, Tucker, Hammell and Reid, of the Juniors, the Sifton Cup should be brought to the Dental College next year. The lesson to be learned from this year's defeat is that consistent practice and good condition are necessary for the production of a winning team. Vic have learned that lesson. We have just as good material, and probably better, here. Go after it hard next year, boys, and show them what can be done by Dents!

HOCKEY.

On Monday, Feb. 16, Dents tied up their series by losing to Junior Meds by 3 to 2. Our boys did not play up to their form. Meds scored just on a long shot by McKenzie (late of Victoria and Forestry). Macdonald soon evened it up on another long shot. Then Harry Stewart pulled a heady play when he called to a Med to pass the puck in centre ice, and taking the pass, rushed it up to the Meds' goal and scored by himself. At half-time the score was 2 to 1 in favor of Dents. In the second half Meds played five men forward, and scored on a long shot. From the face-off, the five men rushed up the ice and scored again. That was the deciding goal. Holmes received a bad crack in the face with puck in the first half

that slowed him up. Dents are capable of much better hockey than they showed in that game. The game was played at Knox rink, and refereed by a Knox man, who was impartial, and kept down any tendency to mixing it up. Dents' line-up was: Goal, Brisbors; defence, Holmes and Beaton; rover, Zimm; centre, Chartrand; wings, Maedonald and Stewart.

Benjamin Franklin's Advice to Health Seekers.

What one relishes, nourishes.

Nine men in ten are suicides.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

He that never eats too much will never be lazy.

Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.

Eat few suppers, and you'll need few medicines.

Who is strong? He that can conquer his bad habits.

Many dishes, many diseases. Many medicines, few cures.

A temperate diet frees from disease; such are seldom ill.

I saw a few die of hunger; of eating—one hundred thousand.

Changing countries or beds cures neither a bad manager nor a fever.

Dine with little, sup with less; do better still—sleep supperless.

We are not so sensible of the greatest Health as of the best Sickness.

He's the best physician that knows the worthlessness of the most medicines.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time! For that's the stuff life is made of.

They that study much ought not to eat so much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good.

Eat and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of thy body allows of, in reference to the service of the mind.

A temperate diet arms the body against all external accidents; so that they are not so easily hurt by Heat, Cold or Labor.

If a man casually exceeds, let him fast the next meal, and all may be well again; if he exceeds at dinner, let him refrain at supper.

A Sober Diet makes a man die without pain; it maintains the Senses in Vigor; it mitigates the violence of the Passions and Affections.

The exact quantity and quality being found out, is to be kept to. Excess in all other things whatever, as well as in meat and drink, is also to be avoided.

If thou findest these ill sumptoms, consider whether too much meat, or too much drink occasions it, or both, and abate by little and little, till thou findest the inconvenience removed.

Many a man has let a good job get away from him because he harbored the delusion that no other man was smart enough to fill his place.

A wedding ring sometimes represents an endless round of trouble.

A woman seldom nags her husband unless he is that kind of a husband.

Indifference is the one thing capable of freezing the milk of human kindness.

They say that happiness is a habit. Well, here's hoping you'll get the habit!

No man ever lived long enough to do all the things his wife wanted him to do.

Some men wait for things to turn up, and some others turn them up while they wait.

Had one of the suffragettes been in Mother Eve's place, what a fool she would have made of that snake!

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The HYA YAKA

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No. 6

Mechanic or Surgeon—Which?

By Dr. W. H. Doherty.

The success or failure of the student in performing operations in the mouth will depend very largely upon his conception of the normal conditions. To fill a hole in a tooth is a mechanical operation purely. If the student has no broader conception of what he is trying to do, than to fill cavities so the filling will stay in, or to place a crown that will stay on, he cannot reasonably expect his operations to be anything more than mere mechanics, in all cases of doubtful value to the patient, and in most cases a distinct menace.

If, however, he has a clear conception of the histology, pathology, anatomy and function of the parts he is treating, and aims at the restoration of both anatomy and function, every filling, crown, or other form of treatment becomes a surgical operation of the highest type, involving, as each does, not only the removal of diseased tissue, but also, in most cases, its replacement by an artificial substitute, in such a way that function is unimpaired and diseased and injured tissue is restored to health.

In the normal denture, nature has provided teeth and surrounding tissue of such form and arrangement that thorough mastication may be performed, and natural cleanliness maintained. The general form of each tooth, the form of its proximal and occlusal surfaces, the form and location of the contacts, the septal space, gum septum, septal area, embrasures, gingivae, etc., all play distinct and important parts in this arrangement.

The outstanding principle that obtains in the make up of every good contact is that it should be of such a nature that it will not hold food debris in its grasp. This does not depend entirely upon rigidity, but upon form. We may have a very tight contact, but of such form that uncleanness will result. If we take two polished spheres, and press them together, at the same time giving them a very slight sliding motion, one upon the other, it will be found impossible to pass a ligature, and any fibrous material between the points of contact, and have it hold there. The form of the contact and the very slight movement will cause it to slip out one way or the other. This, then, is the principle of a good contact. There is a certain amount of restricted motion between the teeth, and the actual contact being a small rounded point rounding away quickly in all directions, food debris of any kind, forced in, is quickly removed by the natural processes.

The form of the septal space is of great importance. It should widen rapidly beneath the contact point, so that any food forced through is held loosely.

It is here that the form of the gum septum plays an important part. If it is of proper form, it is arched and presents a convex

surface to the contact point, so that particles of food forced through into the septal space lie loosely upon this convex surface.

If, now, the embrasures are wide and deep, the next excursion of food passing through them picks up these food particles, held loosely upon the convexity of the gum septum, and carries them out of the space. The width and depth of these embrasures are exceedingly important.

Contouring a filling or crown for form only is not what should be aimed at. The preservation of the septal space and the filling of it with healthy gum tissue are two of the essential features to be kept in mind whenever a filling or crown is placed. Contour the septal space and the embrasures properly and the resultant proximal tooth contour will be all that is required. Remember also that it is more important to fill the septal space with healthy gum tissue than to fill the tooth cavity.

The free margin of the gum about a tooth, which extends occlusally from the gingival line, hugging the tooth tightly, but having no attachment thereto, is called the gingiva. The part of this gum tissue which fills the septal space, and called the gum septum, has already been briefly considered. The gingiva, as a whole, has a further most important function. Healthy gum tissue, with its covering of mucous membrane seems to be immune to the influence of mouth bacteria. The peridental membrane, however, a deeper tissue, is never normally exposed to the fluids of the mouth, and is readily infected, if exposure occurs. Apart from alveolar abscess, practically all peridental disease begins at the gingival border. The first step is always injury of the gingiva, with inflammation, and the resultant relaxation of its fibres, when, instead of hugging the tooth tightly, it relaxes, falls away, and permits a pocket to form, through which infection reaches the peridental membrane. The vast majority of cases of peridental disease, including pyorrhoea, have this early history. In view of the prevalence of these diseases and their serious general systemic effects, there is no tissue which should receive greater consideration from the student than the gingiva.

Some of the dangers to the gingiva are faulty contacts; failure to restore the full width of the septal space by separation; injury by improper and careless use of ligatures, particularly if the field of operation has not been properly prepared and cleansed; failure to remove salivary and serumnal calculus; careless use of pyorrhoea instruments resulting in unnecessary injury to the fibres of the peridental membrane; careless use of clamps, discs and strips and other finishing appliances; improperly contoured embrasures; and, finally, excess of filling material at the gingival margin and poorly fitted copings and bands of crowns. Any of these causes will produce an injury to the gingiva, which may be the forerunner of serious disease, rendering the operator's services a menace, rather than a benefit, to the patient.

By failure to restore the normal form of occlusal surfaces in fillings, crowns, bridges, etc., the student often fails to render the service the patient has a right to expect, and this neglect, in many cases, has serious consequences.

Properly formed cusps, fossae, grooves and ridges are essential

to proper mastication, and to the retention of proper occlusion. Furthermore, excessive stress, or stress in improper directions, may result in resorption of the bony tissue about the tooth, and subsequent loss of the tooth.

In restoring the occlusal surface, the same tooth on the opposite side, if in place, should act as a guide, both as to form and height and form of cusps and depth of fossae. It is possible to carve cusps too sharp and prominent. If this is done, excessive stress will be placed upon the tooth in question during mastication. Cusps should not fit to the bottom of opposing fossae. They do not do so in the natural tooth.

One of the most important features to restore on the occlusal surface is the mesial or distal marginal ridge. Where these ridges are sharp and prominent, food is divided and forced mesially and distally onto the occlusal surfaces of the proximating teeth, as well as buccally and lingually through the embrasures. If they are not restored and slopes are left leading down to the contact, the opposing cusp will readily wedge fibrous food past the contact point.

It is impossible within the limits of this very brief and modest article to more than touch upon the points mentioned. The question of contact alone is worthy of a paper, and a lengthy one. The same may be said of every other point mentioned. Then the whole question of how different operations may be performed, to measure up to this ideal, is a subject in itself.

To the student who gets this vision of the service he is trying to render, dental operations can never mean mere mechanics. Furthermore, ability to render this highest type of service requires only a thorough mastery of the normal, and an honest desire to reproduce it. The student who has this honesty and fixity of purpose will ultimately get the result.

A SILENCER.

Sonny Selden (colored) and Fritz Freiwald each possessed a flock of pigeons. They had visited one another's loft, and in school the next day were telling about it to their classmates.

Said Sonny, in speaking of the high intelligence of his birds, and discounting the merits of those of Fritz:

"When Fritz came into my loft the pigeons all said, 'Look at the Dutch, look at the Dutch.'"

"Yes," said Fritz, "and as soon as Sonny entered my loft my pigeons said, 'Look at the coon, look at the coon.'"

Norton, '17 (at hockey game): "I've yelled so hard, I feel like the centaurs."

Legatt, '17: "How's that?"

Norton, '17: "Half horse."

Status of the Professional Man.

Oration at Oratorical Contest.

By F. S. Spiers, '14.

INTRODUCTION.

(a) Status; (b) Professional; (c) Knowledge of Society.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—My subject of address this evening—"Status of the Professional Man"—is one which I believe to be of interest to every one present, inasmuch as I presume the most of those to whom I speak will be the professional men and women of the near future, or will be, directly or indirectly, concerned with those of professional standing. I wish you to take the word "status" in its broader and more comprehensive meaning, and not in the narrower sense of the word, as applied to the so-called society, so that the word will suggest the relation of the professional man to his fellow man in every branch and walk of life, including the industrial, political, educational, social, moral and spiritual. As to the application of the word "professional," I do not wish to lay down any definite limitations, but would say that, in my own mind, I apply the word to those men who, in their vocation of life, deal directly with their fellow men; their fellow men, so to speak, is the subject material with which, or upon which, they work, and they base their fees, not on the actual material produced, but for knowledge and experience and for service rendered. They are dealing, more or less, with abstract realities, rather than the concrete. From the nature of his calling and from the fact that he must deal directly with his fellow man or society in all its phases, the professional man must know something of society, both past and present; he must understand human nature, with all its diversity, understand human activities, human problems and motives. And what does this mean? It means that the professional man must be educated, and that education must be broad and fundamental, so that it embraces the great phases of human activity and thought. Education has always been an acknowledged requirement for professional men, but never was it more so than it is to-day, for it is the demand on the part of a highly organized and complex society.

Evolution of Society.

If we were to go back in the annals of history and study our primitive ancestors, we would find that they lived a very simple and unpretentious life; their wants were few and their knowledge scant. There were no social organizations of any kind; the father stood as the industrial, political and social head of the family. But, just as we trace a growing development or evolution in the physical life, so we can trace development or evolution of society, so that as civilization advanced out of a simple society, there grew a more highly organized and complex society. During this development came the differentiation and specialization of human effort, and hence the rise of the professional men to meet the demand of a

growing society in devoting their lives to a particular line of work. To-day, society has become so highly organized, the social fabric so intricate, and the division of human labor so multiple, that it is hard to grasp in the human mind a comprehensive idea of the inter-relationship of man to man.

Curriculums of Colleges and Universities Broadened.

This, then, is the nature of the society whom the professional man to-day is called upon to serve and whose demands he must fulfil. In the light of this fact, is it any wonder that the schools and colleges and universities of to-day are raising their standards and broadening their curriculums, so that they include many subjects whose direct or indirect bearing on practical problems of life the student may not realize until he graduates and enters his professional career? Does this not explain why colleges and universities are endeavoring to give every student a broad fundamental education, so that, in the words of Professor Horne, "He may know a little about most things, and then, if possible, all about one thing, and that one thing to be in the line of his chosen vocation." Truly, the professional man must be broadly educated, if he wishes to fit himself for his status in life.

Professional Man as a Higher Type of Citizen and a Leader.

In view of the fact that the professional man has always, more or less, received this broader education, and has consequently had a broader outlook on life, on society, with its various problems, needs and desires, he has been looked upon as a higher type of citizen and as a leader. If he has not, and does not reach this standing, then he has failed to live up to his possibilities, and has shirked his responsibilities, for he is not doing justice to the society that made it possible for him to receive such education and experience. No person can receive a higher education, made possible by educational institutions, without incurring a life-long debt to the society in which he lives—should he bury the one, two or five talents that have been fostered or nurtured by the institutions of a generous society. No; he is indebted to put them out at usuary, and, if possible, return them a hundred fold. Where would society be to-day had not our worthy ancestors done this in the past? Do we not owe an everlasting debt to those men of zeal and enterprise, of genius and of research, who were not content to know all there was to know of any particular branch of knowledge, but launched out into new fields, revealing hidden treasures and discovering new material, making possible the advancement of society along every phase of human thought and activity?

Prestige and Honor of Professional Titles.

As professional men have always taken an active and, I might say, a leading part in this progressive movement, they have been looked upon with a certain degree of prestige and honor; there has been cast about their names and titles a certain hallow of glory, more or less mystic and oftentimes misplaced or misunderstood. Like other titles of honor, they have carried with them a weight and influence in the public mind, and this may often be due to the

fact that those not in possession of such titles or degrees are also not in possession of the knowledge or experience, for which those degrees and titles stand, and so these mystify them, and they wonder what lies behind. So we find that the medical man, the man of law and the priests of ancient times were held in awe and reverence. Even to-day, we find manifestations of this attitude of mind towards professional men, and many a student enters college to-day with the idea in his mind that, if only he can land one of those degrees or titles, he will at once become a distinguished person and be carried to the loftier heights of human society. It reminds me of a story I once heard of a student who, upon graduating and receiving his degree, whirled the parchment paper above his head and said "Educated at last; by jove, educated." This poor wretch had yet to learn the great humiliating lesson that he knew little or nothing, and that he was starting out into practical life, where more severe tests were to be made of him to determine whether he was worthy of the title. If the public realized how little some professional men, and especially the graduating student, knew of the vast sea of knowledge that there was to be known in any profession, the mystery would then be, how such men ever received a title or degree. Let every student beware lest he be puffed up with vanity and his degree or title sit unworthily upon his head.

Standard of Profession and Status of its Members.

The standard of any profession is judged by the status of the men in that profession. If such men stand for that higher type of citizenship, of which I have spoken, and if they have high ideals regarding useful and sympathetic service to humanity, then, in the mind of the public, that profession will rank high. If, on the other hand, the men in any profession have low ideals and are narrow minded and selfish, that profession will rank low in the public mind. Ask the people of any community what they think of any particular profession and they will at once associate the different characteristics of the men whom they know to be in that profession, and from such associations will render judgment. If the professional man wishes to attain a good standing in the public mind, he must uphold high standards for his profession and exert an uplifting influence, and not a downward influence, upon those engaged in the same profession. One man alone cannot set the status of a profession; it is set collectively by all engaged in that profession.

Ideal of True and Sympathetic Service.

In the last analysis, I would say that the truest test for the status of any professional man was his real worth to the community in which he lives in terms of service to that community. Honest, faithful and sympathetic service to humanity should be the ideal of every professional man. By this, I do not mean that a man should so give his life up to service of others, that he forgets the great law of self preservation and self interests. Every man that renders true service should receive a just and suitable remuneration, sufficient, not only to secure the necessities of life, but to provide for needed rest and recreation, and for a fair share of the luxuries of life. By thus looking after himself, his capacity for service will be made better and his life will be lengthened.

There have been men in all ages and among all nations and there are men to-day who are seeking publicity and notoriety, and even those titles which should stand for real honor and merit, but who are disregarding the means by which they get them. Some are striving through the avenues of wealth, others through political influence and graft and some by claiming kinship to noble or wealthy ancestors. But the name and fame of such men are as transient as the dew on the morning grass. They are but heroes of a day or an hour; they fret and strut their hour upon the human stage, and then are heard no more.

False and True Ideas of Students.

But who are those figures who stand out pre-eminently in the annals of history—such men as Abraham Lincoln, Livingstone, Darwin, Gladstone, etc.—men who have forgotten their titles and degrees, the prefixes and affixes attached to their names, and have devoted their lives in a useful and sympathetic service to humanity? The former class are famous because people cater to them, and they are envied because of their position and of what they possess. The latter class are famous because they are enthroned in the hearts and minds of the people for all time, and they are beloved. Which, in your mind, is the greater status? That which is based on mere title or name or wealth, or that which is based on sympathetic service. If there is no royal road to knowledge, there is no royal road to a high and noble status.

Sympathetic Service Interdependence of Man.

You will notice that I have used the word sympathetic in regard to service. I believe there are many people to-day who are doing honest and faithful service, but fail to realize just how much that service really means to humanity, nor do they realize or appreciate what the service of others means to them. In short, they do not realize and appreciate the interdependence of man. No work which has been done in earnest ever yet has been done in vain; no vocation or no occupation which renders true service to humanity should be looked upon as menial. There should be no hard and fast lines separating the public into social classes on a basis of occupation or profession. It is only natural that people whose education and training have been similar and who have common interests and tastes should associate in one class, thus giving rise to a division of society. But this offers no excuse for that spirit of false pride or vanity that has always been common in society, and which has made the people of the so-called higher society hold aloof, with a feeling of superiority, from the so-called lower classes. They forget that we are all one human family, each depending on the other. If professional men should go forth from the colleges to-day with this high ideal of service and a realization of the interdependence of man, they would pour such a flood of vitality into the anaemic veins of this old world, that it would pulsate with new life and energy. The great problems of capital and labor, political problems and social and moral problems would largely be solved. The great Utopia—so dreamed of by Moore—would be realized, and peace and good will would reign among people.

Customs and Conditions of the Land of Sunshine. The Latin Americas.

By G. C. McKinley, D.D.S.

This is a subject that volumes could be written about, but I shall try and give some idea of conditions and some customs as they prevailed in the different places I have visited, viz., Porto Rico, Cuba, Isle of Pines and Mexico.

All Latin American countries are practically alike in customs and conditions. Until recently, there were very few highways fit for travel and nothing up to date. Foreign capital is making rapid strides at present in bringing these countries to the front.

For instance, when United States took possession of Porto Rico, after the Spanish-American War, there were practically no schools, and some fifty miles of roads fit for autos. To-day, under American administration, there are 1,200 schools and some 1,000 miles of highway. Then the production of sugar was 65,000 tons, to-day it is 364,000 tons per year.

The same holds good in Cuba, where formally there were only trails, to-day there are miles of railways and calzadas, or military highways (and, by the way, the finest roads I ever saw), that cover the whole island. This has proven to be a very effective means of ridding the country of crime and brigandage and restoring law and order.

The Isle of Pines, which formerly was valueless, commercially, is now practically all American, except in rule, and the "Gem of the Caribbeau."

Mexico is more destitute for it rules itself, and where brigands rule, you get like results.

You sees ideas of a century ago along with present-day ideas. For example, take the City of Havana, in Cuba—but, first, I will give a short description of its beauty as you approach it from the sea. As you enter the beautiful harbor by steamer, you are struck with the picturesque tints of the buildings, rising one above the other, as the land slopes upward from the sea. They seem to blend in one grand color scheme, with the tropical verdure, the blue sea, the sapphire sky and clear, bright sunshine. The buildings are all of brick or stone, with tiled roofs, painted all hues of blue and yellow, and resemble fairyland. On entering the city, there is a feeling of quaintness about it not to be described.

Regarding conditions, there were no trollies, no sewers, only open ditches in the rock formation of the streets. Now fevers are practically unknown. The 20th century ideas go hand in hand with the medieval ideas, and all seem to blend into one harmonious whole. You see the trolley and the auto. Along with this, you see the milk vendor, with his two mules (in tandem). On the first he has a series of cloth pouches, one thrown over the other, and containing all sorts and sizes of milk bottles, or rather bottles of milk; while he sits atop of all. On the second mule, there is a like arrangement, except that milk cans take the place of bottles. This mule is tied to the

first one's tail. Then there is the two-wheeled water cart, drawn by a mule, and in the country there are wooden carts, drawn by oxen, with a yoke lashed to the horns, making the head of the poor beast immoveable.

In Mexico, the contrast is even greater. Take, for instance, two border cities, on the Rio Grande, of equal size. In the Texas city, everything is strictly up to date and American, although two-thirds of the population are Mexicans. They have paved streets, trolleys, sewers, telephones and water of two different sources—one, for fire protection, from the river; and the other, for drinking purposes, from artesian wells. Go over the river, and, in an hour's time, you imagine yourself transplanted to some medieval city. A jackass trolley, as it is called, the mules in tandem, no sewers, rain-water, collected in underground brick cisterns, in the back yards, for drinking purposes, for the better class, while the lower classes buy it from the water-cart vendors, who take it from the river. Absolutely no care of the streets is taken, no wide ditches, as the water takes the centre, no telephones, no fire protection, not a plate glass window in the city, but bars instead. The waste water is allowed to flow into the streets from the back yards or "patios," but, thank God for tender mercies, the sun soon dries it up.

This gives you some idea of the vast difference between the two places, with only a narrow river dividing them, but under far different laws, with practically the same people, showing what law and order will do for a race or country.

Their customs are vastly different from ours. One thing is manifested—they are never in a hurry. It's the "Land of Menana" (to-morrow). I will tell of one custom relating to the fair sex that may be of interest.

We speak in the north of the Creole in a vastly different sense than those born in the south, where the real meaning is defined as being one of pure Spanish, or Portugese, blood born in the Americas.

In some of the Caribbean Islands, you get many mixed with English blood, speaking English and with English customs and manners, but showing the Ibernian blood, so pronounced that they look far more Spanish than English and look out of place, and seem to belong to the grilled windows of Spanish houses.

The beauty of the Spanish *senorita* is unsurpassed, and, when mixed with other races, they are good looking. In Mexico, when mixed with the blood of the Aztec Indian (who, by the way, is not like our northern or plains Indian, but fairer, with cheek bones not so prominent), they are still beautiful, but far darker. They are more of a bronze color, with fine black or brown hair and sparkling eyes to match.

In Cuba, you get more of the Creole blood. They all seem to be of one mould—fine jet-black hair and black glistening eyes and a form Divine. Here, in the north, you get all sizes and shapes; there, they are all alike and that perfect.

The Spanish *senorita*, at first meeting, does not talk, except with her eyes, but these speak volumes.

There are various ways of meeting them. If you see one on the Plaza, and become infatuated with her beauty, you may follow her home, which is a custom, and so find where she lives. Were you to

attempt that here, the girl would probably scream, or faint, and you might get into trouble with the police. Of course, trouble might result there also. You might be shot by a rival or a stern parent, lose your heart, or, lastly, get spliced. You may now parade past her house or watch for your beauty on concert nights on the Plaza, where all assemble. You may get to speaking later. We would call it flirting, but not so there. It's one of their ways of beginning a courtship, for the girls have not the freedom of their northern sisters by no means. In time, you get to talking through the grilled windows, and, if you are liked, you are invited in. If so, you are doomed.

Or you may get some one to introduce you to papa. He must be a good friend of the family, who will vouch for your being O.K. This introduction is somewhat striking, to say the least, and somewhat of this manner: "Senor Gotrox, this is Senor Loverick. He wishes an introduction to your daughter. Matrimony is his intention. Here you are doomed again.

If you have no serious intentions, and wish to know several girls, practically all you can do is speak or bow to them. If any, little favors are shown, as a dish of cream, etc., they take it that you are a suitor to their hand. You may walk past her home, and, by the way, this is usually done in a punctual way, i.e., a regular time each day or second day, as the case may be, and they are quick to note the time and will be watching.

This is a peculiar custom, or, at least, would seem so to us. If, in the early evening, when the family and friends are in the balcony, which overhangs the walk, and the girl sees you coming, she immediately arises and walks to the side from which you are approaching and speaks as you pass under. She will then cross to the opposite side and stand there until you are out of sight. It's your duty to turn and look at her several times in getting out of sight, too. We of the north would call it foolishness, with the accent on the "o," but not so with them. If you do not wish any serious intentions, you go no further, as to stop and talk may mean an invitation in.

When the lover is admitted, his doom is sealed. If you might use that expression with a *senorita* of bewitching beauty and expressive eyes. Once admitted behind the great fort-like doors of the house, the lover is expected to declare his intentions and stick to it. Even then, there are no sentimental rambles with his *senorita* in the white moonlight, and no whispered conversations, full of nothingness, 'neath the palm trees.

He sits in a rocking chair, in a row, or possibly in a circle, with his girl sitting opposite, languidly fanning herself. The rest of the chairs are occupied by papa and mamma, one or two aunts and the sisters—in fact, the whole family. He rocks for an hour and tries to entertain the whole crowd. Then papa indicates that he would lay his parental head on the pillows, and *senor lover* takes his hat from the brick floor and arises. Papa and mamma say "Adios," etc. *Senor lover* wishes the pleasure extreme of coming another evening. Another evening is the next evening, and the same all over again. No holding hands and no being alone with his girl, even when engaged. Gee, but isn't that tough. Eh! What!

Sometimes, when all the city is asleep, and the beautiful tropical moonlight falls whitely on quiet streets, with every door and window barred, senior lover may stroll to the home of his Juliet, with his guitar, and play for her, and be recompensed with the look of a perfect arm waving a tiny bit of lace through the shutter, or he may engage an orchestra and play to his seniorita.

The Plaza is the meeting place for all, especially on concert nights, usually Sunday. In that one place, and that only, is the seniorita allowed to walk unescorted in public by her parents or "duenna" or chaperon. She is not unwatched, though. The duenna, usually an aunt or mother, sits on a bench, but as there are four sides to all Plazas, thank God, only one side can be watched.

The Plaza is a sacred institution in every Latin-American city or town, and woe be to the president or mayor who dare interfere with it, no matter what else he does.

The young people do the walking around the plaza. Robed in beautiful flowing gauzy things of delicate colors, with their fine long hair braided, tied with bows or done up a la American, the senioritas walk around in one direction. They wear a serapha, or shawl, for the hair, which usually rests on the shoulders. The seniors, side by side, walk in the opposite direction. There is a meeting of eyes twice in every circuit.

Now, what the Spanish-American beauty cannot do with her eyes is not worth mentioning. The face is a Sphinx. No smile of the mouth or change of color of her beautiful cheek. All she moves is her fascinating eyes, and they speak volumes.

The northern girl is beautiful by her display of expression, while her southern rival is beautiful by the astounding immovability of her lovely Spanish face and sparkling eyes.

They appear at their best in the evening. In fact, it's a rather empty quest to look for them in the day. All you see is closed doors and shutters to keep out the hot, tropical sun. If, in passing a house, you catch a glimpse through a partially closed shutter, you may see your beauty in a Mother-Hubbard, or kimono, unkept hair and a sallow face. She does not like the sun, and hides from it, but, when the trade winds die down and the sun dives beneath the horizon, there being practically no twilight, and the land breeze springs up, then life begins.

The doors and shutters are opened and the passer-by can look on figures of graceful indolence, clothed in lace and finery. Roses or hibiscus may stand out in contrast to the raven hair, and the faces you see are powdered. They are beautiful without it, but it seems a custom to use a large amount of it, rice powder, probably on account of the heat.

The tropical night has come, and such a night. It cannot be explained in any way that would bring out its beauty and the feeling it gives you, and the fair senioritas are included in it.

And when you see one under the beautiful southern moonlight, with an ivory forehead, under clusters of silky, black hair, tiny ears, a lovely and slightly flushed cheek, and lips more scarlet than the flower in her hair, and with one look from those eyes—and such eyes, the eyes that speak—well, boys, it's beyond me to explain. You will have to see for yourself.

Enjoyment of Music.

Music has been defined as the "language of the emotions"—a description of its properties which fits the art better than to term it the "language of sound," and thus class it, as did Dr. Samuel Johnson, among "the least disagreeable of noises."

That sensations produced by hearing and performing music should be pleasurable ones, few will deny. The enjoyment which music-making gives varies, however, with the kind of music rendered, as with the temperament, education and natural gifts of individuals. The reputation of a nation's musical ability depends upon the faculties for gratification, either in rendering or listening to music; so my point, the enjoyment of music, demands consideration from a hearer's, as well as a performer's, point of view.

If audiences wore their hearts upon their sleeves, it would be interesting to collect statistics recording the genuine feelings produced by concerts and all descriptions of musical performances. Upon reading accounts of grand opera during the season at the Opera House, one is disposed to believe that the music is a mere background for the assemblage of wealth, the display of diamonds, and, incidentally, the appearance of a famous star.

If the performance of music should be made for universal enjoyment, how can many musical programmes which confessedly appeal but to a few, be made generally acceptable? The question is how can music become as widely acceptable as is, say, fiction? It is scarcely fair for "advanced" musicians to assume the attitude of high priests and forbid all but the elect minority to enter the inner sanctuary of exalted appreciation. The taste for classical music is an acquired one, just as fondness for certain viands is brought about by circumstances and conditions of life.

The charm of music in one's home circle depends, no doubt, on the members composing that circle—on their individual temperaments and abilities. Surroundings have unquestionably much to do with the enjoyment of music. Possibly the keenest delight of all is felt by one who, brought up in unmusical environments, gradually makes for himself an atmosphere of sweet sounds, eventually drawing others into the same enchantment. The greatest musical enthusiasts appear to come from that class, which, having encountered many obstacles in winning a position in the world of music, can enter into, and feel for, the difficulties in the way of struggling musicians.

Rich, indeed, are they who have learned how to get happiness out of music, how to appreciate the poetry and sentiments of song, and to understand and enjoy the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity of its great and impassioned masterpieces.

Music enriches the mind, purifies the soul, expands the affections, softens the heartaches, stimulates the imagination, and leads to a higher and nobler conception of life and its surroundings. The marvellous influence of music upon civilization has been felt by all

nations. Music is a refreshing spring by the wayside of life, from which we may all draw pleasure, enjoyment and permanent benefit.

I will close with the very old and familiar words:

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast,
To soften rock and bend the knotted oak.”

Respectfully submitted to your Hya Yaka.

F. M. O.

Waiting.

By J. A. Plunkett, '16.

Tell me how can anybody make a good attempt to study
If his brain is getting muddy in a rooming-house like this.
In the absence of the mother, says the loving little brother,
“You’re a liar!” “You’re another!” says his quiet little sis.
Then all things get exciting, and they start a little fighting,
So you’ve got to stop your writing till they quiet down and quit;
Then they’re cutting up some antic in a manner not pedantic,
But it nearly drives you frantic, if you want to work a bit.

When you rather think that this’ll be the limit, there’s a whistle,
And you wish you had a missile to chuck at someone’s head;
If there’s any quiet coming, then someone starts in humming,
So you spend your time in bumming or in wishing you were dead.
Then you hear the cradle rocking, and the newest baby squawking,
What you say is rather shocking, all about that little kid;
But the darling won’t stop crying, and you very soon are sighing
For the time when he’ll be lying ’neath the coffin’s polished lid.
Perhaps there’s someone singing till your very ears are stinging,
And you’d like to do some wringing on that pretty songster’s
neck;

Then that rank piano pounding, which with muise they’re con-
founding,
Till it really is astounding that you’re not a mental wreck.
It’s author is a girlie, with her hair so red and curly,
That it blisters all the varnish on the wall;
And she’s very thin and surly, my! she’d make a peach to hug;
Though some people say she’s pretty, you’d have to search the city
For another one less witty or with such a homely “mug.”

When near morning there is quiet, and your’re just about to try it,
There will be a riot with a room-mate, or the gas goes on the bum.
There are rats up in the ceiling, there are cats below you squealing,
And they all induce a feeling that won’t do in Kingdom Come;
Do not think that I’m complaining, though it drives me to profaning,
Or it makes me do some draining of the products of the still;
And I do but little moping, but I try to keep on hoping,
Though I’ll have to do some “doping” every now and then, until
Some kind-hearted benefactor sets to work some good contractor
Building partitions not of plaster,
But do something that will keep out noise and
Let us work in peace.

Are We Showing Tart?

By Roy Bier, '16.

(Continued since January issue.)

One month has elapsed, and still three hundred students are patiently waiting to see the Faculty taking some means of stopping theft at the R.C.D.S. building.

I might just make mention here, the object of this item is not to fill up space, but to inform my readers of the bad conditions existing in an almost otherwise perfected institution. This seems to be the sentiment of the bereft. "Ye men of the Faculty, open your eyes. There is wholesale robbery carried on inside of your building."

I trust the Faculty will not consider this sentiment as a charge against them by myself alone, but I wish to point out that in the R.C.D.S. nothing can be accomplished without the aid of the Faculty. Harmony among the students and Faculty is desired in all things. Why should this harmony not exist in trying to stamp out an evil, which is constantly growing worse and worse.

Things are worse, gentlemen, than you imagine. Lockers are broken open and goods lifted, after laboratory periods.

In the Sophomore Laboratory, during the last month, these articles have been stolen, viz.:

One man lost Enginehead and Handpiece.....	\$16.00
Another fellow lost two Handpieces.....	10.00
Another fellow lost one Handpiece.....	5.00
Another fellow lost one Handpiece.....	5.00
Another fellow lost one Handpiece.....	8.00
	\$44.00

In all, forty-four dollars lost out of one laboratory in one month, besides many smaller articles, is worth while making a holler about. I, therefore, appeal that the Faculty take action and appoint a committee to investigate the affair.

One suggestion was made by Mr. Wing, '16, to start an insurance company, and, in that way, help our classmates to sustain their losses. This, I think, would be encumbering too much work for individuals in the school to properly take care of. The idea of insuring an article or property or life is against those things which are practically inevitable, as fire, storm, lightning, death, etc.

I hold forth that the best remedy is remove the cause, and you will effect a cure. Get the culprit who is doing the lifting. I might just say that, if Mr. Wing might carry his idea a little farther and insure against theft with some outside company and go through a bunch of red tape. In case of loss, the said company might attempt to arrest said thief for stealing said article. Anyway, Mr. Wing has been thinking of helping the boys who have lost so heavily.

The man who is doing the stealing should never receive a diploma from the R.C.D.S., if he does, he will be a menace to his

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community. He would rob the patients who entered his office. This man has lost all traits of a moral character, either his training in youth was lacking or he has fallen among such associates in the city that are taking his money, his morals, the finest threads of his character, and, if he has such liberties to steal, they may eventually sap the life blood of his soul.

The best thing for that man's life would be that he be put straight now, even if it takes the laws of our country to do it.

I trust, then, that the Faculty take action, because, without them, we can do nothing.

The Bruises.

By E. Roy Bier.

Joey Bricker looks chubby and neat,
 He seems about twenty-one;
 He lives in a house on Brunswick Street,
 And plays hockey with his thumb.

Now, big Chief Weir, he watched the nets,
 In a sudden, his face was ajoy,
 As Joe skated 'round our Forestry pets,
 And played hockey with those great big boys.

Now, Rover Jim, he looked so slim,
 'Side those bushmen, big and strong;
 Well, they got to Jim, and sure cut him,
 But he was'nt off for long.

And the boys all hollered "Blake," because he tried,
 And so did Wendell and Zinn;
 As they chased the rubber, the bushmen cried,
 "We ain't got no use for 'em."

And Willy Chartrand, an imp is he,
 As he circled, the bushmen fell;
 But his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked,
 And the bushmen swore like L——.

Now, the crowd would smile,
 As once in a while, with ease, the puck he'd handle;
 And his smile was Coy, his name Brisbois,
 As he'd rest on the end of the handle.

Poor Hap McBride had no chance to stride,
 Or show the strength of his body;
 But his face was bright, as he caught sight,
 That the "Dents" were sure somebody.

A Contrast.

By E. H. Campbell, '14.

Late in May last, I took a canoe trip, with a friend, up the Severn River. On the last day of the trip, we arrived, at noon, at a place called Big Chute. Landing at a safe distance from the waterfall, which was hidden from our sight by a prominence of rock, we ascended the steep incline to see the falls that we could hear plainly, and whose effect on the river, in the form of eddies and currents, had been quite noticeable. On arriving at the top, a grand, exhilarating, boisterous sight met our eyes. There, before us, was the river rushing in torrents over the fall to rage in roaming, crashing, foaming, thundering, tumbling tumult many feet below, and sending showers of spray almost to our faces. Here was Nature in her wildness, in her power, in her majestic, infinite, savage grandeur. It was a sight not to be forgotten soon. Behind and beside us were the bare, brown rocks blazing in the hot sunshine, at our feet, innumerable tons of water dashed down with resounding roar, to join in thundering turbulence the angry whirlpool below.

In the afternoon, as we paddled homeward, the picture of the Big Chute came often to our minds. We landed at sunset on a grassy slope. After our evening meal, we viewed the surroundings.

The scene was very different from that of a few, short hours before. Now, it was typical of rest and peace. Nearby, a flock of sheep browsed leisurely. Farther off, some cattle contentedly munched the grass. The soft ringing of the sheep bells, mingled with the faint, but steady, clanging of the cow-bells, was the only sound to break the otherwise perfect quietness of the evening. Some lines of Gray's *Elegy* came to our minds:—

“Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.”

And Wordsworth's line—

“Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep.”

seemed very appropriate. The sheep and cattle moved quietly away; the sun melted slowly over the horizon; the moon and stars came softly into view; nothing marred the absolute stillness of the scene.

One could not help contrasting the two scenes that we had witnessed that day. The one at noon, with the bright sun, the hot barren rocks, and, above all, the powerful, awe-inspiring grandeur in the turbulent riot of the waterfall; at twilight, the fading light, the soft cool grass, over all, the restful reverence in the peaceful tranquility of the perfect spring evening.

Dr. S.: “What is the spinal column?”

McCormack, '17: “It is a number of connected bones. My head sits on one end and I sit on the other.”

THE HYA YAKA

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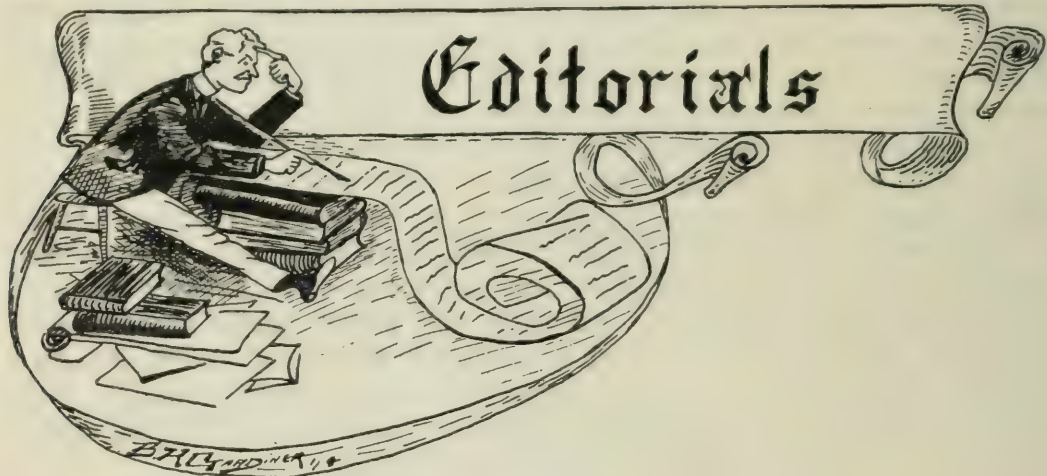
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No. 6



The time has come again when all frivolities are, or should be, a secondary matter in the minds of all students, and when such serious thoughts as exams. should occupy the minds of all students from now on. Let us remember that **now** is the opportune time, so make hay while the sun shines.

Anon says:

“A time like this demands strong minds, great faith and ready hands.”

While Walter Malone's Opportunity says:

“I lend an arm to all who say: ‘I can.’”

Don't think you are having hard luck because you have to burn a little midnight oil. All our business men look at the future of great opportunities, with uncertainties. Why should not we?

Never get discouraged.

E. R. B.

Personals

Our Nurse has become extremely popular since entering the R.C.D.S., and we fear that the post-graduate course she contemplates taking in New York will now be subject to revision. We are highly pleased with the timely assistance she renders to the fellows, and she has proven a "big success" in the department where she reigns supreme. She is deserving of great credit.

A rather peculiar episode occurred in the infirmary during the morning of Wednesday, March 11th. Rutledge, '14, for some unknown reason, took to playing with the tap leading to the cuspidor of his operating chair, and finally succeeded in striking an "artesian well," which burst forth from its hiding place like a "gyser," and, reaching the ceiling with tremendous force, it gently spread its cooling waters over the heads of operators and patients alike with a baptismal affect, much to the amusement of some and astonishment and amusement of others.

James Allen once said: "He who cherishes a beautiful vision, a lofty ideal in his heart, will one day realize it." How undeniably true these remarks are with reference to that coveted trophy, the Jennings Cup, which we have so long cherished in our own minds, that we might again be the proud possessors of that beautiful laurel. The beautiful vision (the Cup) and the lofty ideal (Interfaculty Hockey Champions) has actually materialized, and the Dental College once again stands out pre-eminent in the athletical sphere of the University of Toronto. Our hockey team is deserving of much credit, both for the clean sportsmanship that they have always displayed, whether in victory or defeat, and in the easy manner in which they trimmed their opponents, especially in the final game. "Give them credit, fellows."

Dr. Primrose has completed his series of lectures on medicine and surgery with the Seniors, and, at the close of his last address, a vote of appreciation and thanks, in behalf of the Senior Class, was expressed, in a few well-chosen words, by D. J. Sutherland, '14. Dr. Primrose intends resigning from the Faculty, on account of his professional duties being so pressing and imperative. We trust that such will not actually materialize, for the College would be losing one of its most interesting and valuable lecturers. The Doctor responded briefly to the remarks made, and hoped that each of us would attain success in the professional career which we were following. He also incidentally remarked of the great pleasure it gave him to deliver this course of lectures to the students of the R.C.D.S., with whom he has been associated for many years past.

POTTED PHILOSOPHY.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it.

Some men are not satisfied to hold their own; they want to hold their neighbor's, too.

Sometimes the carpenter does better work on the stage than the actor.

A lie has to keep on moving in order to escape being nailed down.

The bigger fool a woman is, the more men run after her.

Many men say things they don't mean, think things they don't say, and do things they don't believe in, and call it honesty.

Popularity consists mainly in allowing yourself to be bored once in a while.

Some men would rather go broke than not go at all.

All things worth while come to those who wait on themselves.

It's better to be laughed at for being single than to be unable to laugh because you are married.

They who presume most in prosperity are soonest subject to despair in adversity.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, but judging by what we see, no conscience at all must be a lot better in business.

It has been said that a woman is the best illustration that we have of perpetual motion, alluding probably to the easy action of the tongue. However true that may be, there is no question that she is the ideal exemplification of perpetual e-motion.

When a woman has spent twenty years trying to make a man of her son, along comes another woman who proceeds to make a fool of him in twenty minutes.

Every man must cut his own wisdom teeth.

And ostrich can eat tacks, but it can't lay a carpet.

People in a live town never boast of their cemetery.

When a man begins by saying you are too wise to get caught for a sucker, look out! He is trying a new kind of bait.

Dr. F.: "How is it I never find you at work any time I come in?"
Rutledge, '14: "I guess it is because of those new rubber heels you've got."

The following was received the other day by one of the Seniors:
"Sir Doctor,—Would you mind calling at the Western Hospital, as I had my ribs broken on the account of my teeth. I would like to see you.

"And oblige,

Many are called, but more are bluffed.

A SPASM OF LIFE.

Tell me, not in idle jingle,
Marriage is a blissful dream;
For the man is wise that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Girls are shrewd and dead in earnest,
And to wed their only aim;
Miss that is to Mrs. turneth,
Anything to change their name.

Not flirtation, nor coquetting,
Is their studied end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Nearer brings the Bridal Day.

Smiles are sweet and glances killing,
And poor man, bewildered thing,
Thus, bamboozled, may unwilling
Pony up and buy a ring.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the flirting match of life,
Where the females prate and prattle,
Be not humbugged with a wife.

Trust no woman, howe'er pleasant,
Do not heed her artless trash;
Wed, oh! wed, in fateful present,
And your future's minus cash.

Lives of bachelors all remind us
We can live our lives the same,
And departing, leave behind us
No cross kids to bear our name.

Kids, perhaps, to whom another,
Hoeing out life's solemn row,
Some forlorn and hen-pecked brother
One day may stepfather grow.

Let us then be not demented,
And lured in thro' life's wide gate,
Still unmarried, still contented,
Learn to let the damsels wait.

CHANGE IN STUDENT'S ADDRESS.

J. J. Craig, '16, 18 Conduit Street.

Athletic World



Much has been written in various places from time to time on the subject of athletics. It was given a high place by the ancient Greeks, and that it holds an important position in our College life is shown by the widespread and keen interest taken in sports by students of all faculties.

Perhaps, some men devote too much time and energy to engaging in athletic pursuits; but, on the other hand, some men spend too little time in sports, and too much time on some less beneficial forms of amusement. And so an average is maintained. True it is that we come to College primarily for study, but it is also true that the honor of our University and of our College must be maintained on the athletic field as well as in the class-room.

The Dental College teams have performed excellently this year in every branch of athletics, and our boys have earned the name of being good, clean sports, whether winning or losing. That is the condition that should be maintained, and one thing should be borne in mind by every student who reads this page: Do your share to keep up the standard of athletics in the Dental College!

Our College should endeavor to supply as many men as possible for University teams; but, if a man is not able to make a place on one of those teams, he should stay with his College team by all means.

The recipe for success in either College or University athletics is: Get into condition, train and practise faithfully, and play the game!

HOCKEY.

On Saturday morning, February 21st, Dents played off with Junior Meds in what was supposed to be a deciding game for the section. The game resulted in a tie, score 1 all. In the first half,

by the narrowness of the rink. At that, Markham pulled off some brilliant hockey. Their team is fast, and they are good stick-handlers, and though Dents were beaten, they have nothing to be ashamed of. The score of 11—9 pretty fairly indicates the play, though on two occasions Dents went right through the defence and then through failure to pass, last two that looked like more goals.

We were not travelling via the "International Limited," and it was 9 o'clock before the game started. Immediately after the face-off, Bricker got the puck and pulled off one of those rushes that made him famous in 1911. He went through the whole team and scored. Chartrand next "got the habit," and poked in another, making the score 2—0 in less than two minutes of play. At this juncture it looked like an easy victory for Dents, but Markham steadied down, and from then on kept our fellows busy. A bigger score would have resulted but for the good work of the defence and Chartrand's effective back-checking, which broke up many a dangerous-looking rush. The large score was no doubt due to the poor light, which did not give the goalkeepers a fair chance. For Dents, Bricker was undoubtedly the best, and his work, both offensive and defensive, was particularly good. Beaton, who had been ill for some time previous to the game, did not play, and the team was weakened by his absence. Deans, '17, handled the game in a very efficient manner, and gave entire satisfaction.

Line-up: Goal, Brisbois; defence, Holmes and Bricker; centre, Chartrand; rover, McDonald; right wings, Zinn, Boyd; left wing, Stewart.

About seventy enthusiastic fans, the majority of whom were from class '17, took the trip, and everyone reported a big time. If you don't believe it, ask Godfrey! Freddy Lawson does not think much of Markham's idea of generosity, but cheer up, Freddy, it might have been worse had the old man come to the door. A trip to Markham should be on next year's athletic calendar.

SENIOR YEAR VS. COLLEGE.

The Senior Year, stimulated by their victory in Rugby and their successes in hockey in other years, challenged the rest of the College to a hockey game, which was played at the Arena. The Senior Year had Knight and Bailey of Varsity hockey fame; Schwalm, the midget Varsity scrimmager in goal; Bricker and Stewart, of the Jennings Cup team, and Scott, Rutledge, Roos and Sinclair. In fact, it was the same team that won the memorable victory over the Senior Year of 1911, captained by Jerry Laflamme. The rest of the College had this year's Jennings Cup team, assisted by Goodhand and McBride. It was a representative team, composed of two Freshmen, two Sophomores and four Juniors.

The game resulted in a victory for the College team by a score of 4 to 1, and the score just about indicates the play. At half time the score was 1 to 0 for the Seniors. This half was marked by close checking. The goal was scored by Bricker on a nice combination rush with Scott and Roos. The play was largely at the Seniors' end, but good defence work by Knight, Bailey, Bricker and Schwalm spoiled many scores.

In the second half more rushing was indulged in. Knight repeatedly rushed the length of the ice, only to lose the puck at the goal. The Seniors were weak in centre ice, and there was no one to take a pass. The College team played much better combination, and had very many more shots than the Seniors; at times they bombarded the goal for minutes at a time. Finally they scored, and shortly afterwards added another goal. Bricker had his hand hurt, but continued. The Senior Year played six men on the forward line, and peppered Brisbois until Chartrand broke away and beat Schwalm. College added another before time, after Chartrand had been injured by colliding with Schwalm's skate. The score looked to have been made from an offside, but was allowed.

The game showed the result of combination against individual efforts. Frank Knight was the best man on the ice. Bailey and Bricker played well on the defence, and Harry Stewart showed all his old-time speed and checking ability. He was in the game every minute, and has seldom played a better game. Schwalm in goal was immense!

For the winners, every man played splendidly. Chartrand showed great speed at times. Holmes and McBride were a great defence. Brisbois in goal was almost unbeatable, while the rest of the team were there all the time.

Frankie Deans, of the Freshman Year, refereed to the entire satisfaction of players and spectators, and that is going some! The line-up:

Seniors—Goal, Schwalm; point, Knight; cover, Bailey; rover, Bricker; centre, Roos (Rutledge, Sinclair); right, Stewart; left, Scott.

College—Goal, Brisbois; point, McBride (Goodhand); cover, Holmes; rover, Beaton; centre, Chartrand; right, Macdonald; left, Zinn.

MEDS' GAME.

In the play-off for Section B of the Interfaculty League, Dents defeated Junior Meds at the Arena. A large crowd was present. Several penalties were handed out by Referee Dean, who was very satisfactory to both teams. For Dental College the stick-handling of Zinn, Beaton and Macdonald was very effective. Holmes back-checked well. Chartrand, who played a steady game throughout, notched the first goal for Dents after ten minutes of play, on a pass from Holmes. This was the only score in the first half. The second half was very fast. Holmes scored next for Dents on a pass from Chartrand. Macdonald then located the nets. Meds worked hard, and Blaney succeeded in scoring. The stellar defence work of Bricker and Brisebois kept Meds from being dangerous at any stage of the game. For Meds, Blaney and Burns starred. Bowles resorted to very rough tactics in the last stage of the game. The teams lined up as follows:

Dents—Goal, Brisebois; point, Bricker; cover, Beaton; centre, Chartrand; rover, Macdonald; left wing, Holmes; right wing, Zinn.

Meds—Goal, Sykes; point, Russell; cover, Bowles; centre, Blaney; rover, Burns; left wing, Adams; right wing, McKenzie.

Referee—Dean.

DENTS VS. SENIOR SCHOOL.

Dents defeated Senior School in the semi-finals for the Jennings Cup by a score of 6 to 0. The score hardly represents the play, as only the spectacular work of Blackstock in goal for School kept our boys from doubling or trebling the score. Our team far outclassed the School men in every department, except goal, and Brisebois did not have a chance to show his class there owing to the great back-checking of the forwards and the splendid work of the defence.

The play was practically all at the S. P. S. end. Chartrand scored the first goal from outside the defence in 14 minutes, after a combination rush with Zinn. The second goal came eight minutes later, when Bricker rushed with Chartrand and batted in the rebound from Catter's shot. Macdonald repeated as the bell rang, after a shot from Zinn.

Dents took things easy in the second half, and Macdonald notched all three goals in this period. The game was clean. Ernie Jupp refereed the first half, and Frank Knight the second.

FINAL GAME.

In the final game Dents put it over Forestry by a score of 2 to 0. Half-time score, 0 to 0. The Dental College team assumed the aggressive right from the start, and were on top of the Forestry goal for nearly all the first half. However, the Woodmen bunched in front of their goal, and Gilbert, the Argonaut goal tender, played a phenomenal game, holding our sharpshooters scoreless for the first half. Half way through this period Chartrand scored, but the goal was not allowed because of an offside. Holmes was replaced by McBride for a few minutes, but came on again before the rest. Trebilcock broke his skate, but secured a pair from the Forestry spare man.

In the second half Dents opened with a rush, and Gilbert was drawn out, but Beaton missed the open goal. Our boys kept pressing. Bricker and Gilbert got into a mix-up, and both were ruled off. Then our supporters got a chance to cheer, as Chartrand rushed from centre and scored the first and deciding goal. Chartrand was laid out later, but continued. Beaton scored the second goal on an exceedingly pretty play. He checked a Forestry man, took the puck away from him, and after rushing over half the length of the ice, drew the goalkeeper out and poked the puck in.

Individually, and as a team, the boys from R. C. D. S. completely outshone the Bushmen from Queen's Park, who were saved from an overwhelming defeat only by the wonderful work of Gilbert in goal. Trebilcock, at rover, another Argonaut man, was head and shoulders above his team mates, but his rushes in the second half resulted only in a severe shaking up for himself at the hands of Bricker and Beaton and four trips to the fence for these men.

The game was very strenuous, and there were men decorating the penalty box nearly all the time. Jupp refereed satisfactorily. Dents' line-up:

Goal, Brisebois; right defence, Bricker; left defence, Beaton; rover, Macdonald; centre, Chartrand; right, Holmes; left, Zinn.

NOTES OF THE FINAL GAME.

Forestry had a three-man team—Gilbert, Boyd and Trebilcock. Dents had a seven-man team. Every one was full of "pep" and aggressiveness.

Brisbois had very few shots to handle, but those he looked after like a veteran.

Jim Macdonald received a cut in the chin from a skate, but did not lose much time for repairs.

The ratio of the number of shots that Dents had to what Forestry had was about 79 to 1.

Music was supplied by the '14 quarette at half-time, and it was much appreciated by the spectators.

Dr. Seecombe, who was present at the game, was naturally very pleased with the result. So were Miss House and Miss Johnston, who occupied seats in Mr. Ed. Boyle's box.

There was a splendid turnout of Dental students at the game.

Delahay was worsted by the crowd for his dirty work. He should make good in the bush, if he uses his axe the way he does his hockey stick.

This year the Dental College had the best and most evenly balanced team that we have seen in the Jennings Cup series for years. The forwards have a world of speed, and check back splendidly. They are all unselfish, and play good combination. The defence is as near perfect as one could wish.

Brisbois is the classiest goalkeeper that we have had in the College for four years at least. He did not have much chance to shine in the last games, but his work all through was splendid.

Bricker is a tower of strength to the defence. His body-checking is hard and clean, and his rushing great.

Beaton is also a strong defence man. He uses his body well. His stick-handling is superb, and to see him work his way down the boards is a sight for sore eyes.

Macdonald, at rover, played hard, consistent hockey all season. He has plenty of speed, is an excellent stick-handler, and uses his body well. His rushing and back-checking helped largely in the victories.

Chartrand, at centre, was the fastest man on the team. His speed was a revelation to all the opposing teams, and his back-checking was great. He has a wicked shot.

Zinn showed all his old-time stick-handling and shooting ability. He played better hockey in the last couple of games than ever before, and that is saying something.

Holmes, on the other wing, was very strong in checking. His hard body work showed up the opposing forwards, and he worked in some effective rushes himself.

McBride and Stewart played well when they were given a chance. Both gave way to heavier men on the team. Harry Stewart was under the weather during most of the season, and consequently was not in a position to play as good hockey as he has done in previous years.

All the members of the team deserve the greatest credit for the way they practised and kept in condition right through the season.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We're champions again!

CANADA.*By L. Glen Earl.*

Ofttimes in thoughtful mood, I ask,
 For Canada, what have I done?
 Have e'er I shirked the slightest task
 When laboring longer would have won
 Another wreath for my fair land,
 Another flower for her hand?

A garden that the faithful sun,
 No rival finds 'neath other skies;
 Where fragrance of the flowers, as one
 Mingle with prayers and upward rise,
 A tribute at the King's great throne,
 Tribute from Canada, my own.

A gem that lately sparkled forth,
 Dazzling the eyes of every land,
 Unknown still all her wondrous worth,
 By contrast may we understand
 The power that once inactive lay
 But thrills in every pulse to-day.

The limpid brooks, the hills, the trees,
 The prairie meeting with the sky,
 The warm and fragrant laden breeze,
 The golden grain that waves breast high,
 Are silent signs of God's good-will,
 And that His love is with us still.

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The HYA YAKA

Vol XII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1914

No. 7

Limericks

There is a young Ante I know,
Who is very fond of the dough;
 Torontonensis he sells,
 And his vocal chord swells,
When he sings his favorite solo!

Now Bailey is the next in rhyme,
He's always on the firing line;
 A fiery red head,
 Guess that's enough said;
In sports, he's a regular gold dust mine!

Larry Boyle is on the At-Home mass,
And he's very angry with his class,
 But the jolly old soul,
 When the Doc. calls the roll,
Is as innocent as an Irish lass!

There is a young man named Box,
Who stands as firm as two rocks,
 When the butt of a pun
 Comes up on the run,
To seek some relief from our knocks.

There is a young fellow called Joe,
Who took his girl to the show;
 Bricker by name,
 An athlete by fame;
Now what do you think of her beau?

Campbell is our fair-faced man,
And run a race, you bet he can;
 But his favorite race
 Is the race after the lace.
Was such a race ever enjoyed by a fan?

Chapin is our medical Doc.,
As punctual as an eight-day clock,
 He lowers his chair
 To the cellar stair,
Exclaiming her teeth are as hard as a rock!



Now, here's Chartrand, of cartoon fame,
Whose drawings are never exactly the same;
You may be the next
Subject of his text,
So take it as if it were peaches and cream!

There is a young man named Clarke,
Whose always out for a lark;
It's "Good mornin', Judge,"
And you give him a nudge;
Now, what do you think of our mark?

George Coveydue has the rugby fad;
Yes, sir, our George is quite a lad.
His one sore touch
Is not very much,
But jolly him and he gets mad.

Crooker is a man of money?
The boys all say he's very funny,
But the funniest bit
Is his humor and wit,
When his patients he gives the name of honey.

Dewar is of last year's land,
A soloist we all can't stand;
He yells so loud
When we're all arou'd,
We think it's a remnant of Cox's band.

John Duff's a man who travelled hence,
He spends not many of his pence,
But he has a fine time
Without song or wine,
But the women we leave to his common sense.

Bill Elliott has been made our poet,
He's smiling now, but he don't know it,
He'll get the blame
For this guff just the same,
As though he had honestly wrote it.

Doc. Evans is a licentiate;
He came to Toronto with his mate,
But he is right there,
With the lard in his hair?
When it comes to making a vulcanite plate.

Farrel is a good old head,
Sharp at ten, he goes to bed,
But he gets up well
To toll the bell.
"I guess," says Pat, "that's enough said."



Hya Yaka Staff.

Finlay is an honest guy,
All his instruments himself doth buy,
But his honesty lay
In the very good way,
Mrs. Fraser taught him not to lie.

Our lady dentist doth appear
In the form of Fraser Grant, my dear;
Her ladyship sighs,
When she thinks how the guys
Have haunted her throughout the year.

Fuller is the ladies' man;
Prove it, yes, you bet we can.
He goes there at night,
They put out the light,
And he plants a kiss on her cheek of tan.

Gardiner holds the gymnasium class,
He instructs the Freshies, who're as green as grass:
He keeps them in line,
And right up to time,
By warning them of the city lass.

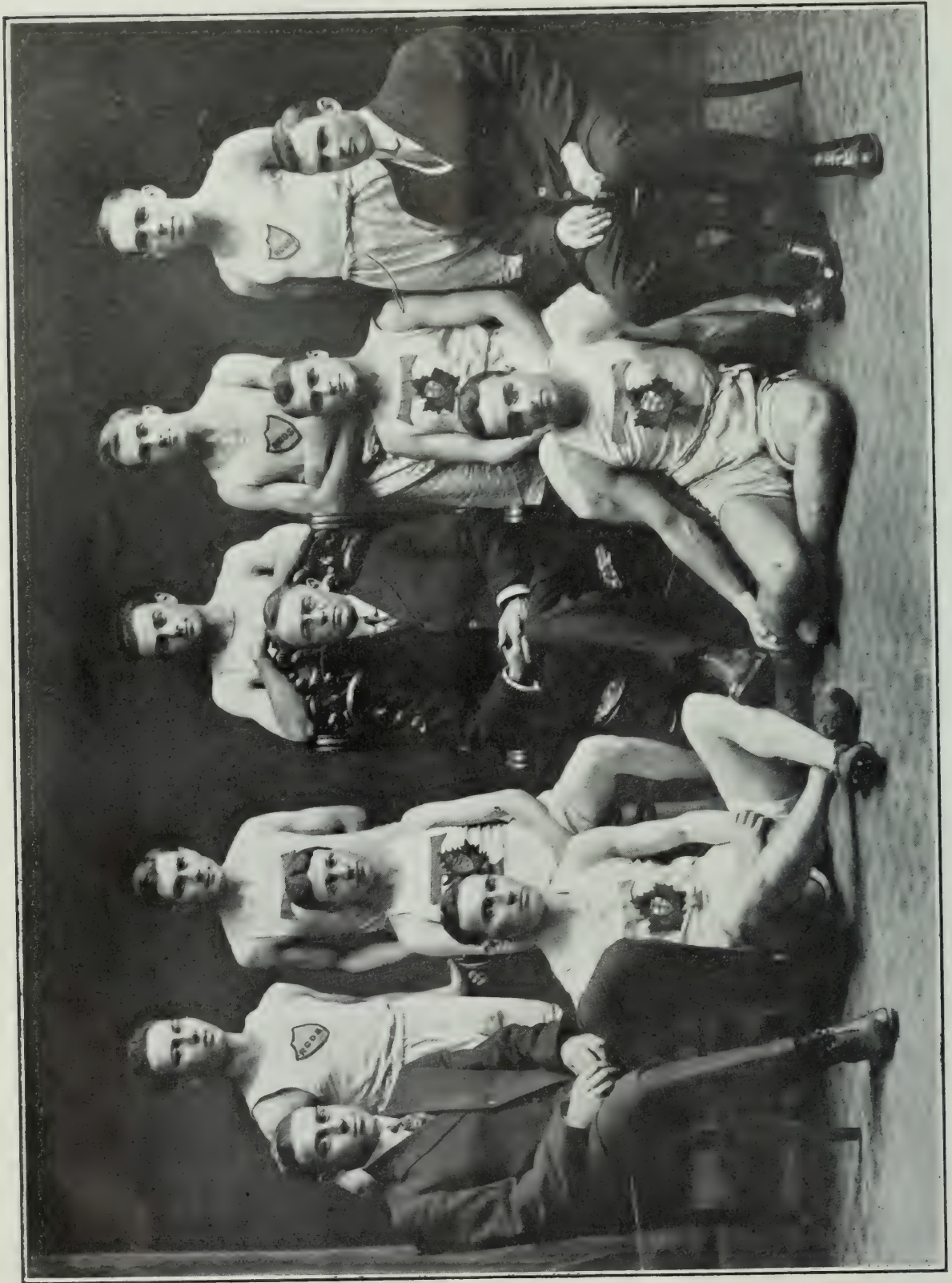
John Scott Girvin, so they say,
In 1910 modelled a tooth of clay;
A molar, I think,
He put on the bink,
As out of the window he threw it one day.

Higley is a man thick set,
A maiden fair is his favorite pet,
He visits her home,
When he thinks she's alone,
As daddy's permission he fails to get.

Now there's Arthur Hill, the little man,
Whom tradition says to the wicket ran;
At a quarter to one,
He comes up on the run.
Now what do you think of this gentleman?

Hollingshead, on a bright spring day,
To Winnipeg went to earn his way,
I think 'tis said
Of Hollingshead,
His prospects in an auto lay.

In the summer months to Cobalt roams:
Henry Edward Arthur Holmes,
He comes back at last
With a September blast,
Each time, a little less hair he combs.



Track Team, Interfaculty Champions.

Here is a man with very queer ways,
Though his future has a few bright rays,
But Jonson, Sid,
Is yet a kid,
Who is sure to wake up one of these days.

John Kelly is in stature straight,
Who seldom comes to lecture late.
The boys are not wise,
They only surmise
For the final exams, he is setting his bait.

Frank Knight's a man of rugby fame,
In hockey, he plays just the same;
The Varsity squad
Took him in with a nod,
When, in 1910, he to College came.

Kruger's the man who could give the bumps,
For he's a Digger of Dirty Stumps.
He's got a wife
To worry his life;
You can see it by his many lumps.

Leonard is our social head;
He holds swell dances, it is said.
For Dinny's the man
The tango did can,
And he'll can it 'till that dance is dead.

A new addition to our class
Comes in this lover of a lass;
Madden it is,
The lass is called Liz;
'Twas a patient in a clinic by gas.

Mooney is another addition;
He comes to us as a mathematician.
He's not a bad head,
But several have said,
In prosthesis he'd make a good hot-air clinician.

If you want to hear about Mexico,
McKinley's the man who ought to know;
He has some snaps
Of Mexican tramps,
And also he has a good bit of their dough.

If you're troubled with a corn or two,
Doc. Norman's the man to interview;
He's a graduate
Of the corn fate.
Just ask for his cure, and he'll slip you a few.



Big Seven of Class '14.

O'Brien is the long lanky drink,
 A dentist good, I don't think;
 They say, by dad,
 That his fillings are bad.
 He'll make fifteen dollars a week, that gink.

Now here's the man that's tall and fat,
 And Pattison is his name at that;
 His cut of brush
 Often makes him blush,
 When the ladies accuse him of wearing a rat.

Now, Teddy Roos-veldt, so they say,
 Remembers well his teeth of clay;
 His ivory puck
 And his very good luck,
 And now, as a senior, he looks for his pay.

Sherman Rutledge is very thick set,
 He boasts loud and long of his sweetheart and pet,
 We all think he's mad,
 The poor little lad,
 But we're from Missouri, he must show us yet.

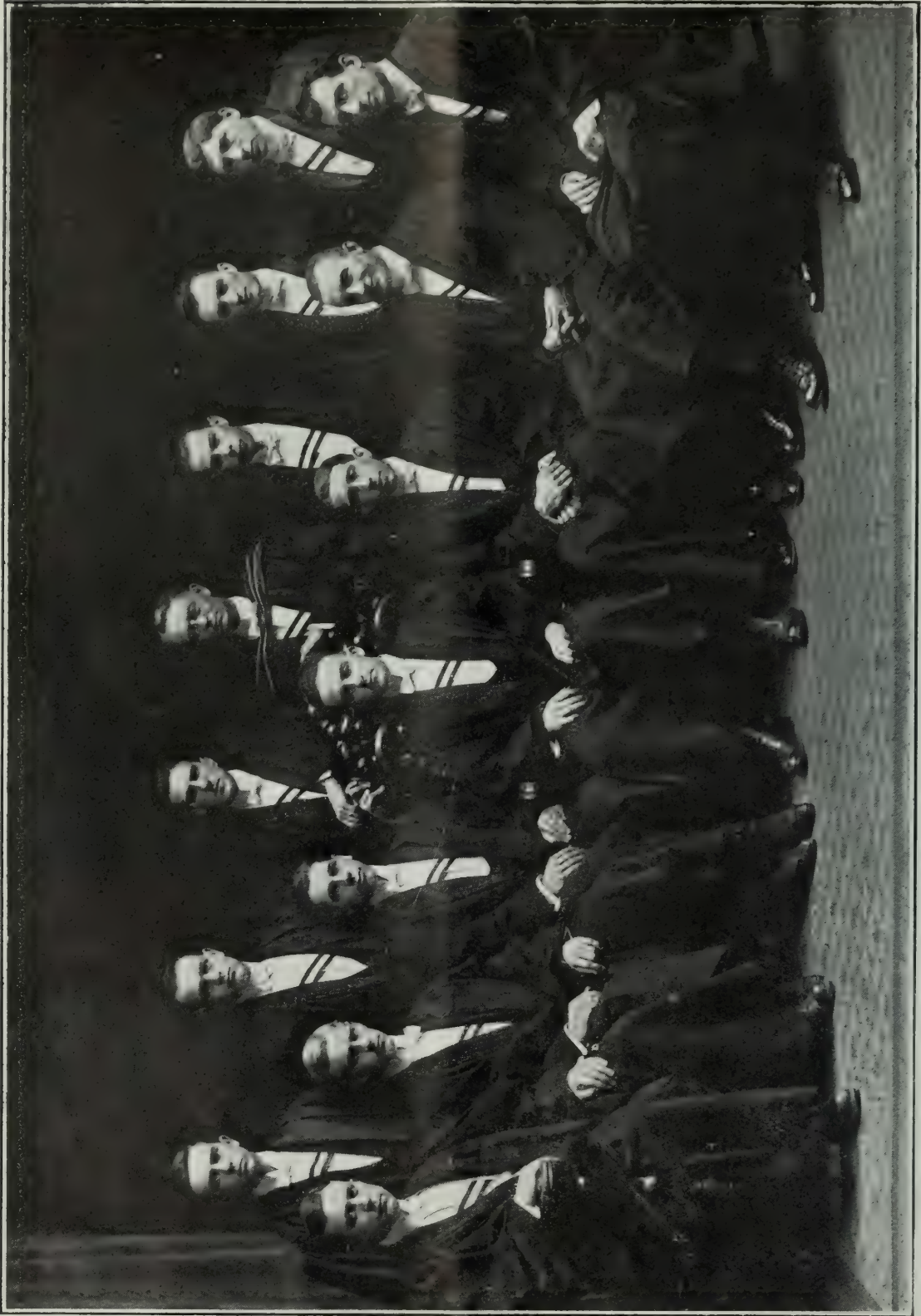
Post Graduate Savage is next in line,
 At Price's inlay work he's superfine;
 In waxing up,
 He'd tickle a pup.
 Repeat what he utters? No, not for mine.

Now Schwalm's a rugby player bold,
 You can't get away when he takes hold,
 On Varsity first
 He quenches his thirst,
 When in a knot he has you rolled.

If you want to meet a pretty smooth guy,
 Ask any senior who you'll try;
 They'll tell you what?
 His name is Scott.
 Just try for yourself, you'll see they don't lie.

Now Sebben is a dentist thrifty,
 He sells his plates for four and fifty;
 Abscesses, by gee!
 And extractions free,
 Are his specialties, is he not nifty?

Now Shaw has got the Profs. on edge,
 When they hear him squeal, they want to hedge;
 He's a regular germ
 To make them squirm;
 With a few more Shaws, we'd have the big edge of the wedge.



At Home.

Now Sinclair seldom gets Alf. for a name,
But he's mamma's white-haired boy just the same,
His pride and joy
Is to be a rugby boy.
Never mind, Blondey, it's all in the game.

Sipes is the man with the terrible squeal,
And we think this an opportune time to appeal;
The patients dread it,
The students said it.
Oh! my, but we wish his voice box would heal.

Now Soules is an easy-going chap,
You'd think by his looks that he don't give a rap;
He walks up and down,
On his forehead a frown,
As he comes up behind you and gives you a slap.

Now Frank Spiers is a pious boy,
With porosity as his only joy;
He likes to spiel
Right off the reel,
And thus his vocal chords employ.

You've all heard of Stevens, our married man,
But cop out the girls, you bet he can;
When on the street,
He chanced to meet,
A pretty girl, he almost ran.

Stewart is the R. D. S. chief,
Who now and then lets out a reef,
When after dinner
He feels no thinner
For eating a roast and a half of beef.

The head of our Parliament's name is Don,
What will they do when he has gone?
He's some runner, too,
As is known to a few,
So Sutherland, please keep out of pawn.

Now next in line is Davy Sutton,
Who eats a lot of beef and mutton,
When a D.D.S.,
I'd like to guess
He'll always use a bachelor's button.

You know, Thornton and Peter try to be chums,
But when Peter is shaving Thornton bums,
Now, Lorrie dear,
It will seem queer
When your little goatee and moustache comes.



Royal College Dents Class Officers.

Watson's name is Peter James,
 But you mustn't call the poor boy names
 He's Jimmy to me,
 And Peter to thee,
 Now what will he be to his many dames?

Now A. C. White is a sample beef trust,
 If he eats much more he's sure to bust.
 As it is, he can't see
 To do Dentistry,
 So get some thinner he surely must.

Zimmerman is our personal ed.,
 Who looks as if he's been well fed,
 His humor and wit
 Would give you a fit
 When all of his personals you have read.

Roy Ward is our business man,
 He gets in the coin when he can,
 He'll sure be the pet
 Of each coy suffragette,
 For he's built on the heart-breaker plan.

AN IMPROVED STYLE.

"Yes, I've cut out the slang stuff," Irene was telling her latest "gentleman friend." "Gee, but my talk was gettin' fierce. I'd worked up a line o' fable-material that had George Zimmerman backed off the map and gaspin' for wind, but I've ditched all that now. I seen it was up to me to switch onto another track. Jammed on my emergency brake one day and says to meself, You mutt, where you think you'll wind up if you don't slough this rough guff you're shovin' across on your unprotected friends? You never will land a Johnny-boy that's got enough grey matter in his cupola to want a real, bang-up, flossy lady for his kidds, instead of a skirt that palavers like a brainstorm with a busted steerin' gear. Any girl can talk like a lady, even if she never gets closer to one than to stretch her neck when some swell dame buzzes past in her gas wagon. I says to yours truly, It's time to reformat your grammar, little sister, and you betcher sweet life, I've cut the mustard."

AN EXTRACT FROM A NORTH DAKOTA PAPER.

It is reported that one of North Dakota's fastidious newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on, he needs bread with his shirt on, he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this paper pay up before long, he will need bread without a damn thing on, and, believe me, North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.



Students Court

THE HYA YAKA

A JOURNAL PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGEONS OF ONTARIO

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To whom all exchanges, original essays, etc., should be addressed

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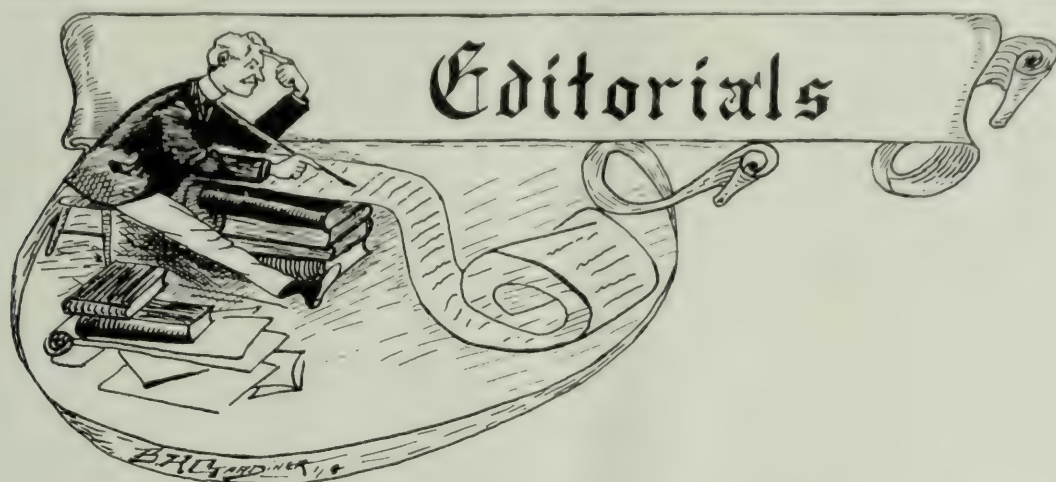
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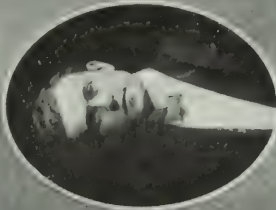
No. 7



The abolition of the Students' Court seems to us all to have been a wise step. The much-needed reformation has come to us in the Joint Committee to act in all matters of discipline. Probably at the time of the birth of the court interest was shown by the students. But we who have been here for the last three or four years know that it was a joke around the College halls. It may have been that we have chosen too good-natured men to act in police duties. However, we all know that there was something lacking. The Joint Committee, which takes the place of the Students' Court, is what has been needed for several years. It is composed of three members of the faculty and two representatives of the student body, who shall be elected annually by the students. The Joint Committee shall be really a contact point between the students and the Faculty Council. They will not only deal with matters of discipline, but will hear any grievances the students have to offer.

The Faculty are to be heartily congratulated on this important radical change they have brought about, thus establishing a medium in which the student knows he has direct access to the Faculty.

This number of "Hya Yaka" completes the twelfth year of publication of our College journal. Our best wishes attend the graduating class, and we thank all those who have contributed in any way to our magazine this term.



H. F. COX
Editor of Hya-Yaka



Wm. PATTISON
Treasurer of Parliament



E. H. CLARK
President of Sophomore Year



E. H. CAMPBELL
President, Athletics



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Governor of Parliament



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Personals

- Ante—"But good old Irve, he loves to rest, nor fears misfortune's frown. He wears a many-colored vest; the stripes run up and down." A good scout; selfishness does not reside within his domain. Very obliging, frank and open in his manner.
- Bailey—His hair is red, but his character is white. Excels in hockey and baseball. A wonder with the ladies. A genial chap, and honored by all.
- Boyle—"As merry as the day is long." Irish blood streams in his veins. Loves adventure, also the ladies, and they retaliate. A genial, open countenance. The hosannah of thunderstorms during his academic course.
- Box—"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." "We grant, although he had much wit, he was very shy of using it." A product of the soil from Carleton Place, and Teutonic blood in his veins. A man of many parts.
- Bricker—His fame on the track and field is far and wide. His specialty is individual championships. Enthusiastic in his wish. A thorough gentleman of good breeding.
- Clarke—A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two make four and nothing more, and is not to be talked into allowing anything over. Clarke was a noble judge with judicial qualifications. Short and sawed off. Possesses lots of common sense.
- Chapin—The Doc was a father to us all. A councillor sublime, possessing scholastic attainments. A solid character. Looked after our ailments well.
- Chartrand—A Frenchman to the hilt. Even his moustachios have become Frenchified. Quick of movement, enthusiastic in his work, has musical qualifications; a songster of repute.
- Coveydue—An all-round square fellow; an unassuming, unpretentious youth, and does not claim to be cosmopolitan or versatile.
- Campbell—An athlete of interprovincial fame. Endowed with social proclivities. In short, a nice chap.
- Crooker—A genial chap was he; denies any claim to nobility; looks at life from his own eyes.
- Dewar—A soloist of high esteem. "Here comes my daddy," his specialty. Prone to ask all sorts of questions; a sort of stoic, and very optimistic. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
- Duff—The honorable John. Quiet waters run deep. He is a rustic of simple habits.
- Elliott—"The sweetest hours I ever spent were spent among the lassess, oh." (Burns.) Bill, too, is a man of many parts. The one fault we can find in him is that his humorous and witty centre is overdeveloped.
- Evans—The Doctor hails from Red Deer. He is sort of a mysterious man, who sees laughter in everything. His specialty is gold fillings. Possibility of succeeding Dr. Gysi.
- Farrell—Known as "Pat." Is as Irish as his name suggests. The R. C. D. S. has evidently agreed with him; full of energy and ambition.



R. D. S. Royal Dental Society.

- Fraser—A philosopher of no small repute. Punctuality his great specialty. Has a natural propensity for high marks. Troubled with the "blushes."
- Fraser Grant—A lanky guy, possessing feminine characteristics. Looks out at you from his own glasses. A predominating affinity for the fair sex.
- Fuller—A fellow who wends his own way. Has had adventures in bush ranging, and wears a constant blush. A prosthodontist of no little repute.
- Gardiner—An all-round athletic sport. Has a natural propensity for gymnastics. Thoughtful, and possesses common horse sense.
- Girvin—A thorough gentleman of good breeding. Jacky is very obliging, and liked by all who know him.
- Higley—"It's a great nuisance being so handsome." Endowed with social proclivities, possesses talent, and fond of the girls.
- Hill—Sedate, honest and upright. Should have entered the ministry. Cautious and well seasoned. A hard worker. Making advancements in other lines as well as Dentistry.
- Hollingshead—A quiet and reserved lad. An eminent humorist, enthusiastic and zealous in his works. "Bugs over autos."
- Holmes—"Earth hath not anything to show more fair." (Shakespeare.) "I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble." (Shakespeare.)
- Jonson—An aspiring man, with a priestly appearance; optimistic and tolerant.
- Kelly—All great men are dying, and I don't feel very well."
- Knight—Of rugged type, strong in body, also in mind. Says nothing, but saws lots of wood. "Some men are such favorites with the public they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published." (Rugby.) (Thackeray.)
- Kruger—"Hail thou, whose strides are long." (Dickens.) No relation to Paul Kruger. White is his hair, and so is his character. Hates meanness, and has the stately appearance of an eminent politician. An all-round jolly "coon."
- Leonard—" 'E's little, but 'e's wise; 'e's a terror for 'is size." Dinny is quite a ladies' "cut up." Prominent in social societies. A true gentleman in every sense of the word. Slow, but steady.
- Madden—Ezra claims no connection with the famous scribe and pious priest who resided at Babylon. A good head, who looks at you with a twinkle canny.
- Mooney—Nicholas is a brother of Nicholas Nickelby. A sort of dandy; takes life easy and things as they come. A man with many good qualities and fond of "Bobs."
- McKinley—"Mac," alias "Mexican Pete," hails from the South. A frank, open and interesting conversationalist, and stores a number of lymph cells. He, too, has a growing affinity for the wicket.
- Norman—"So fair, so innocent, so young and so sweet. A progeny of learning." (Sheridan.)
- O'Brien—Chester claims to have nothing in common with the lower strata of society. Fond of music and the conservatory life. In short, quite a boy, both in size and mind. Specializes in amalgams.



Athletic Executive.

- Pattison—"Greater men than I may have lived, but I don't believe it." Troubled with obesity. Highly esteemed by all of us. Wise and sagacious, of the Sphinx type. Of few words, but many thoughts. Earnest in his work, and gifted with literary attainments.
- Roos—A thorough gentleman of good breeding. Calls a spade a spade. His long-dormant talent for music has recently sprung into prominence. As one hath said, "He is one of the whitest in the College."
- Rutledge—"He wears the rose of youth upon him." Rut is a good scout, and has steered his good ship through the channels of the R. C. D. S. well and without mishap. Although young in years, he is rapidly becoming bald. A man with athletic ability, although prone to slip downstairs. A natural propensity for the fair sex.
- Savage—"A champion chap, albeit a Yank." A good scout, with a bright, open countenance. Very early after entering the College he gained popularity with and the good wishes of all the fellows.
- Schwalm—A good example of the Western type. Full of energy and ambition. Possesses a cheerful spirit, and a good honest heart. Frank and open in his manner.
- Scott—A hybrid, but canny as the Scotch. Cracks a joke without cracking his face. A polished individual. His specialty is throwing the shot, also a little "bull."
- Sebben—"An infant crying in the night. Where did you come from, baby dear? Out of the everywhere into here." Wears long trousers on week-days. Loves adventure, also the ladies.
- Shaw—Frank is all right. A witty fellow. Can't talk fast enough. Should have been born a Jew instead of a Gentile, as he is quite a mixer with other races, especially the Israelites. He has developed into a sort of precocious guy. Will make a success in his vocation.
- Sinclair—Alfey is sort of a pugnacious guy. He doubts whether he doubts. Easily disturbed. A good scout.
- Sipes—Allan has us all guessing. He has never revealed to us his true personal qualifications. A friend of the Elliotts, and a disciple of John (Sebben). Smiles to his ears. A sort of Mark Twain, a man with worldly experience.
- Soules—A man with a vacant stare, quiet yet thoughtful. Does not believe in punctuality. Unpretentious and unassuming.
- Spiers—A man with fatherly qualities. "The sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes." A follower of the straight and narrow path. A man with a philosophic air. Will make a kind and loving husband.
- Stevens—Wesley is a man who lives up to his name. A sort of a versatile chap. A broad-minded fellow with plenty of ambition. Believes in married life, and so do the rest of us. A good scout; everybody says so.
- Stewart—"A kind of boy, a little scrubby boy, a prating boy." (Shakespeare.) Harry is liked by everyone. Noted for being able to crowd a lot of work into a small space of time. Possesses a characteristic outburst of laughter. A good athlete. In short, an unselfish chap, and an honest worker with a moustache.



R. C. D. S. ORCHESTRA 1913-14.

E. J. Norman '14.	T. G. Hollingshead '14.	W. C. Legget '16.	J. M. Borden '17.	H. A. Chartrand '14. Conductor
E. A. Roos '14. Sec. Treas.	L. D. McLaurin '16. President	Dr. W. E. Willmott L. D. S. Hon. President	F. S. Spiers '14. Vice-Pres.	H. L. McInally '17.

- Sutherland—A parliamentarian of great renown. Noted for his genialty and honest heart. Loved by all. A student and an athlete combined, with professional possibilities.
- Sutton—David claims no connection with the patriarch. A very obliging chap, and liked by all who know him.
- Thornton—"Beautiful and childlike was he, but now look at him. I was not always a man." Lawrie is broad of mind and altruistic. A good conversationalist, carrying a sort of philosophic air about him. Endowed with musical and literary attainments.
- Ward—A councillor sublime. A man with many qualities. Young in looks, but old in experience. In short, a fine chap, with a beautiful future lying before him. Business from the drop of the hat.
- Watson—"Jim" hails from the half-way house between Fort Rose and Parkhill. He is an optimistic and quite unpretentious youth. A good student and a hard worker. Possesses a very acceptable companionable spirit. A lover of pleasure and a veritable butterfly.
- White—"His grin is like the glitter of the sun in tropic lands." "His appetite for sweet victuals is too enormous." ((Carlyle.) Noted for his hearty laugh. "Laugh and grow fat" is his motto, and was specially coined for him. A man who is singularly independent in his line of thinking, and unconventional in his manner of expressing his thoughts.
- Zimmerman—Can play Rugby with his eyes shut. A well-built and courageous gentleman, full of life and vim. Big in stature, heart and ideals. A top-notch in theory, and a good practical worker. In right with the nurse!

A MATTER OF OPINION.

"Gertie."

Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor.

"Yes, papa dear."

"Ask that young man if he has the time."

A moment of silence.

"Yes, Grant has his watch with him."

"Then ask Mr. Fraser if he doesn't think it about bed-time."

Another moment of silence.







"He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, "impersonally he says that he rarely goes to bed before one, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place, he would go now if he felt sleepy."









Dr. W.: "What is arsenic?"

Butch Smith, '16: "You cut it off a tree."

Dr. W.: "Do you snare it?"

A grass widow is never as green as she pretends to be.

	
Geo. C. McKinley H. U. S.	E. A. Roos
	
E. J. Norman	J. C. Kullback
	
Chester R. O'Brien	Louis S. Swagg
	
E. Garrison	H. V. Schwalm

	
J. H. Scott	A. J. Sipes
	
J. F. Setten	C. Soules
	
Frank P. Shaw	Frank S. Spier
	
A. H. Sinclair	O. O. Stevens

Athletic World



ATHLETIC HISTORY OF CLASS '14.

With the passing of the class of 1914 from our "Halls of Learning," we lose a large number of men whose names will go down in the athletic history of our College, and, indeed, in that of the University of Toronto. It is by no means a unique experience for students of dentistry to climb to the highest rung of the ladder of athletic success. Such names as Brieker, Laflamme, Carroll, remind us that we have always held our own in this respect, but the writer has no hesitancy in saying that in no previous class has been men, in Track, in Rugby, in Hockey, in Soccer, in Boxing and in Gymnastics, occupying places on Varsity I. teams as members of Class '14 have done, and in practically every case they have been outstanding figures in their respective spheres of sport.

But space will not permit me to give more than a brief summary of their athletic activities.

(1) University athletics.

Freshmen Year—1 member on Varsity Track Team.







Sophomore Year—5 members on Varsity Track Team, 1 member on Varsity Sr. Rugby Team, 1 member on Varsity Boxing Team, 1 member on Varsity Harrier Team, 1 member on Varsity Gym Team.








Junior Year—5 members on Varsity Track Team, 1 member on Varsity Harrier Team (captain), 1 member on Varsity Sr. Rugby Team, 1 member on Varsity Sr. Hockey Team.

Senior Year—4 members on Varsity Track Team, one of whom was captain of the team; 1 man on Varsity Harrier Team, 2 men on Sr. Rugby Team, 2 men on Sr. Hockey Team.

No fewer than nine of the above-mentioned teams were Intercollegiate champions, so that Class '14 has had in all sixteen members on the different Intercollegiate championship teams. Owing to the Freshman rule, then in force, of not allowing Freshmen on Senior Varsity teams, only one member of the class was able to qualify, having been previously in attendance at the University.

(2) Interfaculty Athletics.—They have always men on all Dent teams, including Rugby, Hockey, Soccer and Basbetball teams. In

	
<i>M. Fraser</i>	<i>H. Girvin</i>
	
<i>Grant Fraser</i>	<i>C. E. Higley</i>
	
<i>E. W. Fuller</i>	<i>Wm. H. Wells</i>
	
<i>W. A. Farness</i>	<i>H. Hollingshead</i>

	
<i>Harry L. Holmgren</i>	<i>L. F. Kruger DDS</i>
	
<i>S. S. Larson</i>	<i>L. D. Leonard</i>
	
<i>J. J. Kelly</i>	<i>E. Madden</i>
	
<i>Frank L. Knight</i>	<i>N. N. Mooney DDS</i>

their Freshmen year when Dents landed the Jennings Cup and got into the finals for the Mulock Cup, six members of the hockey team and nine members of the Rugby team belonged to this class.

(3) Interyear Athletics.—In every branch of college athletics they have won at least one championship, and twice have defeated the rest of the school in Rugby.

Junior Year—Hockey and Basketball.

Junior Year—Hockey, Rugby.

Senior Year—Rugby and Track.

(4) As a year and individually, they have had nine men on Varsity Senior Interecollegiate teams, seven of whom have landed their T.'s, the highest honor athletically which the University can bestow. Out of a class of 56 men, not fewer than 23 have taken an active part in athletics. In track work especially has this class been especially strong, and have been largely responsible for the Interecollegiate title coming to Toronto University.

Bailey—Played Varsity Sr. Hockey, 1914.

Knight—Played Varsity Sr. Rugby, 1911-12-13. He played on the Rugby team that won the Canadian Championship in 1911, and was and is still counted the best middle wing in Canada.

Campbell—Varsity Track Team in 1910-11-12-13; Varsity Harrier Team in 1911-12-13. He has captained Interecollegiate championship teams, both Track and Harrier. Holds Varsity record for 1 and 5 mile events, and Interecollegiate record for 1 mile (4.31 2/5).

Brieker—Varsity Track Team, 1911-12-13; Varsity Soccer Team, 1912. He holds Interfaculty and Interecollegiate records for pole vault (11 ft. 9 in. and 11 ft. 7 in.).

Gardiner—Varsity Gym Team, 1911-12-13; Varsity Track Team, 1911.

Schwalm—Varsity Sr. Rugby Team, 1913.

Scott—Varsity Track, 1911-12-13.

Sutherland—Varsity Track Team, 1911-12-13; Varsity Boxing Team, 1913.

Zimmerman—Varsity Track Team, 1912. Also played on the Parkdale Rugby Team, runners-up for Dominion Championship, 1913.

Besides these, Charrtrand, Coveydue, Duff, Girvin, Higley, Hollingshead, Leonard, Ross, Rutledge, Sinclair, Stewart, all have played on Dent teams in Interfaculty contests.

It is a record of which any class, and every member of it, might well be proud, and it should prove a stimulus and inspiration for succeeding classes to strive to uphold and retain the honors which the prowess of these men has brought to R. C. D. S. J.A.S., '15.

SPORTING NOTES.

In this last issue it may not be out of place to give a very brief review of the athletic events of the College for the year just closing.

First, the Dental track team won the Interfaculty Championship for the Second Year in succession. Secondly, the Dental hockey team won the Jennings Cup. Much has been said already about those two teams; suffice it to remark here that they were undoubtedly the best that have represented our College for many seasons, and it



Ervin A. Bate



J. D. Brecher



H. J. Clarke



J. H. Duff



W. S. Bailey



E. H. Campbell



G. Cooney



W. S. Elliott



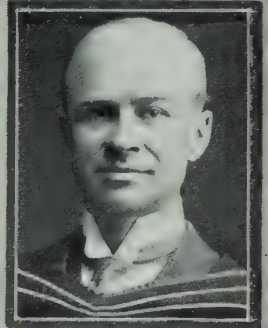
L. F. Boyle



J. S. [unclear]



H. S. Crooker
D.D.S.



W. Evans D.D.S.



H. K. Box



J. O. [unclear]



K. Dewar



Harold G. Farrell

is probable that they were the best that have competed in their respective Interfaculty events for some considerable time.

The Rugby, Basketball, and Soccer teams, while not winning championships, were very successful in their series. They served the purpose of giving advantageous exercise to many of the students, and that is one of the strongest points of these athletic contests.

DENTAL TRACK MEET.

It is the intention of the Dental Track Association to run a meet for Dental students early next term. The meet of last season was very successful, and the next one should be even more so. T. S. Tucker, '15, is president of track, and has the matter in hand. He will be very glad to hear from any man who is interested in this meet. It will be held very early in the Fall term, before the Interfaculty meet, so anyone intending to enter should do some training during the summer, and be in condition to run when College reopens in the Fall. Several good men of last year's team are graduating, so there will be plenty of room for new men on the team, and some good men will be needed if Dents are to repeat their victory of last year.

NOTES.

The latest Dent to get his T. is N. S. Bailey, '14. Bill earned his colors with the Varsity Intercollegiate Hockey Team, of which he was a very valuable member this year. Congratulations, Bill!

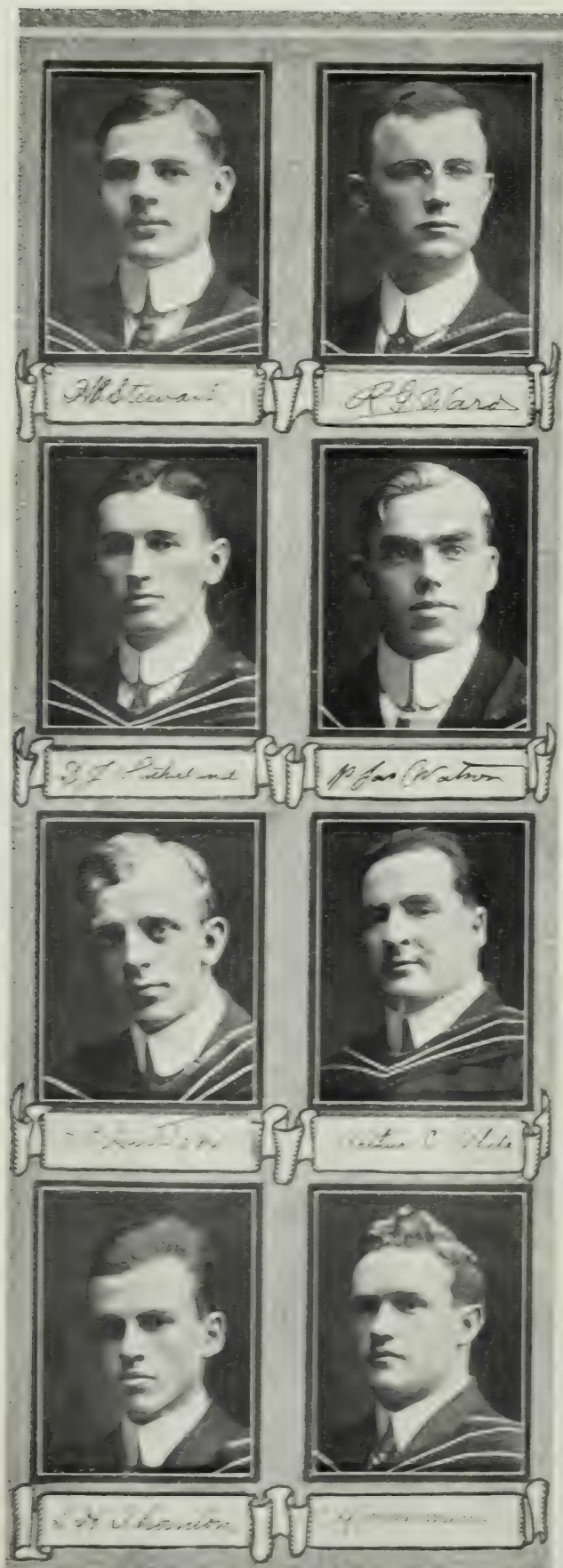
There are now ten men in the College who hold the Varsity T.

At the last meeting of Parliament, Dr. Walter Willmott presented College pins to the members of the track and hockey teams. It is a very generous custom of Dr. Walter to give these pins to members of championship teams. We hope he will be called upon to give many more in the future!

The following men have been awarded Dental D.'s this year: Bailey, Sheehy, Robb, J. W. Macdonald, W. Chartrand, Brisbois, H. A. Stewart, "Alfie" Sinclair, Higley, "Jackie" Girvin, Coveydue, Leonard, Duff, Grigg, J. A. Macdonald, Cooper, Tucker, Roos.

But a crank ceases to be a crank when he does you a good turn.

Don't get up your work on Sundays. Get up yourself and go to church.



DANCING

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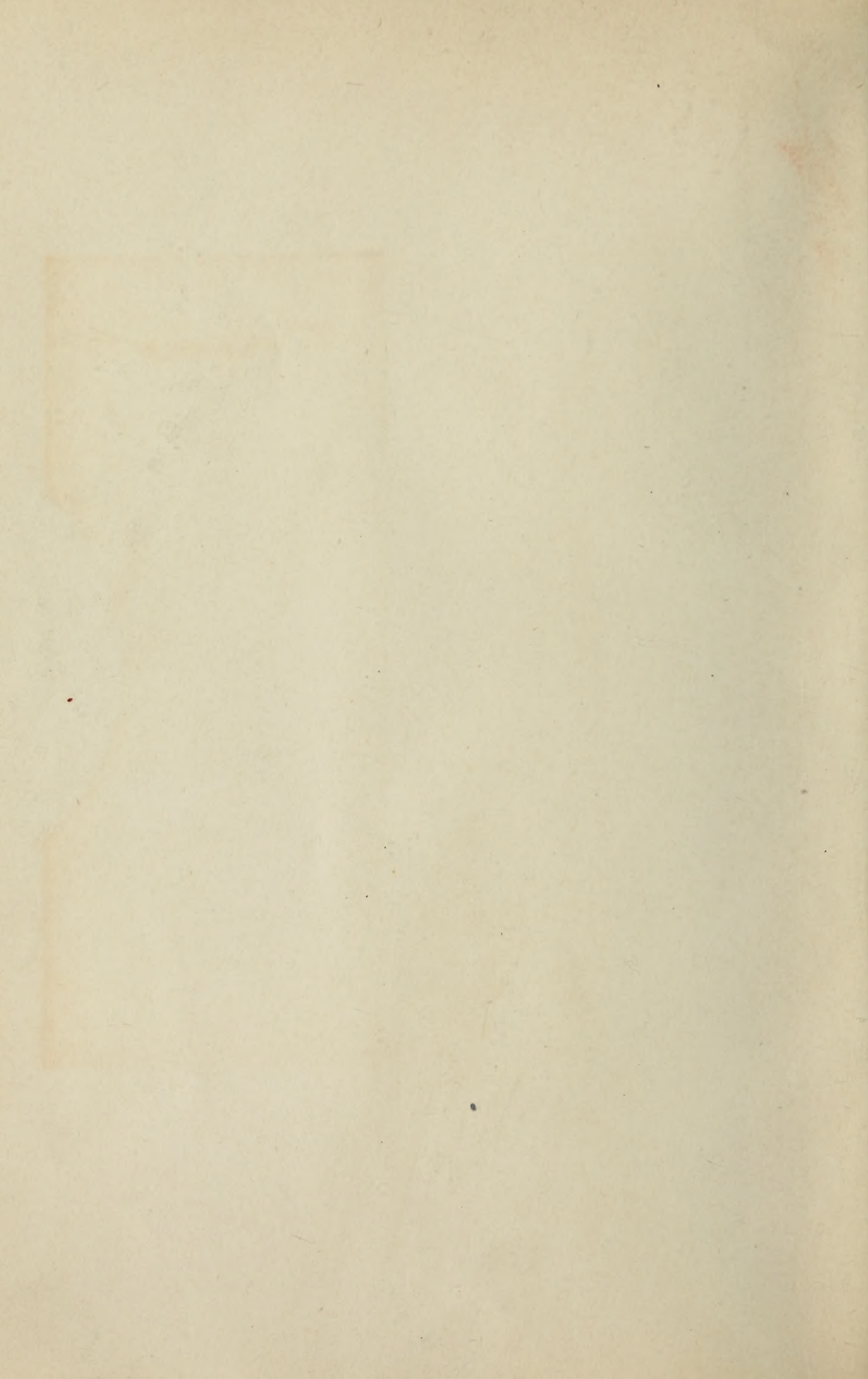
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